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Act II





**The Belles-Lettres Series**

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SECTION III

**THE ENGLISH DRAMA**

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

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GENERAL EDITOR

**GEORGE PIERCE BAKER**

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE

IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY



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THE BLACKFRIARS' THEATRE

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THE  
MAID'S TRAGEDY  
AND  
PHILASTER

By FRANCIS BEAUMONT  
AND  
JOHN FLETCHER

EDITED BY  
ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE, Ph.D.  
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## Biography

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, third son of Sir Francis Beaumont of Grace Dieu in Leicestershire, one of the Justices of Common Pleas, was born about 1585 and died March 6, 1616. He was admitted gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, in 1597, and was entered at the Inner Temple, London, November 3, 1600. He was married to Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, probably in 1613, and left two daughters (one a posthumous child). He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FLETCHER, son of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, was baptized at Rye in Sussex, where his father was then minister, December 20, 1579, and died of the plague in August, 1625. He was entered as a pensioner at Bene't College, Cambridge, 1591. His father as Dean of Peterborough attended Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and was later rapidly promoted to the sees of Bristol, Worcester, and London. Handsome of person and eloquent of speech, he was a successful courtier and a favorite of the Queen, though he suffered a loss of favor shortly before his death in 1596. The dramatist received by bequest a share in his father's books, but apparently little other property. He was buried August 29, 1625, in Saint Saviour's, Southwark.

The biographical details of the friendship and collaboration of the two dramatists are involved in uncertainty. It is not known just when Fletcher came to London, when he began writing plays, or when he first became acquainted with Beaumont. D'Avenant in a prologue at a revival of the *Woman Hater*, evidently alluding to Fletcher, declares that "full twenty years he wore the bays." This would place the beginning of his play-writing in 1604-05,



a date for which considerable other evidence has been accumulated.<sup>1</sup> In 1607, both he and Beaumont prefixed verses to *Volpone* (acted 1605). Beaumont praises Jonson for teaching "our tongue the rules of time, of place," and both appear as Jonson's friends. In 1607, then, they were well acquainted with Jonson and probably with each other. Beaumont wrote commendatory verses for *Epicœne* (1609?) and both Beaumont and Fletcher for *Catiline* (1611). Beaumont also wrote commendatory verses, together with Jonson, Chapman, and Field, for Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (4to 1609?) The *Woman Hater*, probably by Beaumont alone, was published anonymously, 1607. Beaumont's oft-quoted epistle to Jonson is entitled in the 1679 folio, "written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." The reference in the letter to Sutcliffe's wit seems to refer to the pamphlets produced by him in 1606. In 1610, Davies' *Scourge of Folly* was registered, containing an epigram on *Philaster*. In 1612, in the address to the reader prefixed to the *White Devil*, Webster praises "the no less worthy compositours of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher," ranking them on equal terms with such scholars and experienced dramatists as Chapman and Jonson, and apparently above Shakspeare, Dekker, and Heywood. Before 1612, the reputation of Beaumont and Fletcher as dramatists must have been well established.

Only three plays in which Beaumont had a share were published before his death, the *Woman Hater*, 1607, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613, and *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615; and none of these appeared with his name. In addition to his plays, he wrote verses to the Countess of Rutland, and elegies on the Lady Markham, who died in 1609, the Countess of Rutland, who died in

<sup>1</sup> See *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, A. H. Thorndike.

1612, and Lady Penelope Clifton, who died in 1613. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, 1602, may possibly have been written by him; it is so assigned in the entry of 1639 in the Stationer's Register. In 1613, he wrote a masque for the Lady Elizabeth's marriage, which was performed with great splendor by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, and published, presumably in the same year. There is no direct evidence that he wrote anything for the stage after 1612.

There is no doubt that Beaumont's reputation as a poet was very high even before his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey close by Chaucer and Spenser; and the verses on Shakspeare, usually attributed to William Basse, bid

Renowned Spencer lye a thought more aye  
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye  
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome  
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe,  
To lodge all fowre in one bed make a shift  
Until Doomesdaye, for hardly will a sift  
Betwixt *this* day and *that* by Fate be slayne  
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.

Of Fletcher's life after Beaumont's withdrawal from the stage, our information is derived mainly from studies of the chronology of his plays and of his relations to collaborators. There is no trace of any discord between him and any of his fellows; and his continued friendship with Ben Jonson is testified to by the latter in his *Conversations with Drummond* and by the commendatory verses of William Brome.<sup>1</sup> In 1612-13, in the opinion of the present writer,<sup>2</sup> he was engaged with Shakspeare in direct collaboration on *Henry VIII*, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and, perhaps, the non-extant *Cardenio*. From this time on, he wrote three or four plays each year, collaborating on many of these with Massinger. A communication of

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to Follo, 1647.

<sup>2</sup> *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, pp. 35-56.

about this date from Field, Daborne, and Massinger to Henslow alludes to a "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours." Before 1616 he wrote for various companies, but after that date so far as can be discovered, exclusively for the King's Men. Only ten plays in which he or Beaumont had a share were printed before his death: five with his name, — the *Faithful Shepherdess*, 1609 (?); *Cupid's Revenge*, 1615; the *Scornful Lady*, 1616; *A King and No King*, 1619; *Philaster*, 1620, '22 (the last three "by F. Beaumont and J. Fletcher"): four anonymously, — the *Woman Hater*, 1607, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613; the *Maid's Tragedy*, 1619, '22; *Thierry and Theodoret*, 1621; and one in the Shakspeare Folio, 1623, *Henry VIII*.

There is abundant testimony to the great popularity of Fletcher's plays during his lifetime; and the Beaumont-Fletcher folio of 1647, containing plays not hitherto printed, was accompanied by a formidable array of commendatory verses. The literary reputation of the two friends can be judged from the fact that either during their lives or after their deaths, their praises were heralded by Jonson, Chapman, Webster, Waller, Denham, Lovelace, Cartwright, Herrick, Brome, and Shirley.

The following list<sup>1</sup> includes all the plays in which either Beaumont or Fletcher had a share, arranged in a conjecturally chronological order. The year of the first performance is given, this coinciding presumably with the time of composition. The exact date of many of the plays cannot be determined, and matters of date and authorship are in debate. Beaumont is not generally credited by critics with a share in any of the plays of the second period nor with *Woman's Prize*, *Monsieur Thomas*, or the *Faithful Shepherdess* of the first period.

<sup>1</sup> *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, pp. 92-93.

## FIRST PERIOD.

<i>Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer Tamed.</i>	1604?
<i>Wit at Several Weapons. First version.</i>	1605?
<i>The Woman Hater.</i>	1606?
<i>Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid.</i>	1606?
<i>Thierry and Theodoret.</i>	1607?
<i>Monsieur Thomas.</i>	1607-8?
<i>The Knight of The Burning Pestle.</i>	1607-8?
<i>Four Plays in One.</i>	1608?
<i>The Faithful Shepherdess.</i>	1608?
<i>Philaster; or Love lies a-bleeding.</i>	1608?
<i>The Coxcomb.</i>	1609?
<i>The Maid's Tragedy.</i>	1609?
<i>Cupid's Revenge.</i>	1609-10?
<i>The Scornful Lady.</i>	1610-11?
<i>A King and No King.</i>	1611
<i>The Captain.</i>	1611?

## SECOND PERIOD.

<i>The Nice Valour; or the Passionate Madman.</i>	1612??
<i>The Night Walker; or the Little Thief.</i>	1612??
<i>The Boggar's Bush.</i>	1612??
<i>Cardenio. (Non-extant.)</i>	1612-13
<i>The Mask of The Inner Temple.</i>	1613
<i>The Two Noble Kinsmen.</i>	1613?
<i>Henry VIII.</i>	1613?
<i>The Honest Man's Fortune.</i>	1613
<i>Wit Without Money.</i>	1614?
<i>Love's Pilgrimage.</i>	1614?
<i>The Faithful Friends.</i>	1614?
<i>The Chances.</i>	1615?
<i>Bonduca.</i>	1615?
<i>Valentinian.</i>	1615-16?
<i>The Jeweller of Amsterdam.</i>	1616-17?
<i>The Bloody Brother; or Rollo, Duke of Normandy.</i>	1617??
<i>The Queen of Corinth.</i>	c 1617
<i>The Loyal Subject.</i>	1618

<i>The Mad Lover.</i>	c 1618
<i>The Knight of Malta.</i>	c 1618

## THIRD PERIOD.

<i>The Humourous Lieutenant.</i>	c 1619 ?
<i>Sir John van Olden Barnaveldt.</i>	1619 ?
<i>The Custom of the Country.</i>	c 1619
<i>The Double Marriage.</i>	c 1619
<i>The Laws of Candy.</i>	c 1619
<i>The Little French Lawyer.</i>	c 1620
<i>The False One.</i>	c 1620
<i>Woman Pleased.</i>	c 1620
<i>The Island Princess.</i>	c 1620
<i>The Pilgrim.</i>	c 1621
<i>The Wild Goose Chase.</i>	c 1621
<i>The Prophetess.</i>	1622
<i>The Sea Voyage.</i>	1622
<i>The Spanish Curate.</i>	1622
<i>The Maid in The Mill.</i>	1623
<i>The Lover's Progress (The Wandering Lovers).</i>	1623
<i>The Fair Maid of The Inn.</i>	1623-4
<i>A Wife for a Month.</i>	1624
<i>Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.</i>	1624
<i>The Noble Gentleman.</i>	1625 ?
<i>Coronation.</i>	1625 ? ?
<i>The Elder Brother.</i>	1624-5 ? ?

*The Devil of Dowgate* and the *Unfortunate Piety* are non-extant and it is not certain that Fletcher had any share in them.

## Introduction

THE first plays by Beaumont and Fletcher were not written earlier than 1604, in 1612 Beaumont apparently ceased to write for the stage, and in 1616 he died. The brief period of their collaboration thus came at the climacteric of the astonishingly rapid and varied development of the Elizabethan drama. Thirty years before they began, there had been no theatre; barely twenty years before, Shakespeare had first obtained employment with a London company of actors; but the public that had then been satisfied with the doggerel and personified abstractions of Wilson's comedies was by 1604 able to enjoy the exquisite fun and sentiment of *Twelfth Night* and the clever caricatures of *Every Man in His Humour*. The same dramatist who had compiled *Titus Andronicus* was writing *Othello*, and the development of Shakespeare's genius had been paralleled by the general progress of dramatic art. The material prosperity, social status, and literary standing of the drama had also greatly improved, and playwrights were frequently gentlemen and scholars who brought to their work courtly or critical tastes, demanding new aims and new methods in art. It was recognized that the path for future progress was illuminated by the masterpieces of the past and present, but there was no suspicion that the highest point had been attained, rather a cry for advance and divergence.



The early drama had been nothing if not popular, but by the first decade of the seventeenth century the dramatists themselves were chafing under the whims of an illiterate audience and turning to the cultivated or courtly for support. Their appeal came to be less and less to the crowd in the pit and more to the gentles who witnessed the performances at court or sat on the stage in the public theatres. Thus Webster excuses the defects of the *White Devil* as a true dramatic poem because "the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison . . . the most sententious tragedy that ever was written." So Jonson dedicates plays to "the special fountain of manners, the Court," "to the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom, the Inns of Court," and "to the most noble and most equal sisters, the two most famous universities." Instances of this sort could be multiplied from prologues and dedications; and further evidence of the growing influence of courtly and cultivated patronage may be found in the success of the private theatres with their higher prices and exclusive audiences, and also in the influence of courtly manners and courtly entertainments on the public stage.

In some important respects this change in the character of patronage pointed towards decadence. In appealing to the populace, the early drama had always been patriotic and usually moral, but the later drama turned to a court that possessed neither a national spirit nor moral decency. The vulgar crowd that delighted to see the field of Agincourt within the wooden O was a sounder moral guide than the wits who relished the double en-

tendre of Beaumont and Fletcher's courtiers, and the apprentice who approved of *Old Fortunatus* was perhaps as good a guide to vital worth in literature as the gentleman of fashion who accepted the dedication of one of Chapman's comedies. A corrupt and shameless court and its hangers-on was henceforth to patronize the drama and to furnish it with both subjects for satire and ideals of conduct, while the increasing Puritanism was to widen the breach between the people and the stage. The moral decadence that resulted was, however, by no means foreseen; it was rather in desire for both moral and æsthetic refinement that the dramatists began to ridicule the taste of the vulgar and portray the manners of men of the world, to refuse the plaudits of the idle apprentices and seek those of the no less idle young gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

The early drama again had been anything but critical. Though Plautus and Seneca were its models, knowledge of the classical drama was not sufficiently general or thorough to afford effectual criticism; while the demands of the audiences at the public theatres forced a complete adaptation of classical models and a neglect of classical precepts. Criticism was offered by outsiders with literary ideals like Sidney or by moral objecters like Gosson, but the dramatists pursued their way unheedingly, meeting the limitations of a bare stage, the tastes of a motley audience, and the varied artistic impulses of the Elizabethan Renaissance by means of the freest experimentation. The early years were, therefore, the time of experiment, of the multiplication and the confusion of types, and of an increas-



ing disregard of rule and precedent ; but by the end of the century the knowledge of the classical drama had increased and was possessed by men capable of applying it to their own work. The drama was established as a national, indigenous, and poetical form of literature ; there could be no danger, as there had been in the days of *Gorboduc*, of a return to mere classical imitation ; but there was opportunity for consideration, criticism, and new departures. Jonson and Webster recognized in their prefaces the impossibility of classical regularity in the face of audiences accustomed to other methods, and both paid hearty tribute to the genius of their predecessors, but, although the merits of preceding plays were recognized and adopted, their absurdities were by this time apparent and were to be hooted out of court. Instead of a hap-hazard representation of life, the drama was henceforth to be supplied with definite aims and definite methods and rules. This criticism prepared the way for a loss of spontaneity and initiative, but no decadence was manifest in the ideals proposed by Jonson ; and it was as his disciples that Beaumont and Fletcher began their work. They and the other dramatists were charged by Jonson to be conscious of high aims and of their duty as artists, to be able to declare with him in his dedication of *Volpone*: "I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principle end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living." Working still for a popular stage and limited by the demands of

the theatres, they were to study past achievement critically, attend to purpose, method, and rule, and advance to new achievement with a finer and more thorough realization of their duties and opportunities than their predecessors had known.

Gentlemen by birth, attached to the court rather than the people, trained by their own education and their association with Jonson to a consciousness of their art, Beaumont and Fletcher naturally viewed the plays of their predecessors with critical, though doubtless appreciative minds. That they admired much is indicated by the freedom with which they borrowed situations, ideas, or types of character from Jonson, Shakespeare, or another; but, though they did not remain Jonsonian realists or pay over-much heed to classical rules or precedents, there can be no doubt that they were in full sympathy with the struggle for a more cultivated audience and a more critical art. The importance of their relation to this new movement may be seen by reference to certain types of plays which they avoided as well as by reference to those types that they introduced or developed.

Chronicle-history plays were condemned by the critical group because of their absurd violations of the unities and because of the incongruities between their material, — battles, pageants, coronations, depositions, — and the inadequate facilities and few actors of the Elizabethan theatre. Chronicle-history in fact had run its course and was approaching a natural death. In the prologue to *Henry V* Shakespeare frankly acknowledged the absurdities of the genre at the same time that Jon-

son was vigorously ridiculing it in the prologue of *Every Man in His Humour*. These two critical declarations were its valedictory, although Shakespeare himself, working with stories from English chronicles and employing many of the methods which he had used earlier, developed the chronicle-history into *Macbeth* and *Lear*, and later joined with Fletcher in a revival of the old type in *Henry VIII*. Beaumont and Fletcher in their collaboration made no use of the matter of the chronicles or of the methods or spectacles of the chronicle play.

In a similar way the revenge tragedy reached its culmination at the time when the critical were ready to scoff at it. The story of blood vengeance, directed by a ghost and performed with hesitation and bewilderment by a philosophically inclined protagonist, had been introduced and popularized by Kyd in the *Spanish Tragedy*, but the dramatists themselves did not awake to the crudities of the type until many of them had used it and Shakespeare had transformed it into *Hamlet*. Then Ben Jonson was ready to ridicule the raging Hieronimo,<sup>1</sup> to whose part he had previously, in his additions to Kyd's play, given a serious interpretation and magnificent poetry. Hieronimo and Hamlet, too, became the butts of good-natured fun from Beaumont and Fletcher as representatives of a class of plays that fed the taste of the vulgar.

In comedy also they departed from the fashion of

<sup>1</sup> See Inductions to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, and *Bartholomew Fair*, 1631, acted 1614. See also the jokes on *Hamlet* in *Eastward Ho*, 1605.

an earlier day. The formless combination of a dozen genres into something songful, witty, and entertaining, by no means answered the views of Jonson :

But deeds and language such as men do use,  
And persons such as comedy would choose,  
When she would shew an image of the times,  
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

The mixture of monsters, mythologies, sentimental couples, marvellous escapes, and witty dialogues, such as had been furnished by plays like *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the *Old Wives Tale*, or the *Woman in the Moon*, was held contrary to law and order; the comedy of Lyly, Peele, and Greene, which had made possible and conditioned the alluring romance of *Arden* and *Illyria*, was going out of fashion and giving place to the realistic and satirical comedies of Jonson and Middleton. It was this realistic comedy that Beaumont and Fletcher took as a point of departure for their subsequent innovations.

Some of their earliest plays were experiments that still further attest their attitude. Beaumont's *Woman Hater* is a comedy in Jonson's manner, and his *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,<sup>1</sup> written under the inspiration of Don Quixote, is a burlesque on contemporary plays of adventure. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepberdess* is an attempt to replace the abortive pastorals of earlier playwrights by a genuine and elaborate pastoral tragic-comedy on the model of *Il Pastor Fido*. These plays won the praise of the critical, but the inimitable grace

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of these plays see the volume on *Beaumont of the Belles Lettres Series*, Professor R. M. Alden.



and sweetness of the *Faithful Shepherdess* and the abounding drollery and *verve* of the *Burning Pest* were alike impotent to avert the disapproval of a public all unused to such innovations.

Perhaps the failure of these plays taught the young poets their lesson. At all events their other plays, though they are not less novel in character and likewise show an attachment to contemporary foreign literature especially Spanish novels, are characterized by an intimate knowledge of stage-craft and a constant attention to theatrical effectiveness. While they afforded full scope for the authors' dramatic ingenuity and poetic imagination, they also succeeded in captivating the public. These successes resulted after further development in two distinct classes of plays, the comedies and the heroic romances, both of which proved of vast importance in the later history of the drama.

Their comedy — of which the *Scornful Lady* is perhaps the best representative of their collaboration and the *Wild Goose Chase* of Fletcher's later development — has its resemblances and connections with preceding and contemporary plays, but it is a distinct departure from the humoristic drama, and it marks out a new line of development followed to the close of the Restoration. It is a comedy of lively plot, dealing with love as a game and woman as the quarry, and presenting the manners of the day, an overflowing wit, and no morals. Its full development belongs to Fletcher's later years.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of this comedy see the volume, *Fletcher*, the *Belles Lettres Series*.

The romances, sometimes tragic and sometimes tragic-comic, likewise drew much from the contemporary drama, but they also mark important innovations. The years 1601-1608, the period of Shakespeare's tragedies, were also, as has been noted, the time of the prevalence of the realistic drama and of the absence of sentimental or romantic comedy or tragi-comedy. The return to romance, heralded probably by *Philaster*,<sup>1</sup> resulted in six plays resembling one another and forming the most distinctive product of Beaumont and Fletcher's collaboration. Other plays of the collaboration and many later plays by Fletcher might be grouped with these, but the six will serve to define the type with distinctness. The six plays, *Four Plays in One*, *Tierry* and *Theodoret*, *Philaster*, *the Maid's Tragedy*, *Cupid's Revenge*, and *A King and No King*, resemble one another so closely in material, construction, characterization, and style that a single analysis will serve for all.

Their plots, largely invented, are ingenious and complicated. They deal with royal or noble persons, with heroic actions, and are placed in foreign localities. The conquests, usurpations, and passions that ruin kingdoms are their themes, there are no battles or pageants, and the action is usually confined to the rooms of the palace or its immediate neighborhood. Usually contrasting a story of gross sensual passion with one of idyllic love, they introduce a great variety of incidents and aim at constant but varied excitement. Some of the situations

<sup>1</sup> See *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, A. H. Thorndike, 1901.

## Introduction

that they use more than once, indicate their general character, — a girl, disguised as a boy, is stabbed by the man whom she loves; a woman convicted of adultery brazenly defies her accusers; the hero is saved from the tyrant by a timely insurrection of the turbulent populace. The tragic, idyllic, and sensational material is skilfully constructed into a number of theatrically telling situations, which lead by a series of surprises to very effective climaxes or catastrophes. All signs of the epic methods of construction found in the early drama have disappeared; there is usually a chance until the last moment for either a happy or an unhappy ending, and in every case the dénouement or catastrophe is elaborately prepared for and complicated. The dramatis personae belong to impossible and romantic situations rather than to life, and are usually of certain types, — the sentimental or violent hero; his faithful friend, a blunt, outspoken soldier; the sentimental heroine, often a love-lorn maiden disguised as a page that she may serve the hero; the evil woman defiant in her crimes; and the poltroon, usually a comic personage. With the addition of a king, some gentlemen and ladies of the court, and a few persons from the lower ranks, the cast is complete. The plays depend for interest not on their observation or revelation of human nature, or the development of character, but on the variety of situations, the clever construction that holds the interest through one suspense to another up to the unravelling at the very end, and on the naturalness, felicity, and vigor of the poetry.

Such a summary is perhaps enough to suggest both

*don't have the certainties  
of tragedy*

the authors' indebtedness to preceding drama and their departures and contributions. Their indebtedness may be seen in some of their situations and types of character. The quarrel between Melantius and Amintor in the *Maid's Tragedy* must have been suggested by that of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*; and in the beginning of *Philaster*, the hero has marked resemblances to Hamlet. The sentimental heroines, who play such important parts in the romances, offer resemblances to Shakespeare's, and to other representatives of this type from the day of Greene's Dorothea. The indebtedness of the six plays to preceding drama extends, indeed, beyond details. Like all tragedies of the time of *Gorboduc* and *Cambyzes*, the tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher dealt with kings and nobles, with marked reversals of fortune, with sensational crimes, and with numerous deaths. Like all preceding tragi-comedies, *Philaster* presents a happy conclusion and a general reconciliation after a succession of circumstances of a tragic cast, intermingled with others to supply comic relief. Even in their departures from precedent, Beaumont and Fletcher owe something to their predecessors. In breaking away from the realistic tendencies of Jonson, they availed themselves of some of the traits of earlier romantic comedy. On the other hand, in their abandonment of certain types of drama, and in their avoidance of extreme violations of time and place, and in their consequently more coherent structure, they profited from Jonson's counsel. Their fondness for fixed types of character may also possibly be taken as a sign of Jonson's influence.



The contribution of the heroic romances to the drama can be understood by a comparison of the characteristics just enumerated as defining the type with those of prevailing types of tragedy and tragi-comedy. Beaumont and Fletcher, as has been stated, forsook the tragical chronicle-history with its inevitable accompaniment of armies and battles, and also the Kydian type of revenge tragedy, variously developed by Marston, Shakespeare, Chapman, and Webster. They forsook also the Marlowe type with its central protagonist and his dominant passion, a type that conditioned the supreme efforts of Shakespeare in *Lear* and *Otello*. Their tragedies differ from these classes of tragedies in their stories, situations, and characters. They differ almost as saliently in their methods of structure. Beaumont and Fletcher did not, like most of their predecessors, turn to English or Roman history for their plots nor did they adhere closely to any given narratives. They either, as apparently in *Philaster*, the *Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and No King*, invented their plots entirely; or, as in *Tbierry and Theodore* and *Cupid's Revenge*, they used old stories merely as a basis for their favorite characters and situations. Narrative and expository scenes, the accompaniments of the old chronicle or epic method of structure, disappeared in their facile development of incidents into telling situations, and in their clever entanglement of various situations leading to surprising and theatrically effective catastrophes and dénouements. *Antony and Cleopatra* with its numerous narrative scenes and its cumbersome structure, illustrates the survival of the epic method, a

the *Maid's Tragedy*, with its rapidity of surprise, illustrates the abandonment.

In tragi-comedy Beaumont and Fletcher's departure from preceding plays is distinguished by the same innovations in material and structure as in tragedy, and especially by the constant emphasis they place on the contrast between the tragic and the idyllic elements of their plots and by their use of surprising and complicated dénouements. *Measure for Measure*, a tragi-comedy preceding *Philaster* by only a few years, illustrates this departure. In *Philaster*, the idyllic element, neglected in the Mariana story of *Measure for Measure*, receives full treatment in constant contrast with the tragic; and the dénouement, which in *Measure for Measure* is only a long explanation of what every one knows, carries us rapidly from the tragic crisis to a happy ending through a series of telling situations. This achievement of theatrical effectiveness even at the cost of plausibility and consistency of character is perhaps the chief contribution of Beaumont and Fletcher to dramatic art and the most striking characteristic of both their comedies and their romances.

Both classes of plays pleased their own age. By 1612, when Beaumont was twenty-six and Fletcher thirty-three, and their work together was finished, they were established among the poets of the highest rank in both critical and popular estimation. Evidence has elsewhere been advanced to show that their heroic plays had an influence on Shakespeare's change from tragedy to romance and on the material and structure of his latest plays, and that *Philaster* led somewhat di-

rectly to *Cymbeline*.<sup>1</sup> At all events there can be no doubt that both comedies and romances marked out pathways much frequented by dramatists of the next thirty years. The paths led possibly to the ruin of the drama through a less formal versification, an emphasis on stage situation rather than interpretation of character, a heedlessness of moral taste, and a fondness for abnormally sensational themes; but what is worthy as well as what is unworthy in the plays of Massinger, Shirley, and even the Restoration writers, owes much to Beaumont and Fletcher. In 1647, when their plays were first collected, nearly all of the poets of the day joined in commendatory verses expressing admiration without bounds. They were ranked above Jonson and Shakespeare; and, if we make all due allowance for adulation, there remains an unquestionable sincerity in the preference that most of the verses accord them. An archaicism in language and taste and an unevenness of style are charged to Shakespeare, and a heaviness and laboriousness to Jonson, while the modernity and naturalness of the younger men receive contrasted praise. The Restoration found their plays the favorites of the theatre, though the genius of Betterton discovered its best opportunities in the great parts of Shakespeare's tragedies; and Dryden only summed up the critical opinion of the day in his masterly analyses that ranked them with Shakespeare and Jonson. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, Pseudo-classicism brought them into disrepute with the critical, and a chastened stage

<sup>1</sup> *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, A. H. Thorndike, 1901.

saw their plays but seldom. During the two centuries since, they have never recovered their former popularity, yet they have never been long without favor from the reading public, as the various editions of their plays testify, and one may doubt whether their influence on the stage has ever been quite lost.

To-day, however, it is only by recalling their position and relations in the history of the drama in the seventeenth century that we are likely to form a generous estimate of their genius and art or a just appreciation of the plays that best represent their combined endeavors, the heroic romances. On reading them, one's first admiration is doubtless for the astonishing cleverness of the invention and construction. Since their day we have had romances and melodramas in multitudes, both in dramas and novels; and devices for exciting the reader's attention and holding him in a suspense to be ended by a surprise and a fresh suspense have been multiplied and elaborated indefinitely. Yet few works of fiction secure the reader's attention to the story with the power of the *Maid's Tragedy*. There are faults and conventions, to be sure, that would not be repeated to-day. The masque in it is an interlude, a piece of stage decoration and vocalism, peculiar to the period; and the idyl of Aspatia, though it affords an opportunity for exquisite poetry, is again not altogether to our taste. The lady who accompanies Melantius to the masque is introduced with a good deal of flourish but to no purpose; and the sudden conversion of Evadne from the merciless and shameless taunter of Amintor into his penitent lover and avenger, is a sheer impossibility. This last



defect, however, illustrates both the method and the power of the authors. The difficulty is one not infrequent in romance: a sensational plot requires an incredible revolution in the character of one of the actors. Evadne has to be converted, and her conversion must take place on the stage, and the agent cannot be the frantic Amintor but must be her brother, the blunt and unyielding Melantius. Given the situation — Melantius is to cow and convert Evadne — and how could it be managed with greater theatrical effectiveness or indeed with more vivid suggestion of reality than in the unrelenting tirades that Fletcher has written? Our authors never hesitated to face impossibilities, least of all incredible changes in character; they simply sat firm in the saddle and spurred their Pegasus for the jump.

That some of the scenes act with unparalleled stage effect, we have the testimony of seventeenth century playgoers and of some few amateurs who have undertaken the play in recent years. The murder of the king would surely thrill the spectator as few stage murders do. With what extraordinary vividness the whole scene comes before even a reader's eyes, — the smirking jests of the gentlemen-in-waiting, the half-lit room, the stealthy binding of the king, his slow awakening, his confused impotent interruptions of Evadne's unflinching recital, the uplifted knife, the groans for pity, the terrible stabs —

Hell take me then! This for my Lord Amintor!  
 This for my noble brother! And this stroke  
 For the most wronged of women!

She glides across the stage — the bloody knife unconcealed — and the smirking gentlemen enter again.

particular kingdom in the world of romance to Beaumont and Fletcher introduce us is not a or a healthy one, but it does not lack excitement. It is no place for meditation over life's purposes, observation of human motives, and none is per-

We are given seats in an ante-room of the and at once the flow of events engrosses us, — acies and imprisonments, insurrections and wars, r, seduction and murder, the talk of courtiers, of women, banquets of the monarch, tempests on, and the laments of the love-lorn. A few und kingdoms have trembled in the balance ; the has been proved guilty and innocent again ; ~~dered~~ have come to life ; and the lover has been jealous, frantic, implacable, forgiving, and at last. Yet all is plausible enough in the brilliant the verse ; or if part of it is incredible, it all on so rapidly that there is no time for doubt.

land of romance is a land of thrills, and thrills y sorts. It is not altogether given up to violence ; is idyls and sentiments. Near the palace is a where now and then after a tumultuous hour y retire to cool our harried senses, and where ters wander to forget their misfortunes and by its as weave their sighs into lyrical garlands. For this realm love is often innocent and young. t the path of the murderous Evadne comes the holy and tender Aspatia ; and amid the corrup- the court of Iberia there has grown the pure n of a Bellario. Beaumont and Fletcher did by halves. If a man is a coward, he endures a

thousand kicks ; if a woman sins, she multiplies adultery by murder ; if a woman is pure and gentle, she finds her sweetest pleasure in dying by the hand of the man she loves. On their idyls they lavished all the graces of their art. Their maidens suffer, serve, and weep, love, forgive, and die in lines that somehow preserve the grace of simplicity though they wear all the jewels of imagery and allusion that the authors possess. The portraits of these martyrs in love are far from life-like ; they belong to the idyllic forest of the court-romance ; they seem to be made in response to a challenge, — “ Paint me tenderness, sweetness, feminine perfection.” Yet one will not read the plays without falling now and again under the charm of the lovely verses that tell of woman’s love — often indeed with fine dramatic insight, with consummate fitness of language, and an imaginative ideality. Recall Bellario and Ordella facing death for their beloved.

*Bellario.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing  
Worthy your noble thoughts ! 'tis not a life,  
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.<sup>1</sup>

*Ordella.* 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest ;  
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,  
And kings from height of all their painted glories  
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre :  
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine,  
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life’s profits,  
Can recompense this place ; and mad that stay it  
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours  
Bring them dispersed to earth.<sup>2</sup>

After all one rejoices that this Camelot has its Astolat and one regrets that the forests and fountains could not

<sup>1</sup> *Philaster*, v, 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Thierry and Theodoret*, iv, 1.

be kept sacred to true love and its lyrics. But the forest is close to the palace, and the shouting and tumult are carried from the one to the other. The various persons introduce one another in long descriptions, and after an introductory speech, the character remains fixed except as the shifting situations demand some unexpected change. There is no shading or subtlety in the characterization, little discrimination or individuality in the different representatives of their favorite types, who, however, are not at all wanting in originality. The *miles gloriosus*, for example, becomes in their hands a very different person from Falstaff or Bobadill; he displays new resources of vanity and meets exposure with new feats of audacity; he is perfectly distinct and ingeniously comic, at least as a stage figure. So, too, the conventional type of the querulous old man becomes a source of fresh comedy in Calianax, and the old captain who leads the insurrection in *Philaster* is conceived with audacious humor and abundant spirit. And if our poets do not reveal the depths or complexities of human nature, they have the power of rising to a situation and of expressing dramatic emotion. So their type of evil woman acquires tremendous force in the great scenes where Evadne plays her part, and their type of female saintliness becomes human and sincere in the white light of Ordella's devotion.

Moreover their men and women talk like real persons. Dryden declared that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakespeare, and in some respects this distinction is clear enough to-day. The men of the early tragedies, by



Marlowe, Kyd, Marston, or Shakespeare, had spoken a language elevated and removed from ordinary discourse. The bombastic vein finds repeated illustration in Shakespeare's early plays; as in the opening lines of *Henry VI*, —

Hung be the heavens with black ! yield day to night ! etc.

Or of *Richard III*, —

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York —

Nor did the effort for a declamatory and sententious tragic style fail to leave an impression on the works of his maturer genius. The very style of phrase that comes from *Coriolanus*, *Lear*, or *Othello* removes the speakers from the manners of the age and the habits of the auditors. *Coriolanus* begins, —

Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs ?

And *Othello*, —

Let him do his spite :  
My services which I have done the signiory  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, —  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate —

Compare these speeches with the opening words of *Melantius*, and there can be no doubt that the phrases of Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage in naturalness. Or compare them with the opening boast of the most ranting of their kings, *Arbaces* —

Thy sadness, brave *Tigranes*, takes away  
From my full victory : am I become  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
When I o'ercome him ?

The vaunt is melodramatic, but the language is keyed to ordinary speech.

Such talk as this makes the thrilling events and the exaggerated types of character seem plausible. The method of Shakespeare is reversed. We accept his land of romance, but it is far from the world of the day, and we have a sense of being conveyed thither. So the opening dialogue of Theseus and Hippolyta bears us one stage from reality toward fairy-land, and the opening lines of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* prepare us for an Illyria of sunshine, sentiment, and song. The poetry of Beaumont and Fletcher, on the contrary, does not carry us to romance, it brings romance to us. We are introduced into a court, which despite the foreign names much resembles the court of James I; there is some gossip or compliment among a few gentlemen, and there is no elevation of language, the phrases are not heavy with premonitions of disaster; in comparison with preceding Elizabethan tragedies, the diction is natural, clear, and modern. The spectators at Blackfriars must have felt that they were viewing men and women like themselves, and thereby have been inclined to accept the marvels and horrors that followed. The trick has since become common in romance; a clever young American invades a marvellous toy kingdom in central Europe, foils conspiracies, marries the princess, and accomplishes all sorts of upsets and escapes, — and we accept everything as we read because the persons appear and talk like acquaintances. Similarly a lack of archaicism or remoteness in speech goes far to make Beaumont and Fletcher's romances plausible.

Perhaps the happiest result of their introduction of a gentleman of 1610 into a romantic orgy is found in the character of Melantius. Theatre-goers had been long used to a central figure in tragedy, vehement, ranting, eloquent, and passionate, with a part full of violent action and sounding declamation; as, Tamburlaine, Hieronimo, Richard III, Othello, or Lear. Melantius is of a different sort; he does not tear a passion to tatters in sounding polysyllabics; or go insane; or invoke earth and heaven and their mysteries in his midnight meditations. He talks without inflatus, periphrasis, or aphorism, like a gentleman of the day; yet how he talks! His gift of blunt, soldierly conversation wins the keys of the castle from his bitterest enemy, wrings the secret of his sister's dishonor from the wronged Amintor, and converts that sister from a brazen sinner into a penitent martyr. The protagonist must still excel in talk, but his talk is different, and his character as well. The protagonist is no longer the creature of a mysterious fate, a self-revealing villain, or a victim of his own overpowering passion, but he is the beau ideal of the seventeenth century gentleman, clever, daring, indomitable, never at a loss, fastidious of honor, and above all a loyal and efficient friend. His loyalty appeals to our sympathies less deeply than Kent's and his avowals of friendship have the taint of exaggeration, but perhaps the well-worn stage type of the faithful friend has never been drawn with greater distinctness and enthusiasm.

In the main, however, what existence the characters have outside of the situations in which they are placed,

what reality they retain in our memories, is due to the power of the verse to reflect clearly the emotions of the moment. There is, as has been said, an absence of that tragic *inflatus* made so effective in Marlowe, striven after by many imitators, and not wanting even in Shakespeare's masterpieces. There is a notable absence of the merely sonorous, the turgid declamation, the mouthing of strange words; that sort of style is ridiculed in Pharamond and Bessus. The style of the romances is marked, too, by an absence of overcrowding thought, such as seems sometimes striven after in Marston or Chapman, and such as sometimes makes Shakespeare's lines a puzzle. Beaumont and Fletcher have no emotions too fleeting or too profound for utterance, no perplexing tangle of thought that defies expression in decasyllabics; and they had no desire to make their style sententious, weighty, philosophical. They had no doubt about what they wanted to say, and they said it clearly and rapidly. They had room for ornament and rhetorical device but none for eccentricity or obscurity. Dryden's remark that they perfected the English language deserves consideration as the view of a century later, and can be appreciated to-day. After the tragedies of Jonson, Marston, Marlowe, Chapman, Webster, or Tourneur, one escapes with an elation of temper to the unpuzzling verse of the *Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster*. One misses with a sense of joy the entanglement and doubt felt in the others, and often enough, too, in Shakespeare.

Such traits of style as have been noticed are common to both men, and seem due — so far as they are con-



scious at all — to an effort to make dramatic style correspond as nearly as possible to natural speech. This seems particularly true of Fletcher, who is the more revolutionary of the two in his innovations and the more persistent in his mannerisms. His structure is loose and conversational; parentheses and colloquialisms abound; and his blank verse breaks down the barriers of the rigid pentameter and approaches the irregular rhythm of prose. Added syllables are numerous, and feminine endings usurp a large majority of the lines. Beaumont differs from Fletcher in his use of feminine endings and end-stopt lines, using far fewer of either than Fletcher, but he too imitates the broken and unpremeditated effect of ordinary speech and, like Fletcher, avoids unusual words and obscure constructions. In long speeches or in descriptive or lyrical passages, the structure naturally becomes more periodic, the rhythm more sustained, and the imagery more elaborate; and it is in such passages that Beaumont is often at his best. He is free, too, from the annoying faults of Fletcher, who is careless and monotonous in rhythm and structure. But both writers rise now and then to an intensely imaginative phrase or a beautifully wrought description, and the chief merit of their style is its constant power to suit itself to the ever-shifting action and emotion. The style of neither is suggestive of the intricacies of human feeling or the splendor of human intellect, but the style of both, of Fletcher preëminently, reveals a fertility of imagination and an astonishing mobility of words. For what it attempts, it is surprisingly competent. In its lyric moments, it sings; in

the conversation of gentlemen, it is deft and rapid ; in the crises of passion, thrilling ; in its idyls, melodious and sweet ; and it is always copious and lucid.

It is these extraordinary merits of style that gave Beaumont and Fletcher their seventeenth century reputation and have attracted readers in the generations since. Ethical objections to their plays drove them finally from the stage and continue to disturb readers to-day.

One ethical charge, fathered by Coleridge and often repeated, calls for defence. Coleridge denounced them as servile, *divino jure*, royalists, and Professor Ward, though he instances the climax of the *Maid's Tragedy* to the contrary, declares that their sentiment of loyalty "means the abandonment of the aspiration for freedom as part of the sense of manhood ; — it is slavery draping itself with chivalrous dignity in the cloak of 'the Emperor's loyal general.'" A belief in divine right may naturally have been acquired and possibly retained by Beaumont and Fletcher as well as by most dramatists of the day. They certainly make use of the sanctity of the king's person as a motive intelligible to their audiences and of importance to the persons in the drama ; but the "servility" and "slavery" are hardly apparent. Both *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*, having plots of the authors' invention, deal with successful insurrections against royal power, and in the *Maid's Tragedy* the leader of the insurrection induces his sister to murder the king. When we recall that in 1601 actors were punished for performing *Richard II* with the deposition of the king, and that the scene was omitted from the first two editions of the play, and

when we recall that an alteration of the *Maid's Tragedy*, omitting the murder of the king, was deemed necessary in the reign of Charles II, the attitude of Beaumont and Fletcher seems daring rather than servile. Still farther, they are no great respecters of royal worth. Their monarchs are weak, corrupt, lustful; and the most vigorous of them all, Arbaces, is not of royal birth and has no divine right. It has been argued that Shakespeare was a democrat because in opposition to current laudation of royalty he represented kings with the weaknesses and crimes of ordinary men; and if this argument be allowed weight, Beaumont and Fletcher were democrats and revolutionists. Perhaps it is fairer to judge them as literary artists and not as political theorists. Their tragedies, as all Elizabethan tragedies, dealt with kings; dealing with kings, they naturally made divine right play an important part; they emphasized the sentiment of royal sanctity in order to make royal weakness more effective dramatically, — in order to make the assassination of a king more theatrically sensational. They wrote as dramatists, described kings as both good and bad, but generally bad, and if necessary they murdered them without pity.

Other ethical objections to their plays, however, are less easily refuted. Beaumont and Fletcher depict love of many kinds and they present its abnormal or sensational aspects with an outspokenness that is offensive to modern refinement and reveals an absence of moral taste on the part of the authors. In view of the character of the court of James I and the contemporary ex-

posure of the career of Frances Howard, it must be admitted that the dramatists represented faithfully the loose manners and flagrant immorality of their age; but the representation is without apology or satire and apparently without consciousness of its grossness. The atmosphere is never quite pure. A model of feminine purity may kiss and be kissed by the suitors she resists, and an ideal of innocence join unabashed in jests that to-day would be unpardonable. The themes of their plays are hardly more sensational than those of many recent novels, and their outspokenness might possibly be defended in comparison with modern reticence and suggestion, but it must be confessed that the whole tone of their work is less pure and healthy than of any dramatist preceding them, and that it opens the way to the lewdness of the Restoration.

No one indeed will care to claim much credit for Beaumont and Fletcher as moral teachers. Unlike some of their contemporaries, they did not seek to discover and chastise the follies and excesses of their time; and their conception of drama did not involve the study of human motives in the light of moral law. They dealt with themes that would please their audience and patrons and would offer a sufficient range of emotions for the exhibition of the authors' poetic powers. Of many modern romanticists and sentimentalists little more can be said; like them, Beaumont and Fletcher were fond of love and lovers and sought to present many varieties, but their imaginations kept too frequent company with the gross and unhealthy. With no distinct moral purpose, without imaginations that touched spiritual heights



or penetrated to the real significance of moral conflict, they entered unhesitatingly on the task of holding up a mirror to a society loose in manners and unprincipled in morals. They are not so much guilty of intentional immorality as impotent to produce moral effect. But something must be added on the other side. If their imaginations run loose in a corrupt society, they also seek at times the sweeter and the nobler aspects of life. What won for their ethics high laudation from contemporary critics and may carry to us at least a partial justification for their lapses, were their rhetorical and dramatic adulation of innocence and purity, and, as it seems to us, their more sincere and not less enthusiastic exaltation of generosity, friendship, and devotion. The critic of their ethics should not forget Melantius and Ordella.

If little enlightenment for the moral perceptions comes from reading their plays, there will surely be astonishment and admiration for the triumphant flow of verse, scene, and plot; and by the historical student, a recognition of the freshness and importance of their art in its own day. In all the marvellous story of the Elizabethan drama few chapters captivate the fancy more delightfully than the one that tells of their precocious success. At the time when Jonson and Shakespeare were at their best, these two striplings began. The critical, humorous, and imaginative Beaumont and the witty, irresponsible, and extraordinarily clever Fletcher somehow harmonized their differences and united their powers. They wrote plays as plays, poems as poems, mindful of the courtly public, mindful of the

critics, heedless of the moralists. They were neither psychologists nor preachers; they did not harness philosophy to the drama; they had none of that high seriousness, which Matthew Arnold says is necessary to great poetry and which has certainly spoiled a great deal of poetry. Their view of life was that of the wits, gallants, and poets of the Mermaid tavern. To be generous, courtly, loyal in friendship, was enough of a creed; their aspiration was artistic rather than ethical, — “to put their whole wit in a jest,” their whole genius in a play. Their genius to be sure has sometimes the appearance of sowing its wild oats; but with the faults of youth, it has some of the virtues. If it has no power to widen the reader's horizon, to stimulate a finer and kindlier interest in life, or to purify the passions through a revelation of their torments, it has certainly the power to excite, fascinate, thrill, and delight us. If their presentation of life lacks a sustained suggestiveness of reality, that is a fault of immaturity; if their poetry responds to every challenge of their subject, that is the triumph of prodigal genius.

Let us not emphasize unduly their spontaneity and cleverness at the expense of their artistic endeavor. They were artists coming late in a great creative period, aware of the greatness of what had preceded and also of its irregularities and excesses. They used the dramatic form with copious invention and an unrivalled perception of dramatic possibilities in story or scene. They added new types of plays and they developed these with the zest and freedom of genius and the care of constructive artists. They subdued their ingenuity

to the requirements of the stage and they made their blank verse a pellucid mirror of the situations and emotions that they conceived.

After all, the plays of their collaboration are the experiments of men in their twenties. Perhaps, if Beaumont had lived, their brotherly coöperation would have resulted in maturer and nobler achievement. As it is, their plays, with their excitement and surprises, their heroisms and their wit, disclose an imagination that can often pierce to the heart of a passion or reveal anew the beauty of language; and they bring before us an age with manners and morals far removed from our own, an age brutal, passionate, unreserved, quick and indiscriminate in its emotions, but an age still cherishing its ideals of magnanimity and its dreams of idyllic love and courageous friendship.

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THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE MAID'S TRAGEDY  
AND PHILASTER

The division of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher between the two authors has been much discussed, and substantial agreement in regard to their respective shares has been reached through the application of verse-tests by Mr. Fleay, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. Oliphant.<sup>1</sup> The verse of

<sup>1</sup> F. G. Fleay: *Transactions N. S. S.*, 1874; *Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1891.

R. Boyle: *Englische Studien*, v, vii, viii, ix, x; *Trans. N. S. S.*, 1886.

E. F. Oliphant: *Englische Studien*, xiv, xv, xvi.

See also *Francis Beaumont, a critical study*, G. C. Macaulay,

Fletcher has certain marked traits that render it easily recognizable, for instance, a large proportion of feminine endings, often 60 to 70%, and a small proportion of run-over lines, 10 to 20%; Beaumont's verse has a small proportion of feminine endings, 10 to 15%, and a larger proportion (about 25%) of run-over lines than Fletcher's. The verse of Fletcher, in plays of which he was the sole author, exhibits these percentages with constancy; for Beaumont's verse we have a less certain criterion since we have no external evidence that any play was the result of his unaided effort. The metrical tests, however, furnish in a large number of scenes a certain means for distinguishing the work of the two authors. When, for example, every 20 lines of a scene have a majority of double endings, the scene is Fletcher's; when every 20 lines have but two or three feminine endings, the scene is certainly not Fletcher's but Beaumont's.

Some difficulties, however, counsel caution. The verse-tests are applicable when the collaboration is after the usual Elizabethan manner, each author taking certain scenes or divisions of the play and writing these with little or no intervention from his collaborator; but if two writers worked in more intimate coöperation on a scene, verse-tests might fail to indicate their shares. Again, many passages evidently written as verse are printed as prose in the early editions, and the division into verse is the work of modern editors; and other passages that are still printed as prose seem likely to have been written as verse. Prose passages and songs offer no

1883, London, and the article on Fletcher by A. H. Bullen in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

For detailed treatment of the verse-tests for Beaumont and Fletcher, see the volumes of the *Belles Lettres Series* dealing with each dramatist.



opportunity for verse-tests; and although prose is usually assigned to Beaumont, such assignment rests mainly on the fact that there is almost no prose in plays by Fletcher alone. In the case of the two plays in this book, there are some further considerations. There are few places where the percentage of double endings runs as high as in Fletcher's later or even in his other early plays, as, for example, the last two of the *Four Plays in One*. On the other hand, in the scenes usually assigned to Beaumont the percentage of feminine endings occasionally exceeds his average. There is always the possibility that Fletcher discarded for a time his mannerisms, as he did in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, which differs entirely in versification from the rest of his plays; and one may suspect him of attuning himself more closely to Beaumont in these two plays than elsewhere. But in view of all these considerations, the fact that the verse-tests reveal decisive and consistent differences goes far to establish their reliability.

In the case of the *Maid's Tragedy*, critics are practically agreed, and a careful application of verse-tests by the present editor suggests little amendment. To Fletcher may be assigned: ii, 2; iv, 1; v, 1, 2 (*i. e.* 1, 2, 3, as printed in other editions). The close of v, 1, after the exit of Evadne, is given by Fleay and Oliphant to Beaumont, and the metrical characteristics are certainly not Fletcher's. Act i, scene 2, contains some prose and the masque, and cannot be assigned by verse-tests. The remainder of the play — i, 1; ii, 1; iii, 1, 2; iv, 2; v, 3 (4, in other editions) — is given by all critics to Beaumont, and contains no trace of Fletcher, except possibly in i, 1.

*Philaster* offers a more difficult problem. About one fourth of the play is in prose, the assignment of which is precarious; and several of the verse-scenes exhibit some

of the qualities of both poets and a percentage of double endings too small for Fletcher and too large for Beaumont. Their contributions cannot always be distinctly separated. Evidence of Fletcher's hand seems apparent to the present editor in—i, 1b (after entry of king); ii, 2 (mostly prose); ii, 4b (from reentry of Dion); iii, 2 (traces, *passim*); v, 3, 4. This assignment agrees with that made by Oliphant; Fleay gives Fletcher all of act i, scene 1, and v, 3, 4; Boyle, only v, 3, 4. The following scenes are wholly or largely prose, and their assignment to Beaumont by the critics rests on no very conclusive evidence—i, 1a (to entry of king); iv, 1; v, 1. The remainder of the play is assigned to Beaumont by all critics—i, 2; ii, 1, 3, 4a (to reentry of Dion); iii, 1, 2 (in part); iv, 2, 3, 4; v, 2, 5.

The separation of the verse of the two authors by no means determines the exact share of each in the total creative work. Who invented? who suggested? and who corrected? are questions that even they themselves might have found it difficult to answer. In *Philaster*, one of the earliest of the joint plays, there are indications that the two poets worked on the same scenes in a way that baffles exact analysis to-day; but here Fletcher's share seems subsidiary and supplementary. He wrote at least a part of the first scene, contributed parts of the Megra-Pharamond story, and the lively account of the insurrection, but had little to do with the development of the main action or with the most important situations; none of the scenes indeed seem absolutely free from Beaumont's hand. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, the collaboration was more distinct; and there, though Beaumont's share is much the larger, Fletcher's scenes are among the most important in the play and present Aspatia, Evadne, and *Philaster* in some of their most characteristic mo-

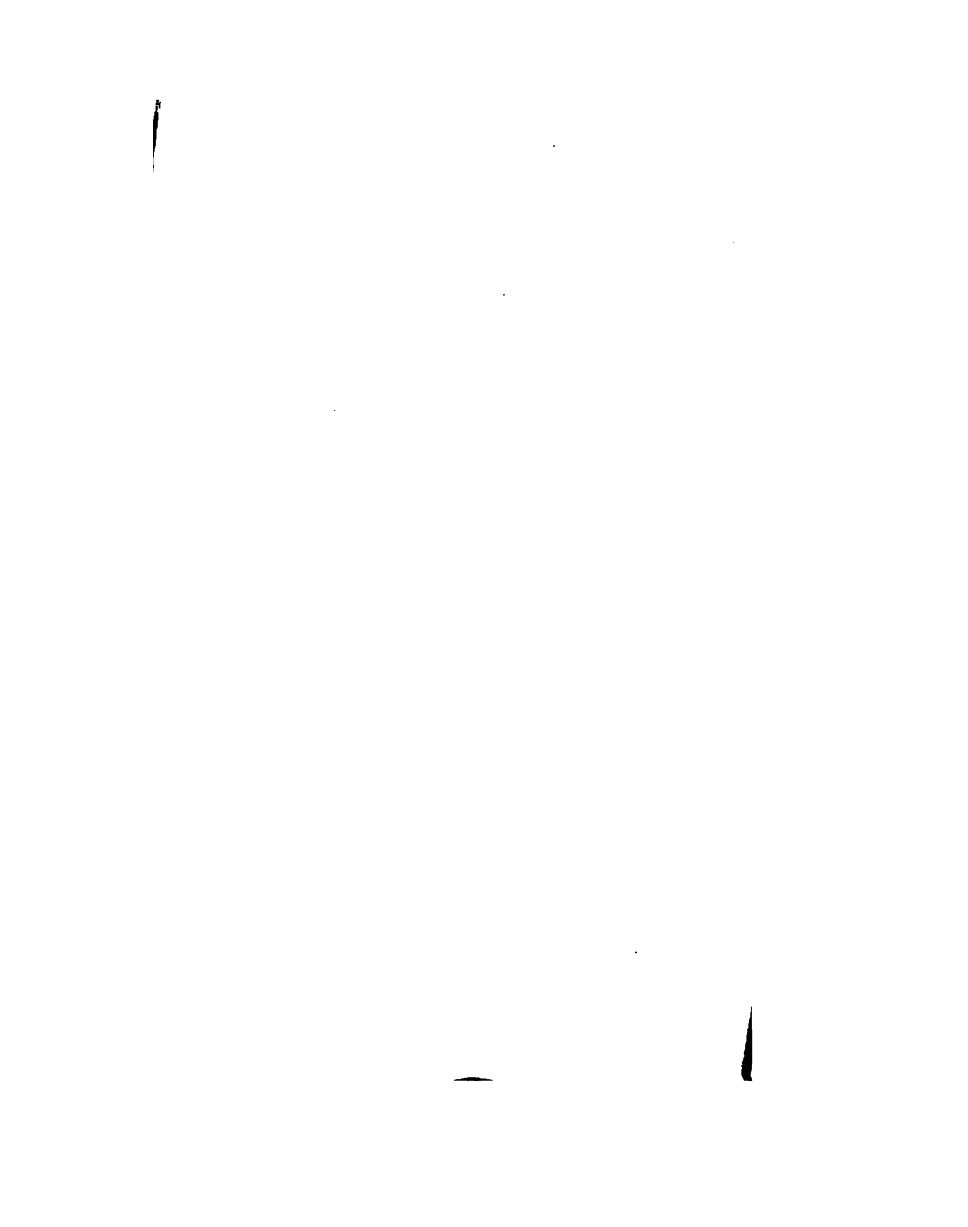


ments. In these two plays and in the other heroic romances Beaumont's share seems predominant, and from these plays, together with the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, we draw most of our inferences in respect to the qualities of his genius. The two friends, however, harmonized their sentiments, modes of thought, and interpretations of character better than their methods of versification; and any attempts to restrict a particular mental attitude to the one is likely to be frustrated by its appearance in verse unmistakably by the other. Each doubtless deserves, what each has long received, a share in the credit for the plot, situations, characters, style, and sentiments of *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

## TEXT

The first quarto, 1619, presents an abbreviated, mangled, and evidently unauthorized text. The second quarto, 1622, "Newly perused, augmented and enlarged," is much less corrupt, but contains some verbal alterations that are not improvements on Q1. The third quarto, 1630, presents for the first time the names of the authors and the "Censure" of the stationer, Richard Hawkins. A few of its corrections have been approved by modern editors. Four other quartos, in the main agreeing with Q3, were published before 1679, when the play was included in the Second Folio, reprinted apparently from Q6. No edition, it will be noted, was printed during Beaumont's lifetime: none for some ten years after the play was written, circa 1609; and apparently none received any direct revision from either author, though Q2 undoubtedly is the best authority. Under these circumstances an edition of the play must be eclectic, based on the first three quartos, and availing itself of corrections in the later quartos and folio and in the editions of modern editors, Theobald (Th), Weber (W), Dyce (D), and Daniel in the recent variorum edition under the general supervision of Mr. A. H. Bullen (B).

The present edition follows Q2, but frequently readings from Q1 have been adopted, and all variants that have any claim to recognition have been given in the notes, especially those of Q1 and Q3. The variants of Leonhardt and of Daniel have been compared with the original editions, and a number of minor corrections have been made in their records of the quartos. The variants of the later quartos, the folio, and the modern editors are recorded only when of importance to the text; in the case of accepted emendations, usually only the name of the editor responsible has been given, but the variants of Dyce and Daniel from the present text are specifically noted. The arrangement of the verse lines is based on Dyce. The quartos are here very uncertain guides, but important deviations from Q2, D, or B, are recorded in the notes. In accord with the practice of the *Belles-Lettres Series*, the spelling of Q2 has been



## SOURCES

There is nothing to add to Dyce's statement in his collective edition that "the source from which the incidents of this drama were derived, has not been discovered." He noted a resemblance between Aspatia's duel with Amintor and the combat between Parthenia and Amphialus in the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*. The quarrel of Melantius and Amintor in Act III owes something to that of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*. The character and story of Aspatia are to some extent paralleled by those of Bellario in *Philaster* and Urania in *Cupid's Revenge*; and other parallelisms in characters and situations can be traced with the other romances of Beaumont and Fletcher.

## SPEAKER.

KING.  
LISIPPUS, brother to the KING.  
AMINTOR, [a noble Gentleman.]  
EVADNE, wife to AMINTOR.  
MELANTIUS, } brothers to EVADNE.  
DIPHILUS, }  
ASPATIA, troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.  
CALLIANAX, an old humorous Lord, and father to ASPATIA.  
CLEON, } Gentlemen.  
STRATO, }  
DIAGORAS, a servant.  
ANTIPHILA, } Waiting Gentlewomen to ASPATIA.  
OLIMPIAS, }  
DULA, a Lady.  
NIGHT, }  
CINTHIA, } Maskers.  
NEPTUNE, }  
EOLUS, }

[Sea Gods, Winds,  
Lords, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.]

### SCENE, RHODES.]

#### [THE STATIONERS CENSURE.]

Good wine requires no bush, they say,  
And I, no prologue such a play:  
The makers therefore did forebear  
To have that grace prefixed here.  
But cease here, Censure, least the buyer  
Hold thee in this a vain supplier.  
My office is to set it forth,  
Where fame applauds its reale worth.]

*a noble Gentleman.* Added in Q3.  
*Sea Gods . . . Rhodes.* Supplied by modern editors.  
*Censure.* The lines, not in Q1 and Q2, are in Q3-Q6 printed after the  
*Dramatis Personae.*

## The Waydes Tragedy

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ACTUS I. SCAEN I.

[*An Apartment in the Palace.*]

*Enter Cleon, Strato, Lisippus, Dipbilus.*

*Cleon.* The rest are making ready, sir.

*Lysippus.* So let them; theres time enough.

*Dipbilus.* You are the brother to the King,  
my lord;

Weele take your word.

*Lys.* Strato, thou hast some skill in poetrie; 5

What think'st [thou] of the mask? will it be  
well?

*Strato.* As well as masks can be.

*Lys.* As masks can be!

*Strato.* Yes; they must commend their king,  
& speake in praise

Of the assembly, blesse the bride and bride-  
groomee

In person of some god: they'r tied to rules 10  
Of flatterie.

*Cle.* See, good my lord, who is return'd!

2 *Lysippus*, Q1. Q2-F, *Strato*.

6 *thou*, Q1. *the mask*. Qq, F, a mask, corrected by Seward.



*Enter Melantius.*

*Lys.* Noble Melantius, the land by me  
Welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes;  
Thou that with blood abroad buyest our peace!  
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;  
My brother wisht thee here, and thou art here;  
He will be too kind, and wearie thee  
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee

A welcome above his or all the worlds.

*Melantius.* My lord, my thanks; but these  
scratcht limbes of mine  
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends  
More then my tongue ere could. My mind's  
the same

It ever was to you; where I finde worth,  
I love the keeper till he let it goe,  
And then I follow it.

*Diph.* Haile, worthy brother;  
He that rejoyces not at your returne  
In safety is mine enemie forever.

*Mel.* I thanke thee, Diphilus. But thou art  
faultie;  
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes

13 *to Rhodes.* Q1 and B omit.

17 *be too kind.* Q1, be kind. B, be too-too kind.

23 *It.* The scene from the beginning through this word is printed as prose in Q9 and F. It continues as prose through l. 24 in Q6 and F.

With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus; 30  
Twas ill.

*Diph.* My noble brother, my excuse  
Is my king's strict command, which you, my  
lord,  
Can wisse with me.

*Lys.* Tis [most] true, Melantius;  
He might not come till the solemnities  
Of this great match were past.

*Diph.* Have you heard of it? 35

*Mel.* Yes, and have given cause to those  
that here

Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome.  
I have no other businesse heere at Rhodes.

*Lys.* We have a maske to-night, and you  
must tread

A souldiers measure. 40

*Mel.* These soft and silken wars are not for  
me;

The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd  
That stirs my bloud; and then I dance with  
armes.

But is Amintor wed?

*Diph.* This day.

32 *strict*. Q1, straight.

33 *most*, Q1. Omitted in Q2 *et al.*

34 *solemnities*, Q1. Solemnitie in other Qq and F.

36 *Yes . . . bere*. So in Q1. Q2, Yes I have given cause to  
those that.

*Mel.* All joyes upon him! for he is my friend.

Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:

His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;  
And one that never thinkes his life his owne,  
If his friend neede it. When he was a boy,  
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,  
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon  
me

And view me round, to finde in what one limbe  
The vertue lay to doe these things he heard;  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele  
The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand 55  
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares  
Will see it all performd.

*Enter Aspatia, passing by.*

Haile, maid and wife!

Thou faire Aspatia, may the holy knot,  
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand 60  
Of age undoe't! mayst thou bring a race  
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world  
Successively with souldiers!

*Aspatia.* My hard fortunes  
Deserve not scorne, for I was never proud  
When they were good. *Exit Aspatia.*

*Enter . . . by. Q1, Enter Aspatia passing with attendance.*

*Mel.* Howes this ?

*Lys.* You are mistaken, sir ; 65  
She is not married.

*Mel.* You said Amintor was.

*Diph.* Tis true ; but—

*Mel.* Pardon me ; I did receive  
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,  
That he should marrie her.

*Diph.* And so it stood  
In all opinion long ; but your arrivall 70  
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

*Mel.* Who hath he taken then ?

*Lys.* A ladie, sir,  
That beares the light above her, and strikes dead X  
With flashes of her eye ; the faire Evadne,  
Your vertuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them ! 75  
But this is strange.

*Lys.* The King, my brother, did it  
To honor you, and these solemnities  
Are at his charge.

*Mel.* Tis royall like himselfe. But I am sad,  
My speech beares so unfortunate a sound 80  
To beautifull Aspatia. There is rage  
Hid in her fathers breast, Calianax,  
Bent long against me ; and he should not thinke,

65 *sir*, Q1. Q2, *for*.

73 *above*. Q1, *aboue* ; Q2, *about*. See note.

If I could call it backe, that I would take  
 So base revenges as to scorne the state  
 Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still  
 His greatnesse with the King?

*Lys.*

Yes. But this lady

Walkes discontented, with her watric eies  
 Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods  
 Are her delight; where, when she sees a bancke  
 Stucke full of flowers, shee with a sigh will tell  
 Her servants what a prittie place it were  
 To burie lovers in; and make her maids  
 Pluck 'em and strow her over like a corse.  
 She carries with her an infectious grieffe  
 That strikes all her beholders. She will sing  
 The mournfull things that ever eare hath heard,  
 And sigh, and sing againe; and when the rest  
 Of our young ladies, in their wanton bloud,  
 Tell mirthfull tales in course, that fill the roome  
 With laughter, she will with so sad a looke  
 Bring forth the story of the silent death  
 Of some forsaken virgin, which her grieffe  
 Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,  
 Shee'le send them weeping one by one away.

*Mel.* She has a brother under my command,  
 Like her, a face as womanish as hers,  
 But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne  
 The number of his yeares.

84 *If I could.* Q1, B, Could I but. 90 *where,* Q1. Q2-F, and.



*Enter Amintor.*

*Cle.* My lord the bridegroome!

*Mel.* I might runne fiercely, not more  
hastily, 110

UPON my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;  
MY mouth is much too narrow for my heart;  
I JOY to looke upon those eies of thine;  
THOU art my friend, but my disordered speech  
CUTS off my love.

*Amintor.* Thou art Melantius; 115  
ALL love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,  
TO thanke the gods Melantius is return'd  
IN safety! Victory sits on his sword  
AS she was wont. May she build there and  
dwell;

And may thy armour be, as it hath beene, 120  
Only thy valor and thine innocence!  
What endlesse treasures would our enemies give  
That I might hold thee still thus!

*Mel.* I am poore  
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother  
Could [do] no more but weep for joy to see thee 125  
After long absence. All the wounds I have,  
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,  
And that was warre.

109 *My lord tbe.* Th, D, comma after *lord.* 110 *fiercely.*  
Coleridge, more fiercely. 123-125 *That . . . tbee.* So arranged  
by Th. Qq and F end lines with *tbus . . . man . . . tbee.*

125 *do.* Only in Q1.

126 *have.* B, gave.



*Amin.* Pardon, thou holy god  
Of marriage-bed, and frowne not; I am forc'd, r  
In answer of such noble teares as those,  
To weepe upon my wedding-day!

*Mel.* I feare thou art growne too fickle, for I  
heare

A lady mournes for thee, men say, to death,  
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not. 13

*Amin.* She had my promise; but the King  
forbade it,

And made me make this worthy change, thy  
sister,

Accompanied with graces [far] above her,  
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth  
And grow old in her armes.

*Mel.* Be prosperous! 14

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger.* My lord, the maskers rage for you.

*Lys.* We are gone. —

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!

*Amin.* Weele all attend you. —

[*Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, Diphilus,  
and Messenger.*]

We shall trouble you  
With our solemnities.

131 *those.* Q1, these. 133 *fickle.* Q1, cruell; Q3-F, sicke.

138 *far above,* Th. Q1, Q2, about; Q3, above.

141 *Messenger.* Q1, Amint. Q2 to F, Serv.

*Exeunt . . . Messenger.* This stage-direction is found only in Q1, which omits *and Messenger.*

*Mel.* Not so, Amintor ;  
 But if you laugh at my rude cariage 145  
 In peace, I'll do as much for you in warre,  
 When you come thither. But I have a mistresse  
 To bring to your delights ; rough though I am,  
 I have a mistresse, and she has a heart,  
 She saies ; but, trust me, it is stone, no better ; 150  
 There is no place that I can challenge in't.  
 But you stand still, and here my way lies.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery  
 full of Spectators.*]

*Enter Calianax with Diagoras.*

*Calianax.* Diagoras, looke to the doores bet-  
 ter, for shame! you let in all the world, and  
 anone the King will raile at me. Why, very  
 well said. By Jove, the King will have the  
 show i' th' court. 5

*Diagoras.* Why doe you sweare so, my lord ?  
 you know heele have it heere.

*Cal.* By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

*Diag.* And if he will not be wise, you are  
 forsworne. 10

*Cal.* One may weare his heart out with

151 *in't*, Q3 to F. Q1, challenge gentlemen. Q2 omits.

*Exeunt.* Q2, Exit. 5 *i' th'*. Q2 misprints *i' th the*.

11 *may weare his heart out*, so F ; Q2, may sweare out his heart ;  
 Q1, must sweat out his heart.

swearing, and get thanks on no side. Ile be gone, look too't who will.

*Diag.* My lord, I shall never keepe them out. Pray stay; your lookes will terrifie them. 17

*Cal.* My looks terrifie them, you coxcomblly asse, you! Ile be judge[d] by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face then I.

*Diag.* I meane because they know you and your office. 20

*Cal.* Office! I would I could put it off! I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made roome at my daughters wedding; — they ha nere kild her amongst them, and now I must doe service for him that hath forsaken 25 her. Serve that will! *Exit Calianax.*

*Diag.* Hee's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! (*Knocke within.*) Harke, harke! there, there! so, so! codes, codes! What now. 30

*Melantius (within).* Open the doore.

*Diag.* Who's there?

*Mel. [within].* Melantius.

*Diag.* I hope your lordship brings no troope with you; for, if you doe, I must returne them.

[*Opens the door.*]

*Enter Melantius and a Lady.*

*Mel.* None but this lady, sir. 35

*Diag.* The ladies are all plac'd above, save

17 *judged*, Q4 *et al.* Q2, Q3, *judge*. Q1, *iudgde*. 28 *Knocke within*, 30 *within*. Q3, F, *print after l. 29, within Knocke within*.

those that come in the Kings troope; the best of Rhodes sit there, and theres roome.

*Mel.* I thanke you, sir. — When I have seene you placed, madam, I must attend the King; 40  
but the maske done, Ile waite on you againe.

*Diag.* [*opening another door*]. Stand backe there! Roome for my lord Melantius! [*Exit Melantius, Lady, other doore.*] — Pray beare backe — this is no place for such youth and their truls — let 45  
the dores shut agen. — No! — do your heads itch? Ile scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*] — So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking within.*] — Againe! Who is't now? — I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for going away. Would he were 50  
here! he would run raging amongst them and breake a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eie. — Whats the newes now?

[*Voice*] *within.* I pray you, can you helpe mee to the speech of the master-cooke? 55

*Diag.* If I open the dore, Ile cooke some of your calves-heads. Peace rogues! [*Knocking within.*] — Againe! who is't?

*Mel.* (*within*). Melantius.

*Enter Calianax, to Melantius.*

*Cal.* Let him not in. 60

43 *Exit . . . doore.* Only in Q1, which places the exit after l. 41.

46 *No, Q1. Q2 et al., l. 52 wiser. Q1 omits.*

59 *within.* After Melantius in Q1.

*Diag.* O, my lord, a must. [*Opening the door.*]  
— Make roome there for my lord. — Is your  
lady plac't?

[*Enter Melantius.*]

*Mel.* Yes, sir.

I thanke you. — My Lord Calianax, well met. <sup>65</sup>  
Your causelesse hate to me I hope is buried.

*Cal.* Yes, I doe service for your sister here,  
That brings mine owne poore child to timelesse  
death;

She loves your friend Amintor; such another  
False-hearted lord as you.

*Mel.* You doe me wrong, <sup>70</sup>

A most unmanly one, and I am slow  
In taking vengeance; but be well advis'd.

*Cal.* It may be so. Who plac'd the lady there  
So neere the presence of the King?

*Mel.* I did.

*Cal.* My lord, she must not sit there.

*Mel.* Why?

*Cal.* The place is kept for women of more  
worth.

*Mel.* More worth than she! It misbecomes  
your age

And place to be thus womanish: forbear! <sup>75</sup>  
What you have spoke, I am content to thinke  
The palsey shooke your tongue to.

*Enter Melantius.* Only in Q1.



*Cal.* Why, tis well, 80  
If I stand here to place mens wenches.

*Mel.* I  
Shall [quite] forget this place, thy age, my  
safety,

And, through all, cut that poor sickly weeke  
Thou hast to live away from thee.

*Cal.* Nay, I know you can fight for your  
whore. 85

*Mel.* Bate [me] the King, and, be hee flesh  
and blood,  
A lies that says it! Thy mother at fiftene  
Was blacke and sinfull to her.

*Diag.* Good my lord —

*Mel.* Some god pluck threescore yeeres from  
that fond man,  
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honor! 90  
It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace  
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,  
As, if the land were troubled, would with teares  
And knees beg succor from 'em. Would that  
blood,  
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, 95  
Were running in thy veines, that it might make  
thee  
Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,

82 *quite.* Only in Q1.

83 *tbroughb.* Theobald, thorough.

86 *me.* Only in Q1.

94 *that.* Q1, D, B, the.



Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is  
nought

But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

*Cal.* I, you may say your pleasure. 102

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amintor.* What vilde injurie

Has sturd my worthy friend, who is as slow  
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

*Mel.* That heape of age, which I should reverence

If it were temperate, but testie yeeres  
Are most contemptible. 105

*Amin.*

Good sir, forbear.

*Cal.* There is just such another as yourselfe.

*Amin.* He will wrong you, or me, or any  
man,

And talke as if he had no life to lose,  
Since this our match. The King is comming in;  
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy  
He should perceive you raging; he did heare  
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

*Hoboyes play within.*

*Cal.* Make roome there!

*Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.*

*King.* Melantius, thou art welcome, and my  
love

Is with thee still; but this is not a place  
To brabble in. — Calianax, joyne hands.

*Cal.* Hee shall not have mine hand.

*King.* This is no time  
To force you too't. I do love you both :—  
*Calianax*, you looke well to your office ;— 120  
And you, *Melantius*, are welcome home.—  
Begin the maske.

*Mel.* Sister, I joy to see you and your choyse.  
You lookt with my eies when you tooke that  
man ;

Be happy in him ! *Recorders.*

*Evadne.* O, my deerest brother, 125  
Your presence is more joyful then this day  
Can be unto me.

### THE MASKE

*Night rises in mists.*

*Night.* Our reigne is come ; for in the raging sea  
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.  
Bright *Cynthia*, heare my voice! I am the Night, 130  
For whom thou bearest about thy borrowed light.  
Appeare! no longer thy pale visage shrowde,  
But strike thy silver hornes quite through a cloud,  
And send a beame upon my swarthie face,  
By which I may discover all the place 135  
And persons, and how many longing eies  
Are come to waite on our solemnities.

*Enter Cynthia.*

How dull and blacke am I! I could not finde  
This beautie without thee, I am so blinde.

128 *raging.* QI quenching.

Methinkes they shew like to those easterne streakes,  
That warne us hence before the morning breakes.  
Back, my pale servant! for these eies know how  
To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

*Cynthia.* Great queen, they be a troope for whom alone  
One of my clearest moones I have put on ;  
A troope that lookes as if thyselve and I  
Had pluckt our reines in and our whips laid by,  
To gaze upon these mortals, that appeare  
Brighter than we.

*Night.* Then let us keepe 'em here,  
And never more our chariots drive away,  
But hold our places and outshine the Day.

*Cynth.* Great queene of shaddowes, you are please to  
speake

Of more then may be done ; we may not breake  
The gods decrees ; but, when our time is come,  
Must drive away, and give the Day our roome.  
Yet, whilst our raigne lasts, let us stretch our power  
To give our servants one contented houre,  
With such unwonted solemne grace and state,  
As may for ever after force them hate  
Our brothers glorious beames, and wish the Night,  
Crown'd with a thousand starres and our cold light ;  
For almost all the world their service bend  
To Phœbus, and in vaine my light I lend,  
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise  
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

*Night.* Then shine at full, faire queene, & by thy  
power

Produce a birth, to crowne this happy houre,

151 *hold.* So F and Qq, except Q2, which misprints, keepe.

156 *wihilst.* Q2, whil'st. Q1 omits lines 156-165.

160 *wish,* Q3-F. Q2, with.

Of nymphes and shepheards ; let their songs discover,  
 Easie and sweete, who is a happy lover ;  
 Or, if thou woo't, then call thine owne Endimion 170  
 From the sweete flowrie bed he lies upon,  
 On Latmus' top, thy pale beames drawne away,  
 And of his long night let him make a day.

*Cynth.* Thou dreamst, darke queene ; that faire boy  
 was not mine,

Nor went I downe to kisse him. Ease and wine 175  
 Have bred these bold tales ; poets, when they rage,  
 Turne gods to men, and make an houre an age.  
 But I will give a greater state and glory,  
 And raise to time a noble[r] memory  
 Of what these lovers are. — Rise, rise, I say, 180  
 Thou power of deepes, thy surges laid away,  
 Neptune, great king of waters, and by me  
 Be proud to be commanded !

*Neptune rises.*

*Neptune.* Cinthia, see,  
 Thy word hath fetcht me hither ; let me know  
 Why I ascend.

*Cynth.* Doth this majesticke show 185  
 Give thee no knowledge yet ?

*Nep.* Yes, now I see  
 Something entended, Cinthia, worthy thee.  
 Go on ; Ile be a helper.

*Cynth.* Hie thee, then,  
 And charge the Winde flie from his rockie den,

170 *woo't.* Q2, w'oo't. *then call.* Q1, B, omit.

171 *bed.* Q1, banck. 172 *top.* Q1, B, brow.

173 *And of his . . . a day,* so D. Q2, this long night . . .  
 this day ; Q1, his . . . thy ; Q3, this . . . a.

179 *nabler,* so Q1.

189 *flie,* Q3-F. Q1, Q2, goe.

Let loose his subjects ; onely Boreas,  
 Too foule for our intentions as he was,  
 Still keep him fast chaind : we must have none here  
 But vernal blasts and gentle winds appeare,  
 Such as blow flowers and through the glad bowes sing  
 Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring ;  
 These are our musicke. Next, thy watrie race  
 Bring on in couples (we are pleas'd to grace  
 This noble night), each in their richest things  
 Your owne deepes or the broken vessell brings.  
 Be prodigall, and I shall be as kind  
 And shine at full upon you.

*Nep.*

Oh, the Wind !

Commanding Eolus !

*Enter Eolus out of a Rocke.*

*Æolus.*

Great Neptune !

*Nept.*

He.

*Æol.* What is thy will ?

*Nep.*

We doe command thee, free

Favonius and thy milder winds to waite  
 Upon our Cinthia ; but tie Boreas straight,  
 Hee's too rebellious.

*Æol.*

I shall doe it.

*Nep.*

*Doe.* [*Exit Æolus.*]

[*Æolus, within.*] Great master of the fload and  
 below,

190 *his*, Q1. Q2, *thy*.

196-97 *These . . . couples*. Q1 reads :

Bid them draw neere to have thy watrie race  
 Led on in couples, we are pleas'd to grace

See Notes for proposed emendations.

201 *Oh*. Q1, See ; Q3, *Hoe*. *Wind!* So Dyce. Theo-  
 W, and B insert a hyphen after *wind* ; no punctuation in Qq, F.

204 *Favonius*. Q2, *Fanonus*.

207-08 *Great . . . O, the*. This arrangement of the text is due to  
 Theobald. In Q1, Q2, *Æolus's* speech begins with, *O, the Maine!*



Thy full command has taken. — O, the Maine!  
Neptune!

*Nep.* Heere.

[*Re-enter Æolus, followed by Favonius and other Winds.*]

*Æol.* Boreas has broke his chaine  
And, struggling with the rest, has got away. 210

*Nep.* Let him alone; Ile take him up at sea;  
He will not long be thence. Goe once againe,  
And call out of the bottomes of the maine  
Blew Proteus and the rest; charge them put on  
Their greatest pearles, and the most sparkling stone 215  
The beaten rocke breeds; tell this night is done  
By me a solemne honor to the Moone.

Flie, like a full saile.

*Æol.* I am gone. [Exit.]

*Cymb.* Darke Night,  
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right  
To this great chorus, that our musicke may 220  
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east breake day  
At midnight. *Musicke.*

[FIRST] SONG.

[*During which Proteus and other Sea-deities enter.*]

Cinthia, to thy power and thee  
We obey.  
Joy to this great company! 225  
And no day  
Come to steale this night away,  
Till the rites of love are ended,  
And the lusty bridegroome say,  
Welcome, light, of all befriended! 230

212 *He.* Q1, D, B, I.

216 *tell,* Mason, D. Qq, F, till.



Pace out, you watery powers below ;  
 Let your feete,  
 Like the gallies when they row,  
 Even beate.

Let your unknowne measures, set  
 To the still windes, tell to all,  
 That gods are come, immortall, great,  
 To honor this great nuptiall.

*The Measure*

SECOND SONG.

Hold backe thy houres, darke Night, till we have don

The day will come too soone :

Young maydes will curse thee, if thou steal'st away  
 And leav'st their losses open to the day :

Stay, stay and hide

The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darknesse cover

The kisses of her lover ;

Stay, and confound her teares and her shrill cryings ;

Her weake denials, vows, and often-dyings ;

Stay, and hide all ;

But helpe not, though she call.

*Nep.* Great queene of us and heaven, hear what I bri

To make this houre a full one, if not her measure.

*Cynth.* Speak, seas king.

242 *losses*, Q1. Q2-F, blushes.

252 *if not her measure*. Fleay suggests, "Another measure  
 Q1 has a stage-direction after the second song, "Maskers daunc  
 Neptune leads it," — followed by *Aëolus's* speech (l. 266).  
 omits the third song and the three speeches preceding. See Not

*Nep.* The tunes my Amphitrite joyes to have  
 When she wil dance upon the rising wave, 255  
 and court me as she sayles. My Tritons, play  
 musicke to lay a storme. Ile lead the way. *Measure.*

## [THIRD] SONG.

to bed, to bed ! Come, Hymen, lead the bride  
 And lay her by her husbands side ;  
 ing in the virgins every one 260  
 That greeve to lie alone,  
 at they may kiss while they may say a maid ;  
 -morrow 'twill be other kist and said.  
 Hesperus, be long a-shining  
 Whilst these lovers are a-twining. 265

*Eol.* [*within*]. Ho, Neptune!

*Nep.* Eolus !

[*Re-enter Æolus.*]

*Eol.* The sea goes hie ;  
 reas hath rais'd a storme ; goe and apply  
 y trident ; else, I prophesie, ere day  
 ny a tall ship will be cast away.  
 scend with all the gods and all their power, 270  
 strike a calme. [*Exit.*]

*Cynth.* [We thanke you for this houre ;  
 r favour to you all.] To gratulate  
 great a service, done at my desire,  
 shall have many floods, fuller and higher  
 an you have wisht for, [and] no ebb shall dare 275

154 *Tbe.* Q2, Thy. *Amphitrite.* Q3. Q2, Amphitrites.

155 *she,* Seward. Q2, they.

159 *lay,* Heath, D. Q2, lead.

171-72 *We thanke you . . . you all,* so Q1. Q2, A thanks  
 every one, and. 275 and. Only in Q1.

## The Dayes Tragedy

[Ac

To let the day see where your dwelling[s] are.  
 Now back unto your government in hast,  
 Lest your proud charge should swell above the wast  
 And win upon the iland.

Nep.

We obey.

*Neptune descends and the Sea Gods.* [Exeunt  
*Favonius and other Winds.*]

*Cynth.* Hold up thy head, dead Night; seest thou not  
 Day?

The east begins to lighten; I must downe  
 And give my brother place.

Night.

Oh, I could frowne

To see the Day, the Day that flings his light  
 Upon my kingdomes and contemnes old Night!  
 Let him goe on and flame! I hope to see  
 Another wild-fire in his axel-tree.

And all fall drencht. But I forget: speake queene.  
 The Day growes on; I must no more be seene.

*Cynth.* Heave up thy drowsie head agen and see  
 A greater light, a greater majestie  
 Between our set and us! Whip up thy team:  
 The Day breakes here, and yon same flashing streame  
 Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou goe?

*Night.* Ile vanish into mists.

*Cynth.*

I into Day.

*Exeunt* [*Night and Cynthia*].

*Finis Maske.*

276 dwellings. Only Q2 reads, dwelling.

277 government. Q1, governments.

*Neptune . . . Sea Gods.*

*After this line Q1 has stage-direction,*  
*Exeunt Maskers Descend.*

291 set. Seward's correction for Q3, F, sect. *Whip.* Q1, Lash.

292 same flashing. Q1, D, B, sun-flaring.

293 Say . . . goe. D, making a rhyming couplet, Which  
 way wilt thou goe, say.

294 I into Day. Q1 adds, Adew.

*King.* Take lights there!— Ladies, get the  
bride to bed. — 295

We will not see you laid ; good night, Amintor ;  
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremonie.

Were it my case, I should thinke time runne  
slow.

If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy  
That may defend my kingdomes from my foes. 300

*Amin.* All happinesse to you !

*King.* Good night, Melantius.

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

[SCENE I. *Ante-room to Evadne's Bed-chamber.*]

*Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.*

*Dula.* Madam, shall we undresse you for the  
fight?

The wars are nak't that you must make to-night

*Evadne.* You are very merry, *Dula.*

*Dul.* I should be

Far merrier, madam, if it were with me

As it is with you.

[*Evad.* Howes that?

*Dul.* That I might go

To bed with him wi'th' credit that you doe.]

*Evad.* Why, how now, wench?

*Dul.* Come, ladies, will you helpe

*Evad.* I am soone undone.

*Dul.* And as soone done

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both

*Evad.* Art thou drunke, *Dula?*

*Dul.* Why, heeres none but w

*Evad.* Thou thinkst belike there is no mod  
esty

When we are alone.

5-6 *Howes that . . . doe.* *Evadne's* speech and *Dula's* reply are  
only in Q1.

*Dul.* I, by my troth, you hit my thoughts  
aright.

*Evad.* You pricke me, lady.

*1st Lady.* Tis against my will.

*Dul.* Anon you must indure more and lie still; 15  
You're best to practise.

*Evad.* Sure, this wench is mad.

*Dul.* No faith, this is a trick that I have had  
Since I was foureteene.

*Evad.* Tis high time to leave it.

*Dul.* Nay, now Ile keepe it till the trick  
leave me.

A dozen wanton words put in your head 20

Will make you livelier in your husbands bed.

*Evad.* Nay, faith, then take it.

*Dul.* Take it, madam; where?

We all, I hope, will take it that are here.

*Evad.* Nay, then, Ile give you ore.

*Dul.* So will I make

The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake. 25

*Evad.* Wilt take my place to-night?

*Dul.* Ile hold your cards

Against any two I know.

*Evad.* What wilt thou doe?

*Dul.* Madam, weele doo't, and make 'm leave  
play too.

14 *1st Lady.* Q2, *Dul.*

27 *Against.* Th, D, 'Gainst.

26 *take.* Q1, lie in.



*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part.

*Dul.* I will refuse.

She will plucke downe a side; she does not use

*Evad.* Why, doe, [I prethee.]

*Dul.* You will find the pl

Quickly, because your head lies well that wa

*Evad.* I thanke thee, Dula. Would th  
couldst instill

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwe  
Methinkes a meane betwixt you would doe w

*Dul.* She is in love: hang me, if I were s

But I could run my countrey. I love too

To doe those things that people in love doe.

*Aspatia.* It were a timelesse smile should pro  
my cheeke.

It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the altar the religious priest

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, then now. This should ha  
beene

My rite; and all your hands have bin imploy

In giving me a spotlesse offering

To young Amintors bed, as we are now

For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the King, or he

31 *I prethee.* Only in Q1. 38 *could.* B queries, would

40 *cheeke.* Q2, checke.

45 *rite,* so D. Q1, right; Q2 and other Qq and F, night.

Or both, thought so. Perhaps he found me  
worthlesse ;

50

But till he did so, in these cares of mine,  
These credulous eares, he powred the sweetest  
words

That art or love could frame. If he were false,  
Pardon it, Heaven ! and, if I did want  
Vertue, you safely may forgive that too ;  
For I have lost none that I had from you.

55

*Evad.* Nay, leave this sad talke, madame.

*Asp.* Would I could !

Then I should leave the cause.

*Evad.* See, if you have not spoild all Dulas  
mirth !

*Asp.* Thou thinkst thy heart hard ; but if  
thou beest caught,

60

Remember me ; thou shalt perceive a fire  
Shot suddenly into thee.

*Dul.* Thats not so good ;  
Let 'em shoot anything but fire, I feare 'em not.

*Asp.* Well, wench, thou maist be taken.

*Evad.* Ladies, good-night ; Ile doe the rest  
myselfe.

65

*Dul.* Nay, let your lord doe some.

*Asp.* [*singing*].

Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismall yew —

56 *lost.* Q5-F, left. 58 *I should.* Q3-F, should I.

63 *I feare.* Q1, B, and I fear.

67-90 *Lay . . . Madame.* Q1 omits.

*Evad.* Thats one of your sad songs, madame

*Asp.* Beleeve me, tis a very prety one.

*Evad.* How is it, madame ?

*Asp.*

SONG.

Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismall yew ;  
Maidens, willow-branches beare,  
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firme  
From my houre of birth ;  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth !

*Evad.* Fie ont, madame, the words are  
strange, they  
Are able to make one dreame of hobgoblins. —  
“ I could never have the power ” — sing th<sup>s</sup>

*Dula.*

*Dul.* [*singing*].

I could never have the power  
To love one above an houre,  
But my heart would prompt mine eie  
On some other man to flie.  
Venus, fix mine eies fast,  
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last

78 *lie*, Th. Qq, F, lay.

79 *gentle*, Q4-F. Q2, Q3, gently.

80-82 *Fie* . . . *Dula.* Qq, F, B print as prose.

*Evad.* So, leave me now.

*Dul.* Nay, we must see you laid.

*Asp.* Madame, good night. May all the marriage joyes

90

That longing maids imagine in their beds  
Prove so unto you! May no discontent  
Grow twixt your love and you! but, if there  
doe,

Enquire of me, and I will guide your mone;

Teach you an artificiall way to grieve, 95

To keepe your sorrow waking. Love your lord

No worse than I; but, if you love so well,

Alas, you may displease him; so did I.

This is the last time you shall looke on me.—

Ladies, farewell. As soone as I am dead, 100

Come all and watch one night about my hearse;

Bring each a mournfull story and a teare,

To offer at it when I goe to earth;

With flattering ivy claspe my coffin round;

Write on my brow my fortune; let my beere 105

Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course

The truth of maides and perjuries of men.

*Evad.* Alas, I pittie thee. *Exit Evadne.*

*Omnes.* Madame, good night.

*1st Lady.* Come, weele let in the bridegroome.

*Dul.* Where's my lord?

*1st Lady.* Heere, take this light.

95 Teach, Q3. Q1, Q2, and teach.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Dul.* You'le finde her in the darke.<sup>1</sup>

*1st Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must helpe her.

*Asp.* Goe, and be happy in your ladies love. May all the wrongs that you have done to me Be utterly forgotten in my death! Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take A parting kisse, and will not be denied.

[*Kisses Amintor.*]

You'le come, my lord, and see the virgins weepe  
When I am laid in earth, though you yourselfe  
Can know no pittie. Thus I winde myselfe  
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder  
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,  
Then to have had another true to me.  
So with [my] praiers I leave you, and must trie  
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.

*Exit Aspatia.*

*Dul.* Come, ladies, will you go?

*Omnes.* Good night, my lord.<sup>1</sup>

*Amintor.* Much happinesse unto you all!

*Exeunt [Dula and] Ladies.*

I did that lady wrong. Methinkes I feele  
A grieve shoot suddenly through all my veines;  
Mine eyes raine; this is strange at such a time.  
It was the King first mov'd me too't; but he

110 *You'le.* Q1, D, B, Heele. 123 *my,* Q3.

138 *A,* Q1. Q2, Her.

129 *raine,* Q1. Q2, runne.



Has not my will in keeping. — Why doe I  
 Perplex myselfe thus? Something whispers me,  
 Goe not to bed. My guilt is not so great  
 As mine owne conscience (too sensible)  
 Would make me thinke; I onely brake a pro-  
 mise, 135  
 And twas the King that forst me. Timorous  
 flesh,  
 Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle feares!

*Enter Evadne.*

Yonder she is, the luster of whose eie  
 Can blot away the sad remembrance  
 Of all these things. — Oh, my Evadne, spare 140  
 That tender body; let it not take cold!  
 The vapors of the night will not fall here.  
 To bed, my love; Hymen will punish us  
 For being slacke performers of his rites.  
 Camst thou to call me?

*Evad.* No.

*Amin.* Come, come, my love, 145  
 And let us lose ourselves to one another.  
 Why art thou up so long?

*Evad.* I am not well.

*Amin.* To bed then; let me winde thee in  
 these armes  
 Till I have banisht sicknesse.

136 *that forst.* Q1, inforst; D, enforc'd.

142 *will.* Q1, D, B, shall.



- Evad.* Good my lord,  
I cannot sleepe.
- Amin.* Evadne, weele watch ; 150  
I meane no sleeping.
- Evad.* Ile not goe to bed.
- Amin.* I prethee, do.
- Evad.* I will not for the world.
- Amin.* Why, my deere love ?
- Evad.* Why ? I have sworne I will not.
- Amin.* Sworne !
- Evad.* I.
- Amin.* How ? sworne, Evadne !
- Evad.* Yes, sworne, Amintor ; and will  
swear again, 155
- If you will wish to heare me.
- Amin.* To whom have you sworne this ?
- Evad.* If I should name him, the matter were  
not great.
- Amin.* Come, this is but the coyresse of a  
bride.
- Evad.* The coyresse of a bride !
- Amin.* How pretily 160  
That frowne becomes thee !
- Evad.* Doe you like it so ?
- Amin.* Thou canst not dresse thy face in such  
a looke
- But I shall like it.
- Evad.* What looke likes you best ?

*Amin.* Why doe you aske?

*Evad.* That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you. 165

*Amin.* Howes that?

*Evad.* That I may show you one lesse pleasing to you.

*Amin.* I prethee, put thy jests in milder lookes;

It shewes as thou wert angry.

*Evad.* So perhaps

I am indeede.

*Amin.* Why, who has done thee wrong? 170  
Name me the man, and by thyselfe I swear,  
Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee!

*Evad.* Now I shall trie thy truth. If thou  
doest love me,  
Thou weighest not anything compar'd with me:  
Life, honour, joyes eternall, all delights 175  
This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faine,  
Or in the life to come, are light as aire  
To a true lover when his lady frownes,  
And bids him, "Doe this." Wilt thou kill this  
man?

Swear, my Amintor, and I'le kisse the sin 180  
Off from thy lips.

*Amin.* I wonnot swear, sweet love,  
Till I do know the cause.

*Evad.* I woud thou wouldst.

Why, it is thou that wrongst me; I hate thee;  
Thou should'st have kild thyselfe.

*Amin.* If I should know that, I should quickly  
kill

The man you hated.

*Evad.* Know it, then, and doo't.

*Amin.* Oh, no! what look so ere thou shalt  
put on

To trie my faith, I shall not think thee false;  
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face  
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to  
bed.

If you have sworne to any of the virgins  
That were your old companions, to preserve  
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done  
Without this meanes.

*Evad.* A maidenhead, Amintor,  
At my yeares!

*Amin.* Sure she raves; this cannot be  
Thy natural temper. — Shall I call thy maides?  
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,  
Or else some feaver rages in thy blood.

*Evad.* Neither, Amintor: thinke you I am  
mad

Because I speake the truth?

*Amin.* [Is this the truth?] <sup>200</sup>  
Will you not lie with me to-night?

196 *Thy.* Q1, B, Her. 200 *Is this the truth?* Only in Q1.

*vad.* To-night!  
 talke as if [you thought] I would hereafter.

*min.* Hereafter! yes, I doe.

*vad.* You are deceiv'd.

off amazement & with patience marke  
 at I shall utter, for the oracle 205

owes nothing truer. Tis not for a night  
 two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.

*min.* I dreame. Awake, Amintor!

*vad.* You heare right:

oner will find out the beds of snakes,  
 I with my youthful bloud warme their cold  
 flesh, 210

ing them curl themselves about my limbes,  
 en sleepe one night with thee. This is not  
 faind,

sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.

*min.* Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?  
 these the joys of mariage? Hymen, keepe 215  
 s story (that will make succeeding youth  
 plect thy ceremonies) from all eares;

it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,  
 after ages. We will scorne thy laws,  
 thou no better blesse them. Touch the heart 220  
 her that thou hast sent me, or the world  
 ll know; there's not an altar that will smoke

*2 you thought.* Only in Q1. 207 *ever.* Q4-F, forever.

*2 Shall know; there's not an altar.* Q1, Shall know this,  
 n altar then will smoake — adopted by B. Q2 has no punc-  
 on after *know.*

In praise of thee ; we will adopt us sons ;  
 Then vertue shall inherit, and not blood.  
 If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet, 255  
 Serving ourselves as other creatures doe ;  
 And never take note of the female more,  
 Nor of her issue. — I doe rage in vaine ;  
 She can but jest. — Oh, pardon me, my love !  
 So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee, 260  
 That I must breake forth. Satisfie my feare ;  
 It is a paine, beyond the hand of death,  
 To be in doubt : confirme it with an oath,  
 If this be true.

*Evad.* Doe you invent the forme ;  
 Let there be in it all the binding words 265  
 Divels and conjurers can put together,  
 And I will take it. I have sworne before,  
 And here by all things holy doe againe,  
 Never to be acquainted with thy bed.  
 Is your doubt over now ? 270

*Amin.* I know too much : would I had  
 doubted still !  
 Was ever such a mariage-night as this !  
 You powers above, if you did ever meane  
 Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a  
 way  
 How he may beare himselfe and save his honour : 275  
 Instruct me in it ; for to my dull eyes  
 There is no meane, no moderate course to runne ;



I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:  
 Is there a third? Why is this night so calme?  
 Why does not Heaven speake in thunder to us 250  
 And drowne her voice?

*Evad.* This rage will doe no good.

*Amin.* Evadne, heare me. Thou has tane an  
 oath,

But such a rash one, that to keepe it were  
 Worse then to sweare it: call it backe to thee;  
 Such vowes as those never ascend the Heaven; 255  
 A teare or two will wash it quite away.  
 Have mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,  
 If thou be pittifull! for, without boast,  
 This land was proud of me: what lady was there,  
 That men cald faire and vertuous in this isle, 260  
 That would have shund my love? It is in thee  
 To make me hold this worth. Oh, we vaine men,  
 That trust [out] all our reputation  
 To rest upon the weake and yeelding hand  
 Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone; 265  
 Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell  
 The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.  
 Come, lead me from the bottome of despaire  
 To all the joyes thou hast; I know thou wilt;  
 And make me carefull lest the sudden change 270  
 Orecome my spirits.

255 *those.* Q1, Th, D, B, that. 263 *out,* Q3.

266 *dotb,* Q3. Q2, doe.



*Evad.* When I call backe this oath,  
The paines of hell inviron me!

*Amin.* I sleepe, and am too temperate. Come  
to bed!

Or, by those haire, which, if thou ha[d]st a soule  
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to  
weare

About their armes —

*Evad.* Why, so perhaps they are.

*Amin.* Ile dragge thee to my bed and make  
thy tongue

Undoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh  
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life!

*Evad.* I feare thee not; do what thou dar'st  
to me!

Every ill-sounding word or threatning look  
Thou shewest to me will be reveng'd at full.

*Amin.* It will not sure, Evadne?

*Evad.* Do not you hazard that.

*Amin.* Ha ye your champions?

*Evad.* Alas, Amintor, thinkst thou I for-  
beare

To sleepe with thee, because I have put on  
A maidens strictnesse? Looke upon these  
cheekes,

And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood  
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart

There dwels as much desire and as much will 290  
 To put that wisht act in practice as ever yet  
 Was knowne to woman; and they have been  
 showne

Both. But it was the folly of thy youth  
 To think this beauty, to what land soere  
 It shall be cald, shall stoope to any second. X 295  
 I doe enjoy the best, and in that height  
 Have sworne to stand or die: you gesse the  
 man.

*Amin.* No; let me know the man that wrongs  
 me so,

That I may cut his body into motes,  
 And scatter it before the northren winde. 300

*Evad.* You dare not strike him.

*Amin.* Doe not wrong me so:  
 Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant  
 That it were death to touch, I have a soule  
 Will throw me on him.

*Evad.* Why tis the King.

*Amin.* The King!

*Evad.* What will you doe now?

*Amin.* Tis not the King! 305

*Evad.* What did he make this match for,  
 dull Amintor?

291 *wisht.* Q1, B, wished. *ever.* D, e'er.

294 *land.* B conjectures hand, observing that Evadne is employing the language of falconry.

*Amin.* Oh, thou hast nam'd a word that  
wipes away

All thoughts revengefull! In that sacred name,  
"The King," there lies a terror. What fraile  
man

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods <sup>310</sup>  
Speake to him when they please: till when, let us  
Suffer and waite.

*Evad.* Why should you fill yourselfe so full  
of heate

And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

*Amin.* What divell put it in thy fancy, then, <sup>315</sup>  
To mary me?

*Evad.* Alas, I must have one  
To father children and to beare the name  
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be  
More honorable!

*Amin.* What a strange thing am I!

*Evad.* A miserable one, one that myselfe <sup>320</sup>  
Am sorry for.

*Amin.* Why, shew it then in this:  
If thou hast pittie, though thy love be none,  
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live  
In after ages crost in their desires,  
Shall blesse thy memory and call thee good, <sup>325</sup>  
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,  
To rid a lingring wretch.

*Evad.* I must have one  
To fill thy roome again, if thou wert dead;  
Else, by this night, I would! I pitty thee.

*Amin.* These strange and sudden injuries have  
falne

So thicke upon me, that I lose all sense  
Of what they are. Methinkes I am not wrong'd;  
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world  
I can but hide it. — Reputation,  
Thou art a word, no more! — But thou hast  
showne

335

An impudence so high that to the world  
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thyselfe.

*Evad.* To cover shame, I tooke thee; never  
feare  
That I would blaze myselfe.

*Amin.* Nor let the King  
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine  
honor

340

Will thrust me into action; that my flesh  
Could beare with patience. And it is some ease  
To me in these extremes, that I know this  
Before I toucht thee; else, had all the sinnes  
Of mankinde stood betwixt me and the King, 345  
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.  
I have lost one desire: tis not his crowne

341 *that.* Edd. 1778, W, tho'. 343 *know.* Q4, knew.

347 *lost.* Q1, left.

Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve  
 He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;  
 Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close; 358  
 Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floure  
 Ile rest to-night that morning visiters  
 May thinke we did as married people use:  
 And prethee, smile upon me when they come,  
 And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleased 359  
 With what we did.

*Evad.* Feare not; I will doe this.

*Amin.* Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly

As ever loving bride and bridegroome met,  
 Lets laugh and enter here.

*Evad.* I am content.

*Amin.* Downe all the swellings of my troubled  
 heart! 360

When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eies see  
 If ever lovers better did agree. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *An Apartment in the House of Calianax.*]

*Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, and Olimpias.*

*Aspatia.* Away, you are not sad; force it no  
 further.

Good gods, how well you looke! Such a full  
 colour

358 *loving.* Q1, B, *longing.*

*Exeunt.* Q2, *Exit.*



Yo[u]ng bashfull brides put on; sure, you are  
new maried!

*Antiphila.* Yes, madame, to your grieffe.

*Asp.* Alas, poor wenches!  
Goe learn to love first; learne to lose your-  
selves; 5

Learne to be flattered, and beleeve and blesse  
The double tongue that did it; make a faith  
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,  
Such as speake truth and died in't; and, like me,  
Beleeve all faithful, and be miserable. 10  
Did you nere love yet, wenches? Speake, Olim-  
pias:

Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp.

*Olimpias.* Never.

*Asp.* Nor you, Antiphila?

*Ant.* Nor I.

*Asp.* Then, my good girls, be more than  
women, wise;

At least bee more than I was; and be sure 15  
You credit anything the light gives life to,  
Before a man. Rather beleeve the sea

9 *speake.* Th, D, spake. *died.* Q2, di'd.

11 *Did . . . Olimpias.* In all early editions except Q1, this line  
follows l. 8; the transposition was made by Theobald.

Q1, The double tongue that did it,  
Did you ere love yet wenches, speake Olimpias,  
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp.

15-27 *and be sure . . . beast man.* Q1 omits. Q2-F, as prose.

16 *life,* Q2. Q3-F, light.



Weepes for the ruin'd marchant, when he rores  
 Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant saile  
 When the strong cordage crackes; rather, th  
 sunne

Comes but to kisse the fruit in wealthy autumn  
 When all falles blasted. If you needs must love  
 (Forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosome  
 Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them mak  
 lovers:

They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kisse  
 Makes a long peace for all. But man —  
 Oh, that beast man! Come, lets be sad, m  
 girls:

That downe-cast of thine eie, Olimpias,  
 Shewes a fine sorrow. — Marke, Antiphila;  
 Just such another was the nymph Ænones,  
 When Paris brought home Hellen. — Now,  
 teare;

And then thou art a piece expressing fully  
 The Carthage queene, when from a cold sea  
 rocke,

Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes  
 To the faire Trojan ships; and having lo  
 them,

Just as thine does, downe stole a teare. — Ar  
 tiphila,

24 *dead-cold.* Q2, dead cold; corrected by Th.

30 *Ænones.* F, Ænone.

36 *thine does.* Q3, thine eyes does; Q4-F, D, thine eyes do

What would this wench doe, if she were Aspatia ?

Here she would stand till some more pittying god  
Turnd her to marble! — Tis enough, my  
wench! —

Shew me the peece of needleworke you wrought. 40

*Ant.* Of Ariadne, madam ?

*Asp.* Yes, that peece. —  
This should be Theseus; h'as a cousening  
face. —

You meant him for a man ?

*Ant.* He was so, madame.

*Asp.* Why, then, tis well enough. — Never  
looke backe;

You have a full winde and a false heart,  
Thescus. — 45

Does not the story say, his keele was split,  
Or his masts spent, or some kinde rocke or other  
Met with his vessell ?

*Ant.* Not as I remember.

*Asp.* It should ha beene so. Could the gods  
know this,

And not, of all their number, raise a storme ? 50  
But they are all as evil. This false smile  
Was well exprest; just such another caught  
me. —

51-54 *But they . . . quicksand.* The division of lines follows D.

In Q2 lines end with *exprest*, *Antiphila*, *quicksand*.

51 *evil*, D. Q9, F, ill.

You shall not goe so. —

Antiphila, in this place worke a quicksand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship ploughing it ; and then a Feare :  
Doe that Feare to the life, wench.

*Ant.* Twill wrong the storie

*Asp.* Twill make the story, wrong'd by  
wanton poets,

Live long and be beleev'd. But wheres the lady ?

*Ant.* There, madame.

*Asp.* Fie, you have mist it here, Antiphila ;  
You are much mistaken, wench :  
These colours are not dull and pale enough  
To shew a soule so full of misery  
As this sad ladies was. Doe it by me,  
Doe it againe by me, the lost Aspatia ;  
And you shall finde all true but the wilde iland.  
I stand upon the sea-breach now ; and thinke  
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with  
the wind,

Wilde as that desart ; and let all about me  
Tell that I am forsaken. Doe my face  
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
Thus, thus, Antiphila : strive to make me looke

*57 to the life.* Q1, bravely.

*68 and thinke,* Q1 and D omit. Q1, D, B, Suppose I stand  
upon the sea-breach now.

*71 Tell that I am forsaken.* Q1 substitutes, Be teares of my  
story ; Theobald, Be teachers, etc.

Like Sorrowes monument ; and the trees about  
me,

Let them be dry and leaveless ; let the rocks 75  
Groane with continuall surges ; and behind me,  
Make all a desolation. Looke, looke, wenches,  
A miserable life of this poore picture !

*Olim.* Deere madam !

*Asp.* I have done. Sit downe, and let us  
Upon that point fixe all our eyes, that point  
there. 80

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sad-  
nesse

Give us new soules.

*Enter Calianax.*

*Calianax.* The King may doe this, and he  
may not doe it :

My child is wrongd, disgrac'd. — Well, how  
now, huswives ?

What, at your ease ! is this a time to sit still ? 85

Up, you young lazie whores, up, or Ile swenge  
you !

*Olim.* Nay, good my lord —

*Cal.* You'l lie downe shortly. Get you in, and  
worke !

What, are you growne so reasty you want  
heates ?

77 *Looke, looke.* Q1, D, B, See, see.

81 *dull,* Q3 *et al.* ; Q1, Q2, *dumbe.*

89 *reasty.* Q1, *rusty.* Q5, *reasty.*

We shall have some of the court-boyes doe that  
office. 90

*Ant.* My lord, we doe no more than we are  
charg'd :

It is the ladies pleasure we be thus  
In grieffe, shee is forsaken.

*Cal.* Theres a rogue too  
A young dissembling slave! — Well, get you  
in. —

Ile have a bout with that boy. Tis hie time  
Now to be valiant: I confesse my youth  
Was never prone that way. What, made an  
asse!

A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,  
And beate some dozen of these whelps; I will!  
And theres another of 'em, a trim cheating soul-  
dier; 100

Ile maule that rascall; has out-brav'd me twice;  
But now, I thanke the gods, I am valiant. —  
Goe, get you in. — Ile take a course with all.

*Exeunt Om[nes].*

*90 doe that office.* Q1, D, B, heat you shortly.

*93 In grieffe, shee is forsaken.* Dyce omits comma; Mason, B, omit comma and put semi-colon after *thus*. Q1-Q5 print in *grieffe* in the preceding line.



ACTUS TERTIUS.

[SCENE I. *Ante-room to Evadne's Bed-chamber.*]

*Enter Cleon, Strato, and Dipbilus.*

*Cleon.* Your sister is not up yet.

*Dipbilus.* Oh, brides must take their mornings rest; the night is troublesome.

*Strato.* But not tedious.

*Diph.* What ods, hee has not my sisters maidenhead to-night? 5

*Stra.* None; its ods against any bridegrome living, he nere gets it while he lives.

*Diph.* Y'are merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedome with your mother. 10

*Stra.* Shees at your service.

*Diph.* Then shees merry enough of herselfe; shee needs no tickling. Knocke at the dore.

*Strato.* We shall interrupt them. 15

*Diph.* No matter; they have the yeare before them. [Strato knocks.]

Good morrow, sister. Spare yourselfe to-day; The night will come againe.

*Enter Amintor*

*Amintor.* Whose there? my brother! I'm no readier yet. 20

Your sister is but now up.

*Diph.* You looke as you had lost your eyes  
to-night :

I thinke you ha not slept.

*Amin.* I faith I have not.

*Diph.* You have done better, then.

*Amin.* We ventured for a boy ; when he is  
twelve,

A shall command against the foes of Rhodes.  
Shall we be merry ?

*Stra.* You cannot ; you want sleepe.

*Amin.* Tis true. — (*Aside.*) But she,  
As if she had drunke Lethe, or had made  
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleepe,  
So sweet and sound —

*Diph.* Whats that ?

*Amin.* Your sister frets  
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,  
As people on their headsman. She does chafe  
And kisse, and chafe againe, and clap my  
cheekes ;

Shees in another world.

*Diph.* Then I had lost : I was about to lay  
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

*Amin.* [*aside*]. Ha ! he does not mocke me ? —  
Y<sup>r</sup>ad lost indeed ;

I doe not use to bungle.

*Cleon.* You doe deserve her.

38 *be does not mocke.* Q1, D, B, does he not mocke.

*Amin.* (*aside*). I laid my lips to hers, and that  
wild breath, 40

That was so rude and rough to me last night,  
Was sweet as Aprill. Ile be guilty too,  
If these be the effects.

*Enter Melantius.*

*Melantius.* Good day, Amintor; for to me the  
name

Of brother is too distant; we are friends, 45  
And that is nearer.

*Amin.* Deare Melantius!

Let me behold thee. — Is it possible?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this?

*Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange!

*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict a view  
Of that it knowes so well? Theres nothing heere 50  
That is not thine.

*Amin.* I wonder much, Melantius,  
To see those noble lookes, that made me thinke  
How vertuous thou art; and, on the sudden,  
Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and  
honour;

Or not be base, and false, and trecherous, 55  
And every ill. But —

*Mel.* Stay, stay, my friend;

I feare this sound will not become our loves:

No more; embrace me!

58 *No more; embrace me.* Qq and D read, No more embrace  
me. F has comma after more.

*Amin.* Oh, mistake me not  
 I know thee to be full of all those deeds  
 That we fraile men call good ; but by the cours  
 Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd  
 As are the windes, dissembling as the sea,  
 That now weares browes as smooth as virgins b  
 Tempting the merchant to invade his face,  
 And in an houre cals his billows up,  
 And shoots em at the sun, destroying all  
 A carries on him. — (*Aside.*) Oh, how nere am  
 To utter my sicke thoughts !

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so  
 nature ?

*Amin.* I have wed thy sister, who hath vert  
 ous thoughts  
 Enow for one whole family ; and it is strang  
 That you should feele no want.

*Mel.* Beleeve me, this is complement t  
 cunning for me.

*Diph.* What should I be then by the cour  
 of nature,  
 They having both robd me of so much vertu

*Stra.* Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,  
 That wee may see her blush, and turne her e  
 downe :

It is the pritiest sport.

*Amin.* Evadne !

*Evadne (within).* My lord ?

*Amin.* Come forth, my love :

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy. 80

*Evad. [within].* I am not ready yet.

*Amin.* Enough, enough.

*Evad. [within].* They'le mock me.

*Amin.* Faith, thou shalt come in.

*Enter Evadne.*

*Mel.* Good morrow, sister. He that understands

Thom you have wed, neede not to wish you joy ;  
you have enough ; take heede you be not proud. 85

*Diph.* Oh, sister, what have you done ?

*Evad.* I done ! Why, what have I done ?

*Stra.* My lord Amintor swears you are no  
maid now.

*Evad.* Push !

*Stra.* I faith, he does.

*Evad.* I knew I should be mockt. 90

*Diph.* With a truth.

*Evad.* If twere to doe againe,  
in faith I would not mary.

*Amin. (aside).* Nor I, by Heaven !

*Diph.* Sister, Dula swears

Since heard you cry two roomes off.

*Evad.* Fie, how you talke !

16-102 *Oh, sister . . . the other way.* The arrangement of  
lines is based on that of Dyce. B prints as prose.



*Diph.* Lets see you walke.

*Evad.* By my troth y'are spoild.

*Mel.* Amintor. —

*Amin.* Ha!

*Mel.* Thou art sad.

*Amin.* Who, I? I thanke you for that.

Shall Diphilus, thou, and I sing a catch?

*Mel.* How?

*Amin.* Prethee, lets.

*Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other way.

*Amin.* I am so lightned with my happi-  
nesse! —

How dost thou, love? Kisse me.

*Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

*Amin.* Nothing but what becomes us. —

Gentlemen,

Would you had all such wives, — and all the  
world,

That I might be no wonder! — Y'are all sad:

What, doe you envie me? I walke, methinks,

On water, and nere sinke, I am so light.

*Mel.* Tis well you are so.

*Amin.* Well, how can I be other,

When shee lookes thus? — Is there no musicke  
there?

Lets dance.

95-96 *Diph.* Lets . . . spoild. Edd. 1778, W, and B, read:  
*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, y'are spoild.

*Mel.* Why this is strange, Amintor!

*Amin.* I doe not know myselfe; yet I could wish

My joy were lesse.

115

*Diph.* Ile mary too, if it will make one thus.

*Evad.* (*aside*). Amintor, harke.

*Amin.* What saies my love? — I must obey.

*Evad.* You doe it scurvily; twill be perceiv'd.

*Cleon.* My lord, the King is here.

120

*Enter King and Lisip[pus].*

*Amin.* Where?

*Stra.* And his brother.

*King.* Good morrow, all! —

Amintor, joy on joy fall thicke upon thee! —

And, madame you are alterd since I saw you; 125

I must salute you; you are now anothers.

How lik't you your nights rest?

*Evad.*

Ill, sir.

*Amin.*

Indeed,

She tooke but little.

*Lysippus.* You'le let her take more,

And thanke her too, shortly.

*King.* Amintor, wert thou truely honest till 130

Thou wert married?

*Amin.*

Yes, sir.

*King.*

Tell me, then, how shews

The sport unto thee?

*Amin.*

Why, well.

*King.* What did you doe?

*Amin.* No more, nor lesse then other couples use;

You know what tis; it has but a coarse name.

*King.* But, prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eie

And her red cheeke, shee should be quicke and stirring

In this same businesse, ha?

*Amin.* I cannot tell;

I nere tried other, sir; but I perceive She is as quicke as you delivered.

*King.* Well, youle trust me then, Amintor, to choose

A wife for you agen?

*Amin.* No, never, sir.

*King.* Why, like you this so ill?

*Amin.* So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,  
And unto Heaven will pay my gratefull tribute  
Hourelly; and doe hope we shall draw out  
A long contented life together here,

And die, both full of gray haire, in one day:  
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers  
That rule us please to call her first away,  
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a  
wife

Worthy to take her roome.

*King.* I doe not like this. — All forbear the  
roome,

But you, Amintor, and your lady.

[*Exeunt all but the King, Amintor, and Evadne.*]

I have some speech with you that may concerne  
Your after living well. 155

*Amin.* [*aside*]. A will not tell me that he lies  
with her!

If he doe, something heavenly stay my heart,  
For I shall be apt to thrust this arme of mine  
To acts unlawfull!

*King.* You will suffer me  
To talke with her, Amintor, and not have 160  
A jealous pang?

*Amin.* Sir, I dare trust my wife  
With whom she dares to talke, and not be jeal-  
ous. [Retires.]

*King.* How doe you like Amintor?

*Evad.* As I did, sir.

*King.* Howes that?

*Evad.* As one that, to fulfil your will and  
pleasure, 165

I have given leave to call me wife and love.

*King.* I see there is no lasting faith in sin;  
They that breake word with Heaven will breake  
agen

With all the world, and so doest thou with me?

*Evad.* How, sir?

*King.* This subtle womans ignoranc<sup>e</sup>  
Will not excuse you : thou hast taken oathes,  
So great, methought, they did misbecome  
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst nere enjoy  
A man but me.

*Evad.* I never did sweare so ;  
You doe me wrong.

*King.* Day and night have heard it.<sup>1</sup>

*Evad.* I swore indeed that I would never love  
A man of lower place ; but, if your fortune  
Should throw you from this height, I bade you  
trust

I would forsake you, and would bend to him  
That won your throne : I love with my ambition,  
Not with my eies. But, if I ever yet  
Tought any other, leprosie light here  
Upon my face ! which for your royalty  
I would not staine.

*King.* Why, thou dissemblest, and  
It is in me to punish thee.

*Evad.* Why, it is in me,  
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict  
Your body then your punishment can mine.

*King.* But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.

*Evad.* I hannot.

<sup>1</sup>72 *methought*, Q3-F. Q1, Q2, that methought.  
*misbecome*. Q3-F, D, B, not well become.



*King.* Impudence ! he saies himselfe so.

*Evad.* A lies.

*King.* A does not.

*Evad.* By this light, he does, 190

Strangely and basely ! and Ile prove it so.

I did not only shun him for a night,

But told him I would never close with him.

*King.* Speake lower ; tis false.

*Evad.* I am no man

To answere with a blow ; or if I were, 195

You are the King. But urge [me] not ; tis most  
true.

*King.* Doe not I know the uncontroled  
thoughts

That youth brings with him when his blood is  
high

With expectation and desire of that

He long hath waited for ? Is not his spirit, 200

Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine

As this our age hath knowne ? What could he  
doe,

If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,

But ruine thee forever, if he had not kild  
thee ?

He could not beare it thus : he is as we, 205

Or any other wrong'd man.

*Evad.* It is dissembling.

*King.* Take him! farewell; henceforth I am  
thy foe;  
And what disgraces I can blot thee with, looke  
for.

*Evad.* Stay, sir. — Amintor! — You shall  
heare. — Amintor!

*Amin.* [*coming forward*]. What, my love? <sup>216</sup>

*Evad.* Amintor, thou hast an ingenious look,  
And shouldst be vertuous: it amazeth me  
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.

*Amin.* What, my deere wife?

*Evad.* Deere wife! I doe despise thee.  
Why, nothing can be baser then to sow <sup>217</sup>  
Dissention amongst lovers.

*Amin.* Lovers, who?

*Evad.* The King and me.

*Amin.* Oh, God!

*Evad.* Who should live long and love with-  
out distast,  
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyselfe.  
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punisht <sup>220</sup>  
In hell for this.

*Amin.* The faithlesse sin I made  
To faire Aspatia is not yet reveng'd;  
It followes me. — I will not lose a word

<sup>212</sup> *shouldst.* Q2, should'st.      <sup>213</sup> *canst.* Q2, can'st.

<sup>217</sup> *God,* Q2. Later editions change to Heaven, and so through-  
out the play.      <sup>223</sup> *lose.* Q6, F, D, B. Q1-Q5, loose.

To this vilde woman: but to you, my King,  
 The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,<sup>225</sup>  
 Y<sup>are</sup> a tyrant! and not so much to wrong  
 An honest man thus, as to take a pride  
 In talking with him of it.

*Evad.* Now, sir, see  
 How loud this fellow lied!

*Amin.* You that can know to wrong, should  
 know how men<sup>230</sup>

Must right themselves. What punishment is due  
 From me to him that shall abuse my bed?  
 Is it not death? Nor can that satisfie,  
 Unlesse I send your lives through all the land,  
 To shew how nobly I have freed my selfe.<sup>235</sup>

*King.* Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I  
 cannot feare

A subjects hand; but thou shall feele the weight  
 Of this, if thou doest rage.

*Amin.* The weight of that!  
 If you have any worth, for Heavens sake, thinke  
 I feare not swords; for, as you are meere man,<sup>240</sup>  
 I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
 As you dare thinke to doe it. But there is  
 Divinitie about you that strikes dead  
 My rising passions: as you are my King,  
 I fall before you and present my sword<sup>245</sup>

224 *vilde*, D. Qq, F, wild. 233 *Is it*, Edd. 1778. Qq, F, It is.

234 *lives*. Sympon, D, limbs.

To cut mine owne flesh, if it be your will.  
 Alas, I am nothing but a multitude  
 Of wa[1]king griefes! Yet, should I murder  
 you,

I might before the world take the excuse  
 Of madnesse: for, compare my injuries, 250  
 And they will well appeare too sad a weight  
 For reason to endure. But fall I first  
 Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand  
 Touch holy things! But why (I know not what  
 I have to say) why did you choose out me 255  
 To make thus wretched? There were thou-  
 sands, fooles,

Easie to worke on, and of state enough,  
 Within the iland.

*Evad.* I would not have a foole;  
 It were no credit for me.

*Amin.* Worse and worse!  
 Thou that dar'st talke unto thy husband thus, 260  
 Professe thyselfe a whore, and, more then so,  
 Resolve to be so still! — It is my fate  
 To beare and bowe beneath a thousand griefes,  
 To keepe that little credit with the world! —  
 But there were wise ones too; you might have  
 tane 265

Another.

248 *walking*: so Qq, except Q2, which misprints, waking.

256 *thousands*. Comma inserted by B. F, D, thousand fooles.

*King.* No, for I beleve [d] thee honest  
As thou wert valiant.

*Amin.* All the happinesse  
Bestow'd upon me turnes into disgrace.  
Gods, take your honesty againe, for I  
Am loaden with it! — Good my lord the King, 270  
Be private in it.

*King.* Thou maist live, Amintor,  
Free as thy King, if thou wilt winke at this  
And be a meanes that we may meet in secret.

*Amin.* A baud! Hold, hold, my brest! A  
bitter curse

Seize me if I forget not all respects 275  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sinnes  
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call  
Paines heere and after life upon my soule!

*King.* Well, I am resolute you lay not with  
her; 280  
And so I leave you. *Exit King.*

*Evad.* You must needs be prating;  
And see what follows!

*Amin.* Prethe, vex me not.  
Leave me. I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murther on me.

*Evad.* I am gone;  
I love my life well. *Exit Evadne.*



*Amin.* I hate mine as much. 15  
 This tis to breake a troth! I should be glad  
 If all this tide of grieffe would make me mad.  
*Exit.*

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*]*Enter Melantius.*

*Melantius.* Ile know the cause of all Amintors  
 griefes,  
 Or friendship shall be idle.

*Enter Calianax.*

*Calianax.* Oh, Melantius,  
 My daughter will die!

*Mel.* Trust me, I am sorry;  
 Would thou hadst tane her roome!

*Cal.* Thou art a slave,  
 A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!

*Mel.* Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard  
 to rave,  
 And lose thine offices.

*Cal.* I am valiant growne  
 At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave!

*Mel.* Leave!  
 Some company will come, and I respect 16  
 Thy yeares, not thee, so much that I could wish  
 To laugh at thee alone.

*Cal.* Ile spoile your mirth:

I meane to fight with thee. There lie, my  
cloake!

This was my fathers sword, and he durst fight.  
Are you prepar'd?

*Mel.* Why, wilt thou doate thyselfe 15  
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed,  
Have carefull looking-to, and eate warme things,  
And trouble not mee: my head is full of thoughts  
More waighty then thy life or death can be.

*Cal.* You have a name in warre, where you  
stand safe 20

Amongst a multitude; but I will try  
What you dare doe unto a weake old man  
In single fight. You'le give ground, I feare.  
Come, draw.

*Mel.* I will not draw, unlesse thou pulst thy  
death 25

Upon thee with a stroke. Theres no one blow  
That thou canst give hath strength enough to  
kill me.

Tempt me not so far, then; the power of earth  
Shall not redeeme thee.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. I must let him alone;  
Hees stout and able; and, to say the truth, 30  
However I may set a face and talke,  
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,  
I kept my credit with a testie tricke  
I had amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

*Mel.* I will not promise to preserve your life,  
If you doe stay.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. I would give halfe my land  
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.  
If I had men to hold him, I would beate him  
Till he aske me mercy.

*Mel.* Sir, wil you be gone?

*Cal.* [*aside*]. I dare not stay; but I will goe  
home and beat

My servants all over for this. *Exit Calianax.*

*Mel.* This old fellow haunts me.  
But this distracted carriage of mine Amintor  
Takes deepely on me. I will finde the cause:  
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amintor* [*aside*]. Mens eyes are not so sub-  
till to perceive  
My inward miserie: I beare my grieve  
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched  
then?

For ought I know, all husbands are like me;  
And every one I talke with of his wife  
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,  
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rarenesse  
Afflicts me now.

*Mel.* Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our

39 *aske.* Q1, askt.

54-63 *Amintor* . . . *to mee.* As prose Qq, F, B. The original may have been in verse, but its restoration seems impossible. Weber and Dyce have made attempts.

friendship of late, for we were wont to change 55  
our soules in talke.

*Amin.* Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest  
of Strato and a lady the last day.

*Mel.* How wast ?

*Amin.* Why such an odde one ! 60

*Mel.* I have longd to speake with you ; not of  
an idle jest that's forc'd, but of matter that you  
are bound to utter to mee.

*Amin.* What is that, my friend ?

*Mel.* I have observ'd your words fall from  
your tongue 65

Wildly ; and all your carriage  
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,  
When he were ill dispos'd : you were not wont  
To put such scorne into your speech, or weare  
Upon your face ridiculous jollitie. 70  
Some sadnesse sits here, which your cunning  
would

Cover ore with smiles, and twill not be. What  
is it ?

*Amin.* A sadnesse here ! what cause  
Can fate provide for me to make me so ?  
Am I not lov'd through all this isle ? The King 75

55 *change*, Th. Qq, F, charge.

65-66 *I have . . . carriage*, so Qq, F, B. Edd. 1778 *et al.*  
end first line, *words*.

73 *A sadnesse here ! what cause*. D, A sadnesse here, Melan-  
tius ! what cause.

Raines greatnesse on me. Have I not received  
 A lady to my bed, that in her eie  
 Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheekes  
 Inevitable colour, in her heart  
 A prison for all vertue? Are not you, 80  
 Which is above all joyes, my constant friend?  
 What sadnesse can I have? No; I am light  
 And feele the courses of my bloud more warme  
 And stirring than they were. Faith, mary too;  
 And you will feel so unexpress a joy 85  
 In chaste embraces that you will indeed  
 Appeare another.

*Mel.* You may shape, Amintor,  
 Causes to cozen the whole world withall,  
 And you yourselfe too; but tis not like a friend  
 To hide your soule from me. Tis not your 90  
 nature  
 To be thus idle: I have seene you stand  
 As you were blasted midst of all your mirth;  
 Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining joy  
 So coldly! — World, what doe I here? a friend  
 Is nothing! Heaven, I would ha told that man 95  
 My secret sinnes! Ile search an unknowne  
 land,  
 And there plant friendship; all is withered here.  
 Come with a complement! I would have fought,  
 Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so.  
 Out of my bosome! 100



*Amin.* But there is nothing.

*Mel.* Worse and worse! farewell.  
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

*Amin.* Melantius, stay; you shall know what  
that is.

*Mel.* See; how you plaid with friendship! be  
advis'd

How you give cause unto yourself to say 105  
You ha lost a friend.

*Amin.* Forgive what I ha done;  
For I am so oregone with injuries  
Unheard of, that I lose consideration  
Of what I ought to doe. — Oh! — Oh!

*Mel.* Doe not weepe. 110  
What ist? May I once but know the man  
Hath turn'd my friend thus!

*Amin.* I had spoke at first,  
But that —

*Mel.* But what?

*Amin.* I held it most unfit  
For you to know. Faith, doe not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou seest my love, that will keepe  
company 115  
With thee in teares; hide nothing, then, from  
me;

For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

104 See; how you plaid. No punctuation after See in Qq, F.  
B conjectures, See how you play. Q1 has plead for plaid.

With mine old armour Ile adorne myselfe,  
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,  
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart  
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence.  
What is it?

*Amin.* Why, tis this — it is too bigge  
To get out — let my teares make way awhil

*Mel.* Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he  
cape

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to t

*Amin.* Your sister —

*Mel.* Well sayd.

*Amin.* You'l wish't unknow

When you have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Amin.* Is much to bla

And to the King has given her honour up,  
And lives in whoredome with him.

*Mel.* How's t

Thou art run mad with injury indeed ;  
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speake ag  
For I forgive it freely ; tell thy griefes.

*Amin.* Shees wanton ; I am loth to say  
whore,

Though it be true.

*Mel.* Speake yet againe, before mine anger g  
Up beyond throwing downe : what are  
griefes ?

*Amin.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What, am I tame?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend  
Blot all our family, and strike the brand  
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd? 140

My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me  
With what unwillingnesse I goe to scourge  
This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend.  
I will not take thee basely: thy sword

[*Draws his sword.*]

Hangs neere thy hand; draw it that I may whip 145  
Thy rashnesse to repentance; draw thy sword!

*Amin.* Not on thee, did thy anger goe as he  
As troubled waters. Thou shouldst do me ease  
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand  
Would cut me from my sorrows.

*Mel.* This is base 150

And fearefull. They that use to utter lies  
Provide not blowes but words to qualifie  
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty  
cause.

*Amin.* Thou pleasest me; for so much more  
like this

Will raise my anger up above my griefes 155  
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)  
And I shall then be happy.

139 *strike.* Q1, stick.

147 *goe.* Q3, swell.

148 *troubled waters,* Q1, Q2. Q3, D, B, the wilde surges.

*Mel.* Take, then, more  
 To raise thine anger : tis meere cowardise  
 Makes thee not draw ; and I will leave thee  
 dead,

However. But if thou art so much prest <sup>160</sup>  
 With guilt and feare as not to dare to fight,  
 Ile make thy memory loath'd and fixe a scandall  
 Upon thy name for ever.

*Amin.* Then I draw,  
 As justly as our magistrates their swords  
 To cut offenders off. I knew before <sup>165</sup>  
 Twould grate your eares ; but it was base in you  
 To urge a waighty secret from your friend  
 And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,  
 If I be kild ; and, if you fall by me,  
 I shall not long outlive you.

*Mel.* Stay awhile.—  
 The name of friend is more than family  
 Or all the world besides : I was a foole.  
 Thou searching humane nature that didst wake  
 To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitive,  
 And thrusts me upon questions that will take  
 My sleepe away. Would I had died, ere knowne  
 This sad dishonour ! —pardon me, my friend.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart ;  
 Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand  
 To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me !

I doe beleeeve my sister is a whore,  
A leproous one. Put up thy sword, young man.

*Amin.* How should I beare it, then, she being  
so ?

I feare, my friend, that you will lose me shortly,  
[*Sheathes his sword.*]

And I shall doe a foule act on myselfe, 185  
Through these disgraces.

*Mel.* Better halfe the land  
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor,  
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous King,  
That drew her too't ! where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so ?

*Amin.* What is it, then, to me, 190  
If it be wrong to you ?

*Mel.* Why, not so much :  
The credit of our house is throwne away.  
But from his iron den Ile waken Death,  
And hurle him on this King : my honestie  
Shall steele my sword ; and on its horrid point 195  
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to looke on.

*Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Drie up thy watrie eyes, 200  
And cast a manly looke upon my face,  
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend



Till I have freed thee : still this swelling brest.  
 I goe thus from thee, and will never cease  
 My vengeance till I finde thy heart at peace.

*Amin.* It must not be so. Stay ! Mine eies  
 would tell

How loth I am to this ; but, love and teares,  
 Leave me awhile ! for I have hazarded  
 All that this world cals happy. — Thou hast  
 wrought

A secret from me, under name of friend,  
 Which art could nere have found, or torture  
 wrung

From out my bosome. Give it me agen ;  
 For I will find it where soere it lies,  
 Hid in the mortal'st part : invent a way  
 To give it backe.

*Mel.* Why would you have it backe  
 I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Amin.* Therefore I call it backe from thee  
 for I know

Thy blood so high that thou wilt stir in this,  
 And shame me to posterity. Take to thy  
 weapon. [Draws his sword.]

*Mel.* Heare thy friend that beares more yeare  
 then thou.

*Amin.* I will not heare : but draw, or I —

*Mel.* Amintor

*Amin.* Draw, then: for I am full as resolute  
As fame and honour can inforce me be:  
I cannot linger. Draw!

*Mel.* I doe. But is not  
My share of credit equall with thine, 225  
If I doe stir?

*Amin.* No: for it will be cald  
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,  
If she her birth abuse; and, on the King  
A brave revenge: but on me, that have walkt  
With patience in it, it will fixe the name 230  
Of fearefull cuckold. O, that word! Be quicke!

*Mel.* Then, joyne with me.

*Amin.* I dare not doe a sinne,  
Or else I would. Be speedy.

*Mel.* Then, dare not fight with me; for that's  
a sin. —

His griefe distracts him. — Call thy thoughts  
agen, 235

And to thyselfe pronounce the name of friend,  
And see what that will worke. I will not fight.

*Amin.* You must.

*Mel.* [*sheathing his sword*]. I will be kild first.  
Though my passions

Offered the like to you, tis not this earth

225 *thine*. D suggests, thine own.

232-233 *I . . . speedy*. The division of lines is by editor.  
Q, F, D, B, end lines with *me, would, speedy*.

Shall buy my reason to it. Thinke awhile, <sup>140</sup>  
 For you are (I must weepe when I speake that)  
 Almost besides yourselfe.

*Amin.* [*sheathing his sword*]. Oh, my soft temper!

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,  
 I am afraid would make me take her to  
 Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed <sup>145</sup>  
 And know not what I doe. Yet have a care  
 Of me in what thou doest.

*Mel.* Why, thinks my friend  
 I will forget his honor? or, to save  
 The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,  
 And feare to touch the throne of majestie?

*Amin.* A curse will follow that; but rather  
 live  
 And suffer with me.

*Mel.* I will doe what worth  
 Shall bid me, and no more.

*Amin.* Faith, I am sicke,  
 And desperately I hope; yet, leaning thus,  
 I feele a kind of ease.

*Mel.* Come, take agen  
 Your mirth about you.

*Amin.* I shall never doo't.

*Mel.* I warrant you; looke up; weele walke  
 together;  
 Put thine arme here; all shall be well agen?

*Amin.* Thy love (oh, wretched!) I, thy love,  
Melantius;

Why I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry then. 260

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Melantius agen.*

*Mel.* This worthy yong man may doe violence

Upon himselfe, but I have cherisht him  
To my best power, and sent him smiling from  
me,

To counterfeit againe. Sword, hold thy edge;  
My heart will never faile me.

*Enter Diphilus.*

Diphilus! 265

Thou comst as sent.

*Diphilus.* Yonder has bin such laughing.

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Diph.* Why, our sister and the King.

I thought their spleenes would breake; they  
laught us all

Out of the roome.

*Mel.* They must weepe, Diphilus.

*Diph.* Must they?

*Mel.* They must. 270

Thou art my brother; &, if I did beleewe

263 To my best power, Q3 et al. Q1, Q2, As well as I could.

*Enter Diphilus.* This follows *Thou comst as sent*, in Q2.

Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,  
Lie where it durst.

*Diph.* You should not; I would first  
Mangle myselfe and finde it.

*Mel.* That was spoke  
According to our straine. Come, joyne thy  
hands to mine, 275

And sweare a firmnesse to what project I  
Shall lay before thee.

*Diph.* You doe wrong us both :  
People hereafter shall not say there past  
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives  
And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said as I would wish.  
Anon Ile tell you wonders : we are wrong'd.

*Diph.* But I will tell you now, weele righ  
ourselves.

*Mel.* Stay not : prepare the armour in my  
house ;

And what friends you can draw unto our side,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.

Haste, *Diph* [ilus], the time requires it, haste ! —

*Exit Diphilus.*

I hope my cause is just ; I know my blood  
Tels me it is ; and I will credit it.

To take revenge, and lose myself withall,  
Were idle ; and to scape impossible, 27



Without I had the fort, which (miserie!)  
 Remaining in the hands of my old enemy,  
 Calianax — but I must have it. See,

*Enter Calianax.*

Where he comes shaking by me! — Good my  
 lord, 295

Forget your spleene to me; I never wrong'd you,  
 But would have peace with every man.

*Cal.* Tis well;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

*Mel.* Y'are touchie without all cause.

*Cal.* Doe, mocke me.

*Mel.* By mine honor, I speake truth.

*Cal.* Honor! where ist? 300

*Mel.* See, what starts you make

Into your [idle] hatred to my love

And freedome to you. I come with resolution

To obtaine a sute of you.

*Cal.* A sute of me!

Tis very like it should be granted, sir. 305

*Mel.* Nay, goe not hence:

Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,

And I would wish you, by the love you ought

To beare unto me, to deliver it

Into my hands.

*Cal.* I am in hope thou art mad, 310

To talke to me thus.

*Mel.* But there is a reason  
To move you to it: I would kill the King,  
That wrong'd you and your daughter.

*Cal.* Out, traitor!

*Mel.* Nay, but stay: I cannot scape, the deed  
once done,

Without I have this fort.

*Cal.* And should I helpe thee? <sup>315</sup>  
Now thy treacherous mind betraies itselfe.

*Mel.* Come, delay me not;  
Give me a sudden answer, or already  
Thy last is spoke! Refuse not offered love  
When it comes clad in secrets.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. If I say <sup>32</sup>  
I will not, he will kill me; I doe see't  
Writ in his lookes; and should I say I will,  
Heele run and tell the King. — I doe not shun  
Your friendship, deere Melantius, but this cause  
Is weighty: give me but an houre to thinke. <sup>33</sup>

*Mel.* Take it. — [*Aside.*] I know this goes  
unto the King;  
But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*

*Cal.* Methinks I feele my selfe  
But twenty now agen. This fighting foole  
Wants policie: I shall revenge my girle,  
And make her red againe. I pray my legges <sup>33</sup>  
Will last that pace that I will carry them;  
I shall want breath before I find the King.

*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

[SCENE I. *An Apartment of Evadne.*]

*Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a Lady.*

*Melantius.* Save you

*Evadne.* Save you, sweet brother.

*Mel.* In my blunt eie, methinks, you looke,  
Evadne —

*Evad.* Come, you would make me blush.

*Mel.* I would, Evadne ;  
I shall displease my ends else.

*Evad.* You shall, if you  
Commend me ; I am bashfull. Come, sir, how  
doe

I looke ?

*Mel.* I would not have your women heare me  
Break into commendations of you ; tis not  
Seemely.

*Evad.* Goe waite me in the gallery.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now speake.

*Mel.* Ile locke the dore first.

*Evad.* Why ?

*S* *Commend.* Qq, Command. Corrected by Th.

*Exeunt Ladies.* Qq, F, print this after *the dore first*. The inconsistency between *Ladies* and *a Lady* at the opening of the act has been corrected by modern editors.

*Mel.* I will not have your guilded things, that  
dance

In visitation with their Millan skins,  
Choake up my businesse.

*Evad.* You are strangely dispos'd, sir.

*Mel.* Good madame, not to make you merry.

*Evad.* No, if you praise me, twill make me  
sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendation I have for  
you.

*Evad.* Brother,

The court has made you wittie, and learne to  
riddle.

*Mel.* I praise the court for't: has it learnd  
you nothing?

*Evad.* Me!

*Mel.* I, Evadne, thou art young and han-  
some,

A lady of a sweet complexion,  
And such a flowing carriage that it cannot  
Chuse but inflame a kingdome.

*Evad.* Gentle brother!

*Mel.* Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish  
woman,

To make me gentle.

*Evad.* How is this?

*Mel.* Tis base,

And I could blush at these yeeres, through all  
 my honord scars, to come to such a parly. 25

*Evad.* I understand ye not.

*Mel.* You dare not, foole!  
 they that commit thy faults flie the remem-  
 brance.

*Evad.* My faults, sir! I would have you  
 know, I care not  
 they were written here, here in my forehead. 30

*Mel.* Thy body is too little for the story;  
 he lusts of which would fill another woman,  
 though she had twins within her.

*Evad.* This is saucie:  
 looke you intrude no more. There [lies] your  
 way.

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread upon  
 thee, 35  
 till I find truth out.

*Evad.* What truth is that you looke for?

*Mel.* Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods  
 had set mee  
 ather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
 ne of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me  
 quickly;  
 oe it without inforcement, and take heed 40  
 ou swell me not above my temper.

25 *through.* Q3, thorough.

34 *There lies,* Q3. Q1, Q2, There.



*Evad.*

How sir !

Where got you this report ?

*Mel.*

Where there was people,

In every place.

*Evad.*

They and the seconds of it  
Are base people ; beleeve them not ; they lied.

*Mel.*

Do not play with mine anger ; doe not,  
wretch !

I come to know that desperate foole that drew  
thee

From thy faire life : be wise and lay him open.

*Evad.*

Unhand me, and learne manners ! such  
another

Forgetfulnesse forfeits your life.

*Mel.*

Quench me this mighty humour, and  
then tell me

Whose whore you are ; for you are one, I know it.

Let all mine honors perish but Ile find him,

Though he lie lockt up in thy bloud ! Be sudden ;

There is no facing it ; and be not flattered ;

The burnt aire where the Dog raignes is not  
fouler

Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance

(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.

*Evad.*

Begone ! you are my brother ; thats  
your safety.

*Mel.*

Ile be a wolfe first : tis, to be thy brother,  
An infamy below the sinne of coward.

I am as far from being part of thee  
 As thou art from thy vertue: seeke a kindred  
 Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goat thy  
 brother;

A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

*Evad.* If you stay here and raile thus, I shall  
 tell you

65

Ile ha you whipt. Get you to your command,  
 And there preach to your centinels, and tell them  
 What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.

*Mel.* Y'are growne a glorious whore! Where  
 be your fighters?

What mortall foole durst raise thee to this  
 daring,

70

And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer  
 Bestrid a billow when the angry North  
 Plowes up the sea, or made Heavens fire his foe!  
 Worke me no hier. Will you discover yet?

*Evad.* The fellowes mad. Sleepe, and speake  
 sense.

75

*Mel.* Force my swolne heart no further: I  
 would save thee.

Your great maintainers are not here; they dare  
 not:

Would they were all, and armed! I would  
 speake loud:

72 *Bestrid.* Q2, *Bestride.* 73 *foe.* Only in Q1. Q2, *food.*  
 76-85 *Force* . . . *canker.* Prose in Qq and F.

Heres one should thunder to 'em ! Will you tell  
me ? —

Thou hast no hope to scape : he that dares most <sup>84</sup>  
And dams away his soule to doe thee service,  
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lyon  
Then come to rescue thee ; thou hast death  
about thee —

Has undone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue,  
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker. <sup>85</sup>

*Evad.* Let me consider.

*Mel.* Doe, whose childe thou wert,  
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave  
opened,

And so pul'd on the gods that in their justice  
They must restore him flesh agen and life,  
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandall. <sup>90</sup>

*Evad.* The gods are not of my minde ; they  
had better  
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth ; they'l stinke  
here.

*Mel.* Doe you raise mirth out of my easinesse ?  
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,  
That make men women ! Speake, you whore, <sup>91</sup>  
speake truth,

Or, by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,  
This sword shall be thy lover ! Tell, or Ile kill  
thee ;

And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

84 *Har.* F, H'as ; D, He has.

90-141 *Revised* speeches

*Evad.* You will not murther me?

*Mel.* No; tis a justice, and a noble one, 100  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

*Evad.* Helpe!

*Mel.* By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe  
shal help thee,

If thou criest! When I have kild thee, as I  
Have vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked 105  
As thou hast left thine honor, will I leave thee,  
That on thy branded flesh the world may read  
Thy blacke shame and my justice. Wilt thou  
bend yet?

*Evad.* Yes.

*Mel.* Up, and begin your storie.

*Evad.* Oh, I am miserable! 110

*Mel.* Tis true, thou art. Speake truth still.

*Evad.* I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!

*Mel.* With what secure slave?

*Evad.* Doe not ask me, sir;

Mine owne remembrance is a miserie  
Too mightie for me.

*Mel.* Do not fall back agen; 115  
My sword's unsheathed yet.

*Evad.* What shall I doe?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault lesse.

*Evad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or Ile be this day a-killing thee.

*Evad.* Will you forgive me, then? ✓

okello

*Mel.* Stay; I must aske mine honor first. <sup>112</sup>  
I have too much foolish nature in me. Speake.

*Evad.* Is there none else here?

*Mel.* None but a fearefull conscience; thats  
too many.

Who ist?

*Evad.* Oh, heare me gently! It was the  
King.

*Mel.* No more. My worthy fathers and my  
services <sup>115</sup>

Are liberally rewarded! King, I thanke thee!  
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast  
paid me

In my owne metall: these are souldiers  
thanks!—

How long have you lived thus, Evadne?

*Evad.* Too long.

*Mel.* Too late you find it. Can you be sorry? <sup>119</sup>

*Evad.* Would I were halfe as blamelesse!

*Mel.* Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade againe.

*Evad.* First to my grave.

*Mel.* Would gods thou hadst beene so  
blest!

Dost thou not hate this King now? prethe hate  
him.

119-130 *Too . . . sorry.*

Q1, *Evad.* Too long, too late I finde it.

*Mel.* Can you be very sorry?



Could'st thou not curse him? I command thee,  
curse him; 135

Curse till the gods heare, and deliver him  
To thy just wishes. Yet I feare, Evadne,  
You had rather play your game out.

*Evad.* No; I feele

Too many sad confusions here, to let in  
Any loose flame hereafter. 140

*Mel.* Dost thou not feele amongst all those,  
one brave anger

That breakes out nobly and directs thine arme  
To kill this base King?

*Evad.* All the gods forbid it!

*Mel.* No, all the gods require it!

They are dishonored in him.

*Evad.* Tis too fearefull. 145

*Mel.* Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold  
enough

To be a stale whore, and have your madams  
name

Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,

When his coole majestie hath laid you by,

To be at pension with some needie sir 150

For meat and courser cloathes; thus far you  
know

No feare. Come, you shall kill him.

135 *Could'st thou not curse him?* Q1, Has sunke thy faire soule.

151 *know.* Q1, had. Q3, knew.

*Evad.*

Good sir!

*Mel.* An twere to kisse him dead, thoudst  
smoother him :

Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and  
know

What noble minds shall make thee, see thyselfe<sup>155</sup>

Found out with every finger, made the shame

Of all successions, and in this great ruine

Thy brother and thy noble husband broken ?

Thou shalt not live thus. Kneele and swear to  
helpe me,

When I shall call thee to it; or, by all <sup>160</sup>

Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live

To breath a full houre longer; not a thought!

Come, tis a righteous oath. Give me thy  
hand[s],

And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that  
wealth

This lustfull theefe stole from thee, when I say it,<sup>16</sup>

To let his foule soule out.

*Evad.* Here I swear it; [*Kneels.*]

And, all you spirits of abused ladies,

Helpe me in this performance!

*Mel.* [*raising her*]. Enough! This must be  
knowne to none

But you and I, *Evadne*, not to your lord, <sup>17</sup>

<sup>155</sup> make thee, see thyselfe. Qz, make thee see thyselfe.

<sup>163</sup> hands, Edd. 1778.

Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow  
 Dares step as farre into a worthy action  
 As the most daring, I, as farre as justice.  
 Aske me not why. Farewell. *Exit Mel[antius].*

*Evad.* Would I could say so to my blacke  
 disgrace! 175

Oh, where have I beene all this time? how  
 friended

That I should lose myselfe thus desperately,  
 And none for pittie shew me how I wandred?  
 There is not in the compasse of the light  
 A more unhappy creature: sure I am mon-  
 strous; 180

For I have done those follies, those mad mis-  
 chiefes,

Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soule,  
 Be not so cruell to me; choake not up  
 The way to my repentance!

*Enter Amintor.*

Oh, my lord!

*Amin.* How now?

*Evad.* My much abused lord! [*Kneels.*]

*Amin.* This cannot be! 185

*Evad.* I doe not kneele to live; I dare not  
 hope it;

The wrongs I did are greater. Looke upon me,  
 Though I appeare with all my faults.

*Enter Amintor.* In Q<sub>2</sub> this follows l. 183.

*Amin.*

Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow :  
 Heaven knowes I have too many. Doe not  
 mocke me : 190

Though I am tame and bred up with my  
 wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape,  
 Like a hand-wolf, into my naturall wildnesse,  
 And doe an outrage : prethee, doe not mocke me.

*Evad.* My whole life is so leaprous, it infects 195  
 All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,  
 Though at the highest set, even with my life :  
 That sleight contrition, that [<sup>'s</sup>] no sacrifice  
 For what I have committed.

*Amin.*

Sure, I dazle :

There cannot be a faith in that foule woman, 200  
 That knowes no god more mighty than her  
 mischiefes.

Thou doest still worse, still number on thy faults,  
 To presse my poore heart thus. Can I beleeve  
 Theres any seed of vertue in that woman  
 Left to shoot up, that dares goe on in sinne, 204  
 Knowne, and so knowne as thine is ? Oh,  
 Evadne !

Would there were any safetie in thy sex,

189 a. Only in Q1. Q2, no. *sorrow*. Q1, sorrows.

198 *that's no*, Q6-B. Q1, Q2, *that* ; no. Q3, Q4, *thats* ; no.  
 Q5, *thats no*.

That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,  
 And credit thy repentance ! but I must not.  
 Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie, 210  
 To that strange misbeleefe of all the world  
 And all things that are in it, that I feare  
 I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,  
 Only remembering that I grieve.

*Evad.*

My lord,

Give me your griefes ; you are an innocent, 215  
 A soule as white as Heaven ; let not my sinnes  
 Perish your noble youth. I doe not fall here  
 To shadow by dissembling with my teares  
 (As all say women can) or to make lesse  
 What my hot will hath done, which Heaven &  
 you 220

Knowes to be tougher than the hand of time  
 Can cut from mans remembrance ; no, I doe  
 not ;

I doe appeare the same, the same *Evadne*,  
 Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same mon-  
 ster.

But these are names of honour to what I am ; 225  
 I doe present myself the foulest creature,  
 Most poisonous, dangerous, and despise of men,  
 Lerna ere bred or Nilus. I am hell,  
 Till you, my deare lord, shoot your light into me,  
 The beames of your forgivenessse ; I am soule-  
 sicke, 230



And wither with the feare of one condemn'd,  
Till I have got your pardon.

*Amin.* Rise, Evadne;  
Those heavenly powers that put this good into  
thee

Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee;  
Make thyselfe worthy of it, and take heed, 235  
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.

Mocke not the powers above that can and dare  
Give thee a great example of their justice  
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice. 240

*Evad.* I have done nothing good to win be-  
leeffe,  
My life hath been so faithlesse. All the crea-  
tures,  
Made for Heavens honors, have their ends,  
and good ones,  
All but the cousening crocodiles, false women :  
They reigne here like those plagues, those kill-  
ing sores, 245  
Men pray against ; and when they die, like tales  
Ill told and unbeleev'd, they passe away,  
And goe to dust forgotten. But, my lord,  
Those short daies I shall number to my rest  
(As many must not see me) shall, though too  
late, 250

Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,  
 Since I can doe no good, because a woman,  
 Reach constantly at something that is neere it :  
 I will redeeme one minute of my age,  
 Or, like another Niobe, Ile weepe  
 Till I am water. 255

*Amin.* I am now dissolved ;  
 My frozen soule melts. May each sin thou hast  
 Finde a new mercy ! Rise ; I am at peace.  
 Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good,  
 Before that devill-king tempted thy frailty, 260  
 Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand :  
 From this time I will know thee ; and, as far  
 As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.  
 When we meet next, I will salute thee fairely,  
 And pray the gods to give thee happy daies ; 265  
 My charity shall goe along with thee,  
 Though my embraces must be far from thee.  
 I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance  
 Lockes up my vengeance ; for which thus I kisse  
 thee —

The last kisse we must take : and would to  
 Heaven 270

The holy priest that gave our hands together  
 Had given us equall vertues ! Goe, Evadne ;  
 The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care  
 My honour falles no farther : I am well, then.

*Evad.* All the deare joys here, and above  
 hereafter, 275

Crowne thy faire soule ! Thus I take leave, my  
lord ;

And never shall you see the foule Evadne,  
Till she have tried all honoured meanes that may  
Set her in rest and wash her staines away.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *A ball in the Palace.*]

*Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. Hoboyes play within.*

*King.* I cannot tell how I should credit this  
From you that are hisemie.

*Calianax.* I am sure  
He said it to me ; and Ile justifie it  
What way he dares oppose — but with my  
sword.

*King.* But did he breake, without all circums-  
stance,  
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,  
To kill me and then scape ?

*Cal.* If he denie it,  
Ile make him blush.

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Cal.* I, so does everything I say of late.

*King.* Not so, Calianax.

*Cal.* Yes, I should sit  
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong armes cuts  
your throat.

*King.* Well, I will trie him; and, if this be true,

Ile pawn my life Ile find it; if 't be false  
And that you cloath your hate in such a lie,  
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house, 15  
Not in the court.

*Cal.* Why, if it be a lie,  
Mine eares are false, for Ile be sworne I heard  
it.

Old men are good for nothing: you were best  
Put me to death for hearing, and free him  
For meaning it. You would a trusted me 20  
Once, but the time is altered.

*King.* And will still,  
Where I may doe with justice to the world;  
You have no witnesse.

*Cal.* Yes, myselfe.

*King.* No more,  
I meane, there were that heard it.

*Cal.* How? no more!  
Would you have more? why, am not I enough 25  
To hang a thousand rogues?

*King.* But so you may  
Hang honest men too, if you please.

*Cal.* I may!  
Tis like I will doe so: there are a hundred  
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it —

*King.* Such witnesses we need not.

*Cal.* And tis hard 30

If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

*King.* Enough. — Where's Strato?

*Enter Strat[o].*

*Strato.* Sir?

*King.* Why, wheres all the company? Call  
Amintor in;

*Evadne.* Wheres my brother and Melantius?

Bid him come too, and Diphilus. Call all 35

That are without there. — (*Exit Strat[o].*) If  
he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, unlesse

We meane to quit 'em.

*Cal.* Why, if you doe thinke

Tis fit an old man and a counsellor 40

To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

*Enter Amint[or], Evad[ne], Melant[ius], Diph-*  
*[ilus], Lisip[us], Cle[on], Stra[to, and]*

*Diag[oras].*

*King.* Come, sirs! — Amintor, thou art yet a  
bridegroome,

And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit downe. —

*Evadne,* sit; — and you, Amintor, too;

This banquet is for you, sir. — Who has brought 45

A merry tale about him to raise laughter

*Enter Strato.* In Q2 this follows *Sir.*



Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,  
When I desire 'em not.

*Stra.* Tis my ill lucke, sir, so to spend them,  
then.

*King.* Reach me a boule of wine. — Melan-  
tius, thou

Art sad.

[*Melantius.*] I should be, sir, the merriest here,  
But I ha nere a story of mine own  
Worth telling at this time.

*King.* Give me the wine. —  
Melantius, I am now considering  
How easie twere for any man we trust

To poyson one of us in such a boule.

*Mel.* I thinke it were not hard, sir, for a  
knave.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. Such as you are.

*King.* I faith, twere easie. It becomes us  
well

To get plaine dealing men about ourselves;  
Such as you all are here. — Amintor, to thee;  
And to thy faire Evadne.

*Mel.* (*aside*). Have you thought  
Of this, Calianax?

*Cal.* Yes, marry, have I.

52 *Melantius.* Only Q1. Q2-F, *Amin.*

*Mel.* And whats your resolution ?

*Cal.* Ye shall have it — 65

[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.

*King.* Reach to Amintor, Strato.

*Amintor.* Here, my love :

[*Drinks, and bands the cup to Evadne.*]

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set  
Blushes upon thy cheekes ; and, till thou dost  
A fault, twere pittie.

*King.* Yet I wonder much 70

[*At*] the strange desperation of these men  
That dare attempt such acts here in our state :  
He could not scape that did it.

*Mel.* Were he knowne,  
Unpossible.

*King.* It would be knowne, Melantius.

*Mel.* It ought to be. If he got then away, 75  
He must weare all our lives upon his sword :  
He need not flie the island ; he must leave  
No one alive.

*King.* No ; I should thinke no man  
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.

*Cal.* But I ! Heaven blesse me ! I ! should 80  
I, my liege ?

*King.* I doe not think thou wouldst, but yet  
thou mightst,  
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,

By keeping of the fort. — He has, Melantius,  
And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From cobwebs, sir;  
Tis clean swept: I can find no other art 85  
In keeping of it now: twas nere besieg'd  
Since he commanded.

*Cal.* I shall be sure  
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe  
From such as you.

*Mel.* Keepe your ill temper in;  
I speake no malice; had my brother kept it, 90  
I should ha sed as much.

*King.* You are not merry.  
Brother, drinke wine. Sit you all still? — (*Aside*)  
Calianax,

I cannot trust this; I have throwne out words,  
That would have fetcht warme blood upon the  
cheekes  
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd; 95  
He knowes no such thing.

*Cal.* Impudence may scape,  
When feeble vertue is accus'd.

*King.* A must,  
If he were guilty, feele an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himselfe; 100  
What care I what he does? this he did say.

*Mel.* And whats your resolution ?

*Cal.* Ye shall have it

[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.

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[*Drinks, and bands the cup to Evadne*

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He could not scape that did it.

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Impossible.

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Of your good word: but I have kept it safe  
From such as you.

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I should ha sed as much.

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That would have fetcht warme blood upon the  
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Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd;  
He knowes no such thing.

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When feeble vertue is accus'd.

*King.* A must,  
If he were guilty, feele an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himselfe;  
What care I what he does? this he did say.



*King.* Melan[tius], you can easily conceive  
 What I have meant; for men that are in fault  
 Can subtly apprehend when others aime  
 At what they doe amisse: but I forgive 105  
 Freely before this man,— Heaven doe so too!  
 I will not touch thee, so much as with shame  
 Of telling it. Let it be so no more.

*Cal.* Why, this is very fine!

*Mel.* I cannot tell  
 What tis you meane; but I am apt enough  
 Rudely to thrust into [an] ignorant fault. 110  
 But let me know it: happily tis nought  
 But misconstruction; and, where I am cleare,  
 I will not take forgivenessse of the gods,  
 Much less of you.

*King.* Nay, if you stand so stiffe, 111  
 I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothnes  
 To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime  
 I never knew.

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but  
 to show you  
 My cares are everywhere; you meant to kill me, 112  
 And get the fort to scape.

*Mel.* Pardon me, sir;  
 My bluntnesse will be pardoned. You preserve  
 A race of idle people here about you,

Facers and talkers, to defame the worth  
Of those that doe things worthy. The man that  
uttered this 125

Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,  
But for this arme, that fenst him from the foe :  
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,  
The plainnesse of my nature would speake more.  
Give me a pardon (for you ought to doo't) 130  
To kill him that spake this.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. I, that will be  
The end of all; then I am fairely paide  
For all my care and service.

*Mel.* That old man,  
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I  
(Though I will never match my hate so low) 135  
Have no good thought, would yet, I thinke,  
excuse me,

And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

*Cal.* Who, I?  
Thou shamelesse fellow! didst thou not speake  
to me

Of it thyselfe?

*Mel.* O, then it came from him!

*Cal.* From me! who should it come from but  
from me? 140

*Mel.* Nay, I beleeve your malice is enough :  
But I ha lost my anger. — Sir, I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* Lisip[us], cheare  
Amintor & his lady: theres no sound  
Comes from you; I will come and doo't myseife.<sup>145</sup>

*Amin.* You have done already, sir, for me, I  
thanke you.

*King.* Melantius, I doe credit this from him,  
How sleight so ere you mak't.

*Mel.* Tis strange you should.

*Gal.* Tis strange a should beleeve an old  
mans word

That never lied ins life!

*Mel.* I talke not to thee. — <sup>150</sup>  
Shall the wilde words of this distempered man,  
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach  
Betwixt your majestie and me? Twas wrong  
To harken to him; but to credit him,  
As much at least as I have power to beare. <sup>155</sup>  
But pardon me, (whilst I speake onely truth,  
I may commend myseife) I have bestowd  
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth  
To thinke an action that would make me lose  
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy, <sup>160</sup>  
I thrust myseife into my countries cause  
And did a deed that pluckt five yeares from time  
And stil'd me man then. And for you, my King,  
Your subjects all have fed by vertue of  
My arme; this sword of mine hath plowd the  
ground <sup>165</sup>

And reapt the fruit in peace; ~~X~~  
 And you yourselfe have liv'd at home in ease.  
 So terrible I grew, that without swords  
 My name hath fetcht you conquest: and my heart  
 And limmes are still the same, my will as great 170  
 To doe you service. Let me not be paid  
 With such a strange distrust.

*King.* Melant [ius],  
 I held it great injustice to beleeve  
 Thine enemie, and did not; if I did,  
 I doe not; let that satisfie. — What, strucke 175  
 With sadnesse all? More wine!

*Cal.* A few fine words  
 Have overthrowne my truth. Ah, th'art a vil-  
 laine!

*Mel. (aside).* Why, thou wert better let me  
 have the fort:  
 Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;  
 There shall no credit lie upon thy words: 180  
 Thinke better, and deliver it.

*Cal.* My leige,  
 Hees at me now agen to doe it. — Speake;  
 Denie it, if thou canst. — Examine him  
 Whilst he is hot, for if hee coole agen,  
 He will forswear it.

*King.* This is lunacie, 185  
 I hope, Melantius.

*Mel.* He hath lost himselfe  
 Much, since his daughter mist the happinesse  
 My sister gaind; and, though he call me foe,  
 I pittie him.

*Cal.* Pittie! a pox upon you!

*Mel.* Marke his disordered words: and at the  
 maske 190

Diagoras knows he rag'd and raild at me,  
 And cald a lady "whore," so innocent  
 She understood him not. But it becomes  
 Both you and me too to forgive distraction:  
 Pardon him, as I doe.

*Cal.* Ile not speake for thee, 195  
 For all thy cunning. — If you will be safe,  
 Chop off his head, for there was never knowne  
 So impudent a rascal.

*King.* Some that love him  
 Get him to bed. Why, pittie should not let  
 Age make itselfe contemptible; wee must be 20  
 All old. Have him away.

*Mel.* [*aside*]. Calianax,  
 The King beleeves you; come, you shall go home  
 And rest; you ha done well. Youle give it up  
 When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.

*Cal.* Now, now, tis plaine, sir; he does  
 move me still: 21

189 *Pittie*. Q2, A pittie. 191 *Diagoras* . . . *at me*. Q1,  
 Q2, print *Mel.* before this line.



He saies he knowes Ile give him up the fort,  
When he has usd me thus a month. I am mad,  
Am I not, still?

*Omnēs.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed, if you doe thus.  
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there 210  
(That has no vertue in him, als in his sword)  
Before me? Doe but take his weapons from  
him,

And hees an asse; and I am a very foole,  
Both with him and without him, as you use me.

*Omnēs.* Ha, ha, ha! 215

*King.* Tis well, Cal[ianax]: but if you use  
This once agen, I shall intreat some other  
To see your offices be well discharg'd. —  
Be merry, gentlemen. — It growes somewhat  
late. —

Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed agen. 220

*Amin.* Yes, sir.

*King.* And you, Evadne. — Let me take  
Thee in my armes, Melantius, & beleeve  
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend  
Still and for ever. — Good Cal[ianax],  
Sleepe soundly; it will bring thee to thyselfe. 225

*Exeunt omnēs. Manent Mel[antius] & Cal[ianax].*

*Cal.* Sleepe soundly! I sleepe soundly now,  
I hope;

214 *with him and without him.* D, B, with 'em and without 'em.

I could not be thus else. — How dar'st thou  
stay

Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your tongue,  
and thats

The strongest part you have about you.

*Cal.* I

Doe looke for some great punishment for this;

For I begin to forget all my hate,

And tak't unkindly that mine enemie

Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

*Mel.* I shall melt too, if you begin to take  
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

*Cal.* Thoult anger me agen. Thou wretched  
roague,

Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King!

Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,

Is it? I prethee, what dost thou call hurt?

*Mel.* To poyson men, because they love me  
not;

To call the credit of mens wives in question;

To murder children betwixt me and land;

This I call hurt.

*Cal.* All this thou thinkst is sport,

For mine is worse; but use thy will with me,

For betwixt grieve and anger I could crie.

*Mel.* Be wise, then, and be safe; thou mai'st  
revenge —

*Cal.* I, o th' King. I would revenge of thee.

*Mel.* That you must plot yourselfe.

*Cal.* I am a fine plotter.

*Mel.* The short is, I will hold thee with the  
King

250

In this perplexity, till peevishnesse

And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave :

But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,

Ile take thy trembling body in my armes,

And beare thee over dangers : thou shalt hold

255

Thy wonted state.

*Cal.* If I should tell the King,  
Canst thou deni't agen ?

*Mel.* Trie, and beleeve.

*Cal.* Nay, then, thou canst bring anything  
about.

[*Melantius*], thou shalt have the fort.

*Mel.* Why, well.

Here let our hate be buried ; and this hand

260

Shall right us both. Give me thy aged brest

To compasse.

*Cal.* Nay, I doe not love thee yet ;  
I cannot well endure to looke on thee ;  
And if I thought it were a curtesie,  
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgrac't ;  
My offices are to be taen away ;  
And if I did but hold this fort a day,

265

I doe beleeve the King would take it from me,  
 And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.  
 Nere thanke me for't; but yet the King shall  
 know

There was some such thing in't I told him of,  
 And that I was an honest man.

*Mel.* Heele buy  
 That knowledge very deerely.

*Enter Diphilus.*

Diph[ilus],

What newes with thee?

*Diphilus.* This were a night indeed  
 To doe it in; the King hath sent for her.

*Mel.* Shee shall performe it, then. — Goe,  
 Diph[ilus],

And take from this good man, my worthy friend,  
 The fort; heele give it thee.

*Diph.* Ha you got that?

*Cal.* Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou  
 denie

This to the King too?

*Diph.* With a confidence

As great as his.

*Cal.* Faith, like enough.

*Mel.* Away, and use him kindly.

*Cal.* Touch not me;

I hate the whole straine. If thou follow me  
 A great way off, Ile give thee up the fort;  
 And hang yourselves.

*Mel.* Begone!

*Diph.* Hees finely wrought. 285

*Exeunt Cal[ianax and] Diph[ilus].*

*Mel.* This is a night, spight of astronomers,  
To doe the deed in. I will wash the staine  
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* Melantius, now assist me; if thou  
beest

That which thou saist, assist me. I have lost 290  
All my distempers and have found a rage  
So pleasing. Helpe me!

*Mel.* [*aside*]. Who can see him thus,  
And not sweare vengeance? — Whats the mat-  
ter, friend?

*Amin.* Out with thy sword; and, hand in  
hand with mee,  
Rush to the chamber of this hated King, 295  
And sinke him with the weight of all his sinnes  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason  
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

*Amin.* If thou refusest me in these extremes, 300  
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;  
By Heaven, to me, myselfe! and, I must tell  
ye,  
I love her as a stranger: there is worth



ACTUS 5

[SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*]

*Enter Evadne and a Gentleman [of the Bed-chamber -]*

*Evadne.* Sir, is the King a-bed?

*Gentleman.* Madame, an houre ago<sup>e</sup>.

*Evad.* Give me the key then, and let none  
be neere.

'Tis the Kings pleasure.

*Gent.* I understand you, madame; would  
twere mine!

I must not wish good rest unto your ladiship.

*Evad.* You talke, you talke.

*Gent.* 'Tis all I dare doe, madame; but the  
King

Will wake, and then, [methinks —]

*Evad.* Saving your imagination; pray, good  
night, sir.

*Gent.* A good night be it then, and a long one,  
madam.

I am gone.

*Exit.*

*Evad.* The night growes horrible; and all  
about me,

Like my blacke purpose. Oh, the conscience

*King abed.*

<sup>8</sup> *methinks.* Only Q1. <sup>11</sup> *Exit,* so Q1, Q2. Q3-F, mark  
no exit. W, D, B, begin a new scene here.

Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me? 15  
 To what things dismall as the depth of hell  
 Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare  
 From this houre be disloyall, if her heart be  
 flesh,

If she have blood and can feare. Tis a daring  
 Above that desperate fooles that left his peace,  
 And went to sea to fight: tis so many sins, 20  
 An age cannot repent 'm; and so great  
 The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through  
 'm:

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,  
 And I must end it there. — A sleepes. Good  
 Heavens!

Why give you peace to this untemperate beast, 25  
 That hath so long transgrest you? I must kill  
 him,

And I will doo't bravely: the meere joy  
 Tels me, I merit in it. Yet I must not  
 Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes — that were  
 To rock him to another world: my vengeance 30  
 Shall take him waking, and then lay before him  
The number of his wrongs and punishments:  
 He shape his sins like Furies, till I waken  
 His evill angell, his sicke conscience,

14 *virgin.* Q1, B, virtue.

21 *repent.* Only Q1. Q2 *et al.*, prevent.

24 *Good Heavens!* Q1, B, Oh God!

And then Ile strick him dead. King, by your  
leave — *Ties his armes to the bed.* 35

I dare not trust your strength; you[r] grace  
and I

Must grapple upon even tearmes no more.

So, if he raile me not from my resolution,

I shall be strong enough. — My lord, the King!

My lord! — A sleepes as if he meant to wake 40

No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already?

Sir! My lord!

*King.* Whose that?

*Evad.* Oh, you sleepe soundly, sir!

*King.* My deare Evadne,

I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.

*Evad.* I am come at length, sir; but how  
welcome?

*King.* What prettie new device is this,  
Evadne?

What, doe you tie me to you? By my love,  
This is a queint one. Come, my deare, and  
kisse me;

Ile be thy Mars; to bed, my queene of love:

38-39 *So, if . . . the King!* Q1 reads: —

So if he raile me not from my resolution,  
As I beleeve I shall not, I shall fit him.  
My lord, the King! etc.

39-42 The arrangement of the verse follows D and Th. Qq,  
F, B, end the verse lines with *enough . . . sleepes . . . lord*  
. . . lord.

Let us be caught together, that the gods 50  
May see and envie our embraces.

*Evad.* Stay, sir, stay ;

You are too hot, and I have brought you physick  
To temper your high veines.

*King.* Prethee, to bed, then ; let me take it  
warne ;

There thou shalt know the state of my body  
better. 55

*Evad.* I know you have a surfeited foule  
body ;

And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife.*]

*King.* Bleed !

*Evad.* I, you shall bleed. Lie still ; and, if  
the devill,

Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This  
steale

Comes to redeeme the honor that you stole, 60

*King,* my faire name ; which nothing but thy  
death

Can answer to the world.

*King.* How's this, *Evadne* ?

*Evad.* I am not she ; nor beare I in this breast  
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman .

I am a tiger ; I am anything 65

That knowes not pittie. Stirre not : if thou  
doest,

Ile take thee unprepar'd, thy feares upon thee,

That make thy sins looke double, and so send  
thee

(By my revenge, I will!) to looke those tor-  
ments

Prepar'd for such blacke soules.

*King.* Thou doest not meane this; tis im-  
possible;

Thou art too sweet and gentle.

*Evad.* No, I am not;

I am as foule as thou art, and can number  
As many such hels here. I was once faire,  
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose  
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule  
canker,

(Stirre not) didst poison me. I was a world of  
vertue

Till your curst court and you (Hell blesse you  
for't)

With your temptations on temptations  
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,  
I am come to kill thee.

*King.* No!

*Evad.* I am.

*King.* Thou art not!

I prethee speake not these things: thou art  
gentle,

And wert not meant thus rugged.

*Evad.* Peace, and heare me.



Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for  
mercy

To those above us ; by whose lights I vow, 85  
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sinne,  
If thy hot soule had substance with thy blood,  
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,  
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shamelesse  
villaine ;

A thing out of the overcharge of nature, 90  
Sent, like a thicke cloud, to disperse a plague  
Upon weake catching women ; such a tyrant  
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,  
I, all his Heaven hereafter !

*King.* Heare, Evadne,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare ! I am thy King. 95

*Evad.* Thou art my shame ! Lie still ; theres  
none about you,

Within your cries ; all promises of safety  
Are but deluding dreames. Thus, thus, thou  
foule man,

Thus I begin my vengeance ! *Stabs him.*

*King.* Hold, Evadne !

I do command thee hold.

*Evad.* I doe not meane, sir, 100

To part so fairely with you ; we must change  
More of these love trickes yet.

*King.* What bloudie villaine  
Provok't thee to this murther ?

*Evad.* Thou, thou monster!

*King.* Oh!

*Evad.* Thou keptst me brave at court, and  
whorde me, King; 105  
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,  
And whorde me still.

*King.* Evadne, pittie me!

*Evad.* Hell take me, then! This for my lord  
Amintor!

This for my noble brother! And this stroke  
For the most wrong'd of women! *Kils him.*

*King.* Oh! I die. 110

*Evad.* Die all our faults together! I forgive  
thee. *Exit.*

*Enter two [Gentlemen] of the Bed-chamber.*

*1st Gentleman.* Come, now shees gone, lets  
enter; the King expects it and will be angry.

*2nd Gentleman.* Tis a fine wench; weele have  
a snap at her one of these nights as she goes 115  
from him.

*1st Gent.* Content. How quickly hee had  
done with her! I see kings can do no more that  
way than other mortall people.

*2d Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot heare him 120  
breathe.

*1st Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,  
Or hee lookes very pale.

*Exit. Q2, Exeunt.*

*2d Gent.* And so he does :  
Pray Heaven he be well ; lets looke — Alas !  
Hees stiffe, wounded, and dead ! Treason, trea-  
son ! 125

*1st Gent.* Run forth and call.

*2d Gent.* Treason, treason !

*Exit [Second] Gent[leman].*

*1st Gent.* This will be laid on us :  
Who can beleave a woman could doe this ?

*Enter Cleon and Lisippus.*

*Cleon.* How now ! wheres the traitor ?

*1st Gent.* Fled, fled away ! but there her woe-  
full act 130

Lies still. \*

*Cleon.* Her act ! a woman !

*Lysippus.* Wheres the body ?

*1st Gent.* There.

*Lys.* Farewell, thou worthy man ! there were  
two bonds

That tied our loves, a brother and a king,  
The least of which might fetch a fload of teares ; 135  
But such the miserie of greatnesse is,  
They have no time to mourne ; then, pardon me !  
Sirs, which way went she ?

*Enter Strato.*

*Strato.* Never follow her ;  
For she, alas ! was but the instrument.

*Exit Gentleman.* In Q2, after l. 126.

Newes is now brought in that Melantius 140  
 Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,  
 And with a loud voice calls those few that passe  
 At this dead time of night, delivering  
 The innocence of this act.

*Lys.* Gentlemen,

I am your King.

*Strat.* We doe acknowledge it. 145

*Lys.* I would I were not ! Follow all ; for this  
 Must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Before the Fort.*]

*Enter Melant[ius], Diph[ilus, and] Cal[ianax], on  
 the Walls.*

*Melantius.* If the dull people can beleeve I  
 am arm'd,  
 (Be constant, Diph[ilus],) now we have time  
 Either to bring our banisht honors home,  
 Or create new ones in our ends.

*Diphilus.* I feare not ;  
 My spirit lies not that way. — Courage, Cal-  
 ianax !

*Calianax.* Would I had any ! You should  
 quickly know it.

*Mel.* Speake to the people ; thou art eloquent.

*Cal.* Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gal-  
 lowes :

You were born to be my end; the devill take  
you!

Now must I hang for companie. Tis strange, 10  
I should be old and neither wise nor valiant.

*Enter Lisip[us], Diag[oras], Cleon, Strat[o, and]  
Guard.*

*Lysippus.* See where he stands, as boldly con-  
fident.

As if he had his full command about him.

*Strato.* He lookes as if he had the better cause,  
sir;

Under your gracious pardon, let me speake it. 15

Though he be mighty-spirited and forward

To all great things, to all things of that danger

Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly

I doe beleeve him noble, and this action

Rather puld on then sought: his mind was ever 20

As worthy as his hand.

*Lys.* Tis my feare too.

Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, Lord  
Cleon.

*Cleon.* Ho, from the wals there!

*Mel.* Worthy Cleon, welcome:

We could have wisht you here, lord; you are  
honest.

*Cal. (aside).* Well, thou art as flattering a  
knave, though

I dare not tell thee so — 25



*Lys.* Melantius!

*Mel.* Sir?

*Lys.* I am sorry that we meet thus; our old  
love

Never requir'd such distance. Pray [to] Heaven  
You have not left yourselfe and sought thi  
safety

More out of feare than honor! You have lost  
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,  
Some thinke might have preserved; yet yo  
know best.

*Cal.* [*aside*]. When time was, I was ma  
some that dares fight,  
I hope will pay this rascal.

*Mel.* Royall young man; those teares loo  
lovely on thee:

Had they beene shed for a deserving one,  
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy b  
ther,

Whil'st he was good, I cald him King, a  
serv'd him

With that strong faith, that most unweari  
valour

Puld people from the farthest sunne to seeke hi  
And buy his friendship. I was then his souldi

28 *to.* Only in Q1.

32 *Some . . . best.* Q1, I'm sure might have preserved.

41 *buy.* Q1, D, B, beg.

But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,  
 And brand my noble actions with his lust,  
 (That never cur'd dishonor of my sister,  
 Base staine of whore, and, which is worse, the  
 joy

45

To make it still so) like myselfe, thus I  
 Have flung him off with my allegeance;  
 And stand here, mine owne justice, to revenge  
 What I have suffered in him, and this old man  
 Wrong'd almost to lunacie.

*Cal.*

Who, I?

50

You wud draw me in. I have had no wrong;  
 I doe disclaime ye all.

*Mel.*

The short is this.

Tis no ambition to lift up myselfe  
 Urgeth me thus; I doe desire againe  
 To be a subject, so I may be free;  
 If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild  
 This goodly towne. Be speedy and be wise  
 In a reply.

55

*Strat.*

Be sudden, sir, to tie  
 All up againe. What's done is past recall,  
 And past you to revenge; and there are thou-  
 sands

60

That wait for such a troubled houre as this.  
 Throw him the blanke.

45-47 Base . . . allegeance, the verse division of D. Qq, F,  
 B, end lines with worse . . . myselfe . . . allegeance.

*Lys.* Melantius, write in that  
Thy choice: my seale is at it.

[*Throws a paper to Melantius.*]

*Mel.* It was our honours drew us to this act,  
Not gaine; and we will only worke our pardons. <sup>65</sup>

*Cal.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaim'd us all  
But now, Calianax.

*Cal.* Thats all one;  
Ile not be hangd hereafter by a tricke;  
Ile have it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall —  
Come to the backe gate, and weele call yo<sup>u</sup>  
King,

And give you up the fort.

*Lys.* Away, away!

*Exeunt Omnes.*

[SCENE III. *Ante-room to Amintor's Apartments.*]

*Enter Aspatia, in mans apparell, [and with artificial  
scars on her face.]*

*Aspatia.* This is my fatall houre. Heaven  
may forgive  
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid  
Grifes on me that will never let me rest,  
And put a womans hart into my breast.  
It is more honor for you that I die;

For she that can endure the misery  
That I have on me, and be patient too,  
May live and laugh at al that you can doe. —  
God save you, sir!

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* And you, sir! Whats your busi-  
nesse?

*Asp.* With you, sir, now; to doe me the faire  
office 10

To helpe me to your lord.

*Ser.* What, would you serve him?

*Asp.* Ile doe him any service; but, to haste,  
For my affaires are earnest, I desire  
To speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir, because you are in such haste,  
would 15

Bee loth to delay you longer: you can not.

*Asp.* It shall become you, though, to tell your  
lord.

*Ser.* Sir, he will speake with nobody;  
[But in particular, I have in charge,  
About no waightie matters.]

*Asp.* This is most strange. 20  
Art thou gold-prooffe? theres for thee; helpe me  
to him.

*Ser.* Pray be not angry, sir; Ile doe my best.  
*Exit.*

9 *God.* Q2 misprints Cod.

19-20 *But in particular . . . matters.* Only in Q1.

*Asp.* How stubbornly this fellow answer'd  
me!

There is a vild dishonest tricke in man,  
More then in women. All the men I meet <sup>25</sup>  
Appere thus to me, are harsh and rude,  
And have a subtletie in every thing,  
Which love could never know; but we fond  
women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,  
And thinke all shall goe so. It is unjust <sup>35</sup>  
That men and women should be matcht together.

*Enter Amintor and bis man.*

*Amintor.* Where is he?

*Ser.* There, my lord.

*Amin.* What would you, sir?

*Asp.* Please it your lordship to command your  
man

Out of the roome, I shall deliver things  
Worthy your hearing.

*Amin.* Leave us. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Asp. (aside).* Oh, that that shape  
Should bury falsehood in it!

*Amin.* Now your will, sir.

*Asp.* When you know me, my lord, you needs  
must ghesse

My businesse; and I am not hard to know;  
For, till the chance of warre markt this smooth  
face



a these few blemishes, people would call me 40  
 sisters picture, and her mine. In short,  
 the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.  
*Min.* The wrong'd Aspatia! would thou  
 wert so too

o the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kisse  
 t hand of thine, in honour that I beare 45  
 o the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand  
 t did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth,  
 ve me; for there is something in thy looks  
 t cal's my sinnes in a most hideous forme  
 my mind; and I have grieffe enough 50  
 hout thy helpe.

*sp.* I would I could with credit!  
 e I was twelve yeeres old, I had not seene  
 sister till this houre I now arriv'd:  
 sent for me to see her mariage;  
 ofull one! but they that are above 55  
 e ends in everything. She us'd few words,  
 yet enough to make me understand  
 basenesse of the injuries you did her.  
 t little trayning I have had is war;  
 ay behave myselfe rudely in peace; 60  
 ould not, though. I shall not need to tell  
 you,

a but young and would be loth to lose  
 our, that is not easily gain'd againe.

Fairely I meane to deale: the age is strict  
 For single combats; and we shall be stopt,  
 If it be publisht. If you like your sword,  
 Use it; if mine appeare a better to you,  
 Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,  
 To end our difference. [Draws.]

*Amin.*

Charitable youth,  
 If thou beest such, think not I will maintaine  
 So strange a wrong; and, for thy sisters sake,  
 Knowe, that I could not thinke that desperate  
 thing

I durst not doe; yet, to injoy this world,  
 I would not see her; for, beholding thee,  
 I am I know not what. If I have ought  
 That may content thee, take it and begone,  
 For death is not so terrible as thou;  
 Thine eies shoot guilt into me.

*Asp.*

Thus, she swore,  
 Thou wouldst behave thyselfe, and give me  
 words

That would fetch teares into my eies; and so  
 Thou dost indeed. But yet she bad me watch  
 Lest I weare cossen'd, and be sure to fight  
 Ere I return'd.

*Amin.*

That must not be with me.  
 For her Ile die directly; but against her  
 Will never hazard it.

*Asp.* You must be urg'd. 85  
 I doe not deale uncivilly with those  
 That dare to fight; but such a one as you  
 Must be usd thus. *Shee strikes him.*

*Amin.* I prethee, youth, take heed.  
 Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
 Above mine honour that I can indure 90  
 All this — Good gods! a blow I can indure;  
 But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death  
 Upon thyselfe.

*Asp.* Thou art some prating fellow,  
 One that hath studied out a tricke to talke  
 And move soft hearted people; to be kickt, 95  
*Shee kicke him.*

Thus to be kickt! — (*Aside.*) Why should he be  
 so slow

In giving me my death?

*Amin.* A man can beare  
 No more, and keepe his flesh. Forgive me, then!  
 I would indure yet, if I could. Now shew

[*Draws.*]  
 The spirit thou pretendest, and understand 100  
 Thou hast no houre to live. (*They fight.*) What  
 dost thou meane?

Thou canst not fight; the blowes thou makst  
 at me

101-105 *What . . . defencelesse.* In Qq and F, lines end  
 with *fight . . . besides . . . armes . . . defencelesse.*

Are quite besides ; and those I offer at thee,  
Thou spread'st thine armes and takst upon thy  
brest,

Alas, defencelesse !

*Asp.* I have got enough, 109  
And my desire. There is no place so fit  
For me to die as here. [Falls.]

*Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife.*

*Evadne.* Amintor, I am loaden with events,  
That flie to make thee happy ; I have joyes,  
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs 110  
And settle thee in thy free state againe.  
It is Evadne still that followes thee,  
But not her mischiefes.

*Amin.* Thou canst not foole me to beleeve  
agen ;  
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes 115  
That I am staid.

*Evad.* Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,  
Let thine eies loose and speake. Am I not  
faire ?  
Lookes not Evadne beautious with these rites  
now ?  
Were those houres halfe so lovely in thine  
eies 120

When our hands met before the holy man ?  
I was too foule within to looke faire then ;  
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

*Amin.* There is presage of some important  
thing  
bout thee, which, it seemes, thy tongue hath lost; 125  
hy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

*Evad.* In this consists thy happinesse and  
mine :  
oy to Amintor ! for the King is dead.

*Amin.* Those have most power to hurt us,  
that we love ;  
We lay our sleeping lives within their armes. 130  
Why, thou hast raisd up mischief to his height,  
And found one to out-name thy other faults ;  
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,  
But all thy life is a continued ill ;  
Blacke is thy colour now, disease thy nature. 135  
oy to Amintor ! Thou hast toucht a life,  
The very name of which had power to chaine  
Up all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.

*Evad.* Tis done ; and, since I could not find  
a way  
to meet thy love so cleere as through his life, 140  
cannot now repent it.

*Amin.* Couldst thou procure the gods to  
speake to me,  
to bid me love this woman and forgive,  
thinke I should fall out with them. Behold,  
ere lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my  
brest,



Sent by a violent fate to fetch his death  
 From my slow hand ! And, to augment my woe,  
 You now are present, stain'd with a kings blood  
 Violently shed. This' keeps night here  
 And throwes an unknown wildernesse about me.

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh !

*Amin.* No more ; pursue me not.

*Evad.* Forgive me, then,  
 And take mee to thy bed : wee may not part.

[*Kneel.*]

*Amin.* Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe  
 this way.

*Evad.* Tis you that I would stay, not it.

*Amin.* Take heed,  
 It will returne with me.

*Evad.* If it must be,  
 I shall not feare to meete it. Take me home.

*Amin.* Thou monster of crueltie, forbear !

*Evad.* For Heavens sake, looke more calme !  
 thine eies are sharper

Then thou canst make thy sword.

*Amin.* Away, away !  
 Thy knees are more to mee than violence ;  
 I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me  
 For that I must not grant. For Gods sake, stand !

*Evad.* Receive me, then.

*Amin.* I dare not stay thy language ;

In midst of all my anger and my grieffe, 165  
 Thou doest awake something that troubles me,  
 And saies, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay;  
 There is no end of womans reasoning.

*Leaves her.*

*Evad.* [*rising*]. Amintor, thou shalt love me  
 now againe!

Go; I am calme. Farewell, and peace for ever! 170  
 Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee!

*Kills herselfe.*

*Amin.* I have a little humane nature yet,  
 Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

*Returns.*

*Evad.* Thy hand was welcome, but it came  
 too late.

Oh, I am lost! the heavie sleepe makes haste. 175

*She dies.*

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and  
 I feele

A stark affrighted motion in my blood;  
 My soul growes wearie of her house, and I  
 All over am a trouble to myselfe. 180

There is some hidden power in these dead things  
 That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:  
 Be resolute and beare em company.

Theres something yet which I am loth to leave:

182 *flesh.* Q1, *selfe.* unto, Q1, Q5. Q2, *into.*

Theres man enough in me to meet the feares  
That death can bring; and yet would it were  
done!

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse  
Of death, I durst not meet the bouldest way;  
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,  
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;  
I have not such another fault to answer:  
Though she may justly arme herselfe with scorne  
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,  
When I have paid to her in teares my sorrow:  
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,  
If all thats left in me can answer it.

*Asp.* Was it a dreame? there stands Amintor  
still;

Or I dreame still.

*Amin.* How doest thou? speake; receive my  
love & helpe.

Thy blood climbs up to his old place againe;  
Theres hope of thy recoverie.

*Asp.* Did you not name Aspatia?

*Amin.* I did.

*Asp.* And talkt of teares and sorrow unto her?

*Amin.* Tis true; and till these happie signes  
in thee

Did stay my course, it was thither I was going.

*Asp.* Thou art there already, and these wounds  
are hers:

Those threats I brought with me sought not  
revenge,

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand :  
I am Aspatia yet.

*Amin.* Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen? 210 X

*Asp.* I shall sure live, Amintor ; I am well ;  
A kinde of healthfull joy wanders within me.

*Amin.* The world wants lives to excuse thy  
losse ;

Come, let me bare thee to some place of helpe.

*Asp.* Amintor, thou must stay ; I must rest  
here ;

215

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soule ? I would faine  
live

Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have loved me,  
then ?

*Amin.* Alas,

All that I am's not worth a haire from thee ! 220

*Asp.* Give me thine hand ; mine hands grope  
up & down,

And cannot finde thee ; I am wondrous sicke :  
Have I thy hand, Amintor ?

*Amin.* Thou greatest blessing of the world,  
thou hast.

*Asp.* I doe beleeve thee better then my sense. 225

Oh, I must goe ! farewell !

*Dies.*

213 *lives.* Qq, F, lines. *to excuse.* Th, B, to expiate.

220 *am's,* Q4-F. Q1-Q3, *ams.*

*Amin.* She sounds.—Aspatia! — Helpe! for  
 Gods sake, water,  
 Such as may chaine life ever to this frame! —  
 Aspatia, speake! — What, no helpe yet? I foole!  
 Ile chafe her temples. Yet theres nothing  
 stirs :

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,  
 And let her answere me! — Aspatia, speake! —  
 I have heard, if there be any life, but bow  
 The body thus, and it will shew itselfe.  
 Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.  
 Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,  
 Ile call it mercy, if youle pittie me,  
 You heavenly powers, and lend for some few  
 yeeres

The blessed soule to this faire seat againe!  
 No comfort comes; the gods denie me too!  
 Ile bow the body once againe — Aspatia! —  
 The soule is fled forever, and I wrong  
 Myselfe so long to loose her company.  
 Must I talke now? Heres to be with thee, love!  
*Kils himselfe.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* This is a great grace to my lord, to  
 have the new King come to him; I must tell  
 him he is entring. — Oh, God! — Helpe, helpe!

227 *sounds.* F, swounds.

230 *theres,* Q4-F. Q1-3, there.



*Enter Lisip[us], Melant[ius], Cal[ianax], Cleon,  
Dipb[ilus, and] Strato.*

*Lysippus.* Wheres Amintor?

*Strato.* Oh, there, there!

*Lys.* How strange is this!

*Calianax.* What should we doe here?

*Melantius.* These deaths are such acquainted  
things with me 250

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand  
Stiffe here for ever! — Eies, call up your teares!  
This is Amintor. Heart, he was my friend;  
Melt! now it flowes. — Amintor, give a word  
To call me to thee. 255

*Amin.* Oh!

*Mel.* Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,  
Thy armes are kinder to me then thy tongue!  
Speake, speake!

*Amin.* What? 260

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the  
sounds

That ever I shall heare againe.

*Dipb.* Oh, brother,  
Here lies your sister slaine! You lose yourselfe  
In sorrow there.

*Mel.* Why, Dip[hilus], it is  
A thing to laugh at in respect to this: 265  
Here was my sister, father, brother, sonne,

All that I had. — Speake once againe; what  
youth  
Lies slaine there by thee?

*Amin.*

Tis Aspatia.

My last is said. Let me give up my soule  
Into thy bosome. [Dies.] 270

*Cal.* Whats that? whats that? Aspatia?

*Mel.*

I never did

Repent the greatnesse of my heart till now;  
It will not burst at need.

*Cal.* My daughter dead here too! And you  
have all fine new trickes to grieve, but I nere 275  
knew any but direct crying.

*Mel.* I am a pratler: but, no more!

[Offers to stab himself.]

*Diph.*

Hold, brother!

*Lis.* Stop him.

*Diph.* Fie, how unmanly was this offer in  
you!

Does this become our straine? 280

*Cal.* I know not what the matter is, but I  
am growne very kinde, and am friends with you  
[all now]. You have given me that among you  
will kill me quickly; but Ile go home and live  
as long as I can. [Exit.] 285

*Mel.* His spirit is but poore that can be kept

269 *My last is said.* Q3, My senses fade.

283 *all now.* Only in Q1.

From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough  
 To stop my breath? or, if you tie downe those,  
 I vow, Amintor, I will never eat, 290  
 Or drinke, or sleepe, or have to doe with that  
 That may preserve life! This I sweare to  
 keepe.

*Lys.* Look to him, though, and beare those  
 bodies in.

May this a faire example be to me,  
 To rule with temper, for on lustfull kings 295  
 Unlookt-for sudden deaths from God are sent,  
 But curst is he that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt.*]

288 *hands.* Q6, F, hand. *sbarpe*, Q1 - Q3. Q4 - F, D  
 B, good.

*FINIS.*

## Notes to The Maid's Tragedy

*For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.*

**DATE.** This play, licensed, April 4, 1619, to R. Higginbotham and F. Constable, was evidently written before October 31, 1611, on which day a play was licensed by Sir George Buc, and endorsed, "This second maiden's tragedy." It was first printed in 1619, for F. Constable. For other editions see *Bibliography*. There is no certain early limit, but 1609 is a reasonable conjecture for the date of the first production.

**STAGE HISTORY.** The play was first acted at either the Globe or the Blackfriars theatre by the King's men, and probably while Shakespeare was still an active member of that company. Burbadge played Melantius, and the play was popular until the closing of the theatres. A droll, the *Testy Lord*, based on the scenes dealing with Calianax, was played at the Red Bull during the suppression of the theatres, and the play was revived on Nov. 17, 1660. Pepys saw it in the following year, and it was popular during the Restoration, as is evinced by Dryden's criticisms and Rymer's attack in his *Tragedies of the Last Age Considered*. An alteration of the play, or rather a new fifth act, without the murder of the king, was written by Waller, and two versions were printed; but it does not appear that either of these versions for any long time supplanted the original play on the stage. In 1703 it was revived at Drury Lane, where it had not been acted for twelve years; in 1706, at the Haymarket, Evadne was played by Mrs. Barry, Aspatia by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Melantius by Betterton; and Melantius was the last part acted by Betterton three days before his death in 1610. The play appeared occasionally until the middle of the century; then it seems to have been laid aside until 1837, when, with alterations by Macready and three new scenes by Sheridan Knowles, it was revived as the *Bridal*.

7, 73. That bears the light above her. Weber

adopted *about* of Q2 and understood *light* to stand for lightning. Dyce took *her* to refer to Aspatia and understood the passage to mean, has greater distinction than Aspatia. Daniel (B) suggested "blears" for *bears*, — "Evadne makes dim the very light of heaven that is above her, by her superior brilliancy." Dyce's interpretation seems the most satisfactory. A similar uncertainty of the quartos between *above* and *about* is found in l. 138.

8, 100. in course. In turn. See II, i, 106.

II. Scene II. Compare *Henry VIII*, v, 4, and the Induction to *Four Plays in One*, for similar scenes.

II, 4. well said. Here, as frequently, equivalent to "well done."

12, 21. Office! "The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image." Coleridge, cited by D and B.

13, 52. breake a dozen wiser heads than his own, etc. At Shirley's masque, the *Triumph of Peace*, at court, in 1633, Lord Pembroke broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the poet, Osborne in his *Traditional Memoirs* relates the story, observing in the very words of the text that Pembroke "did not refrain, whilst he was chamberlaine, to break many wiser heads than his owne." This coincidence was noted by Weber; and Dyce, quoting Weber's note, which he queries as by Sir Walter Scott, added that in a copy of the quarto of 1638 in his possession, "Pembroke" was written in the margin opposite this passage.

17, 139. This beautie. The beauty of the court, disclosed by the entrance of Cynthia, is referred to. The *mists*, mentioned in the stage-direction, doubtless disappeared.

20, 196-198. These . . . things. Daniel (B) believes Q2 a bungling attempt to correct the certainly corrupt Q1, and proposes to read:

These are our music: next, thy watery race  
Led on in couples, we are pleased to grace  
This noble night;  
Bid them draw near, each in their richest things.

Dyce suggested "Lead" for *Bring* in l. 197.

21, 214. Blew Proteus. Blue, because a sea-deity.

22, 252. if not her measure. Theobald omitted; Seward



altered to "If not o'er measure"; Dyce retained the reading of Q2, and explained, "though perhaps what I bring may not completely fill up her [*this hour*] measure." Fleay (*Chron. Eng. Drama*, 1, 193) suggested that the words are merely the misprint of a stage-direction, — "Another measure." His suggestion is doubtless correct and is adopted by Daniel (B). In Q1 there are but two songs and two dances; Q2 provides three songs and three accompanying dances.

24, 292. **yon same flashing streame.** This is the effulgence of the court, *shot from the south. A greater light, a greater majesty*, than that of the daybreak in the east.

27, 22. **take it.** Contradistinctive to *leave it*, of l. 18; it refers to *trick* in l. 17.

28, 30. **Plucke downe a side.** *To set up a side* meant, to be partners in a game; *to pluck down a side*, to cause the loss of a game.

28, 38. **But I could run my country.** But I could (B, *qy.*, would) drive my country at a hot pace.

29, 56. **lost.** *Left* of Q5-F has the same meaning as *lost*; the two were used interchangeably. See l. 347.

43, 341. **that my flesh could beare with patience.** Dyce notes: "If the text be right [*that*] must refer to

Nor let the king  
Know I conceive he wrongs me; [ll. 339, 340.]

— *that* concealment would enable me to bear my injury with patience."

48, 67. **the wilde iland.** Naxos.

49, 78. **A miserable life of this poore picture!** A living representation of the pitiful scene depicted in this needlework.

64, 264. **that little credit.** The force of *that* is intensive, — *such* little credit.

79, 260. **Enter Melantius agen.** Daniel (B) notes, "Perhaps a new scene should be marked here." No change of place is intended; and only a very brief interval of time can be supposed to have intervened between the exit and the reënty of Melantius.

79, 266. as sent. "As if you were sent on purpose." Mason.

83, 2. you looke, Evadne. Dyce remarks that modern editors (punctuating as in the text) strangely misunderstand the line; but his interpretation — you look or seem to be Evadne — can be justified only if Evadne is supposed to misunderstand her brother, and even then is not supported by Melantius' succeeding lines. The punctuation of Theobald, retained in the text, requires less refinement in interpretation.

84, 11. Millan skins. "Fine gloves manufactured at Milan." Nares.

85, 32. fill. "As a sheet of paper is *fill'd* or covered with writing." Daniel (B).

86, 55. where the Dog raignes. The dog star, Sirius, which gave the name to the dog-days, and was associated with the hottest and most unhealthful weather.

95, 128. Lerna. The name of a marsh and a lake in Argolis, famous in Greek mythology as the abode of the Lernean Hydra, slain by Hercules in the accomplishment of one of his twelve labors.

96, 239. if thou plai'st with thy repentance, the best sacrifice. If thou mak'st thy repentance, the most acceptable sacrifice you can offer, merely a mockery and sport.

100, 39. Quit 'em. Abandon them, forsake them.

113, 286. astronomers. "When astrologer and astronomer began to be differentiated, the relation between them was, at first, the converse of the present usage." *N. E. D.*

116. King abed. The stage-directions indicate the business on the Elizabethan stage. At the rear of the stage was a bed with closed curtains; or the bed was placed in the inner stage and curtains concealed it from the front. Evadne remained on the stage from the opening of the scene to line 111; and there was nothing to indicate the change of scene at line 111, marked by Theobald and other modern editors.

117, 19. that desperate fooles. The reference has not been identified.

121, 86. Those blessed fires that shot. Meteors.

126, 33. When time was. From the beginning.

129, 12. but, to haste. But, to make haste.

The present edition is based on Q<sub>2</sub>, its spelling is retained, and all departures from its letter are noted. Readings from other quartos have occasionally been adopted. In view of the peculiar relation of Q<sub>1</sub> to Q<sub>2</sub>, and the fact that the full variants for Q<sub>1</sub> have never been printed except in the recent Bullen Variorum edition, and there not with entire accuracy, it has been thought best to include full variants of Q<sub>1</sub>, even when of the slightest significance. Similarly, full variants of the later Q<sub>q</sub> and F are given. Variants of modern editors are given only when of importance to the text; but all deviations of Dyce or Daniel (B) from the present text are specifically noted. The arrangement of verse-lines in Q<sub>2</sub> is followed in the main; that of Dyce is sometimes preferred, when the reading of Q<sub>2</sub> is given in the notes. Variations in the verse-lines of Q<sub>1</sub> are not in general given. In all other respects except those just noted, the text follows the methods specified in the textual note to the *Maid's Tragedy*.

Professor J. W. Cunliffe transcribed the text of Q<sub>2</sub> from the copy in the Bodleian Library, and collated it with Q<sub>3</sub>. Professor G. P. Baker collated the text with the Locker-Lampson copy of Q<sub>1</sub> now in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The authorities of the Cambridge University Press, through the kind intervention of the Master of Peterhouse and Mr. A. R. Waller, supplied the advance sheets of the edition of *Philaster* which Mr. Waller is editing for their "Cambridge English Classics." These sheets furnished a basis for the collation of the Q<sub>q</sub> and F, and a comparison of their variants with those of Leonhardt and Daniel (B). For the great kindness and important services of these gentlemen, the editor would offer his grateful acknowledgements.

# HILASTER.

OR,

Loue lies a Bleeding.

*As it hath beene diuerse times Acted,*  
at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by  
*his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by { *Francis Beaumont.* }  
                  and                    } *Gent.*  
                  { *John Fletcher.* }

The second Impression, corrected, and  
amended.

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LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to  
be solde at his Shoppe, at the signe of the  
Eagle and Childe, in *Brittaines Burse.*

1622.





## SOURCES

The plot seems to have been the invention of the authors. Stories of a devoted heroine who disguises herself as a page were common in contemporary fiction and drama, and the similarity of the story of Euphrasia to that of Viola in *Twelfth Night* and to the tale of *Felismena and Don Felix* in the *Diana* of Montemayor has been frequently noted. The situation of Philaster as a son revenging a father is also found not only in *Hamlet* but in various other Elizabethan plays. More notable are the resemblances between *Philaster* and *Cymbeline*; but in the opinion of the present editor, Shakspeare was in this case the borrower. A number of the situations and types of character employed in *Philaster* reappear in other plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, especially *Cupid's Revenge* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

## TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader. *Philaster*, and *Arethusa* his love, have laine so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could goe abroad so long, or travaile so farre as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me, nor the printer; yet I knowing and finding by experience how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds & to enable them to visite upon better tearmes such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so mained and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double favour, being reformed, and set forth suteable to their birth and breeding.

*By your serviceable  
Friend,  
Thomas Walkley.*

*To the Reader, etc. Only in Qz.*

*mained. i. e., mained.*

[THE STATIONER  
TO  
THE UNDERSTANDING  
GENTRIE

This play so affectionatly taken and approved by the seeing auditors or hearing spectators, (of which sort I take or conceive you to bee the greatest part) hath received (as appeares by the copious vent of two editions) no lesse acceptance with improovement of you likewise the readers, albeit the first impression swarm'd with errors, proving it selfe like pure gold, which the more it hath benee tried and refined, the better is esteemed; the best poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all tempting minerall newly digged up, the actors being onely the labouring miners, but you the skilfull triers and refiners: now considering how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stampe of your judicious censure and applause, and (like a gainefull office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have heard & seene it, but by others that have meerely heard thereof; here you behold me acting the merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope shall never lye like this LOVE A BLEEDING) doe fairely arrive at their intended haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new bottome, and set fourth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: ADIEU.]

*The Stationer, etc., Q3, and with variations of spelling, Q4-Q6.*

The scene being in Sicilie.

Represented in the Play are these, viz:

Courtesans  
have lainc  
ous and g  
impression  
so long, o  
they were  
knowing  
wishers t  
their wou  
tearmer s  
knowledg  
the first  
sight, ass  
reformed,  
breeding.

To the Re.

Another Lady attending the Prin-  
cesse.

EUPHRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but  
disguised like a Page, and called  
*Bellaris*.

An old Captaine.

Five Citizens.

A country fellow.

Two woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Trainee.]

... of spelling, *Galatea*, *Thrasilina*, Q4-F.  
... substitutes:

ACTORS NAMES.

...

... in *Princesse*.

... Spanish Prince.

... Noble Gentlemen.

... *Don Leon's* daughter.

... of Honor.

... Lady.

... Chamberwoman.

Two Woodmen.

A Country Fellow.

An Old Captaine.

And Trainee.

A Messenger.

*John Linnæus*... change the play in place of *Dion* of later eds.;  
... confine to *Prin.* or *Princesse* for *Arethusa*  
... with the last scene. *Glaramon* and *Callista*

# Philaster

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## ACTUS I. SCENA I.

[*The Presence Chamber in the Palace.*]

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.*

*Cleremont.* Here's nor lords nor ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strickt charge from the King to atend here : besides, it was boldly published that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear. 5

*Cle.* Can you ghesse the cause ?

*Dion.* Sir, it is plaine, about the Spanish prince that's come to marry our kingdomes heir, and be our soveraigne. 10

*Thrasiline.* Many, that will seeme to know

*Actus I.* For the text of Q1 from the beginning of the play through l. 121, see *Notes*, p. 318. Variants from Q1 are not given until after l. 121.

*The Presence Chamber, etc.* The names of localities and the divisions of scenes (after Act I, Sc. 1) are from D, unless otherwise noted.

*Thrasiline.* Q2 spells Trasiline or Trasilin, and abbreviates Tra. throughout the play.

1 *nor lords.* Q5-F, not lords.

6 *desired.* Q4-F, desire.



much, say she lookes not on him like a maide in love.

*Dion.* Faith, sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing but their owne opinions) speake that they would have. But the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I thinke shee's resolv'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enjoy both these kingdomes of Cicilie and Calabria.

*Dion.* Sir, it is, without controversie, so meant. But 'twill bee a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdomes with safety, the right heire to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who, Philaster?

*Dion.* Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Cicilie. My selfe drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in state-policie will not let mee know why, Philaster being heire to one of these kingdomes, the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free liberty.

*Dion.* Sir, it seemes your nature is more constant then to enquire after state newes. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Cicilie and his owne, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in armes, not to bee charm'd downe by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streetes please and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the King labors to bring in the power of a forraigne nation to awe his owne with.

*Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.*

*Thra.* See, the ladyes! What's the first?

*Dion.* A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princesse.

*Cle.* The second?

46-47 *please . . . threw.* D, released . . . threw. Mitford, conj., without a guard; and pleased at which they threw.

*Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra.* Qq and F read, "Enter Galatea (Qz, Gallatea) Megra and a Lady"; and in the dialogue preceding the entrance of the King, they assign to "La" the speeches now given to "Meg," and to "Meg" those now given to "La." The transpositions were first suggested by Seward and have been followed by all modern editors.

*Galatea.* Qz spells Gallatea and abbreviates Gall. throughout the play.

*Dion.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simpler when shee is courted by her friend, and slight her husband. 60

*Cle.* The last?

*Dion.* Faith, I thinke she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdome, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodyes; and, indeede, has destroyed the worth of her owne body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*Megra.* Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us. 7

*Galatea.* What if they should?

*Lady.* What if they should!

*Meg.* Nay, let her alone. — What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What forraigner would doe so? 8  
it writes them directly untravell'd.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

*La.* What if they be!

*Meg.* Good madam, let her go on. — What if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintaine discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say, “excuse me.” 85

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha! ✓

*Meg.* Doe you laugh, madam?

*Dion.* Your desires upon you, ladyes. 90

*Meg.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Dion.* I shall sit neere you then, lady.

*Meg.* Neare me, perhaps: but there’s a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appeare a very strange fellow. 95

*La.* Me thinks he’s not so strange; he would quickly bee acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the King.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Aretbusa, and Traine.*

*King.* To give a stronger testemony of love  
Then sickly promises (which commonly 100  
In princes finde both birth and buriall  
In one breath) we have drawne you, worthy sir,  
To make your faire indearements to our daughter,  
And worthy services knowne to our subjects,

97 *quickly bee*, Q3-F. Q2, quickly to bee.

*Aretbusa.* Q2 spells Arathusa and abbreviates Ara. throughout the play.

99 *stronger*. Q4-F, stranger.

103 *our*. Q5-F, your.

104 *our*. Q3, Q4, your.

Now lov'd and wondered at; next, our intent, 105  
 To plant you deepely, our immediate heire,  
 Both to our blood and kingdomes. For this lady,  
 (The best part of your life, as you confirme me,  
 And I beleeve) though her few yeeres and sex  
 Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes, 110  
 Desires without desire, discourse and know-  
 ledge

Onely of what her selfe is to her selfe,  
 Make her feele moderate health; and when she  
 sleepest,

In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.  
 Thinke not, deare sir, these undivided parts, 115  
 That must mould up a virgin, are put on  
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,  
 To speake her perfect love to you, or adde  
 An artificall shaddow to her nature —  
 No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her yet 120  
 No woman. But wooe her still, and thinke her  
 modesty,

A sweeter mistrisse then the offer'd language  
 Of any dame, were she a queene, whose eye  
 Speaks common loves and comforts to her serv-  
 ants.

Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you) 125  
 What I have done thus publique, is not onely

118 *speake*, Q3-F. Q2, *talke* of.

124 *comforts*. Q1, *comfort*.

126 *onely*. Q1 omits.



To adde [a] comfort in particular  
 To you or me, but all; and to confirme  
 The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdomes,  
 By oath to your succession, which shall be 130  
 Within this moneth, at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Dion.* When tis at best, twill be but halfe  
 done,

Whilst so brave a gentleman is wrong'd and  
 flung off. 135

*Thra.* I feare.

*Cle.* Who does not?

*Dion.* I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare  
 too.

Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

*Pharamond.* Kissing your white hand, mis-  
 trisse, I take leave 140

To thanke your royall father; and thus farre,  
 To be my owne free trumpet. Understand,  
 Great King, and these your subjects, mine that  
 must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,  
 And so deserving I dare speake my self) 145

To what a person, of what eminence,  
 Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

127 adde a, Q3-F. Q2 omits a.

129 these kingdomes. Q1, our kingdome. 134 tis. Q1, it is.

Manners and vertues, you would wed your king-  
 domes ;  
 You in me have your wishes. Oh, this countrey!  
 By more then all the gods I hold it happy ; 150  
 Happy, in their deare memories that have bin  
 Kings great and good ; happy in yours, that is ;  
 And from you (as a chronicle to keepe  
 Your noble name from eating age) doe I  
 Opine my selfe most happy. Gentlemen, 155  
 Beleeve me in a word, a princes word,  
 There shall be nothing to make up a kingdome  
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,  
 Equall to be commanded and obeyed,  
 But through the travells of my life I'll finde it, 160  
 And tie it to this countrey. By all the gods,  
 My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,  
 That every man shall be his prince himselfe,  
 And his owne iawe ; yet I his prince and law.  
 And, deere lady, to your deere selfe, 165  
 (Deere, in the choyce of him, whose name and  
 lustre  
 Must make you more and mightier) let me say,

149 *You in me.* Q1, and in me. *your.* Q2 misprints, you.

150 *all the gods.* Q4-F, all my hopes.

152 *bappy.* Q5-F omit.

154 *eating.* Q1, rotting. 155 *Opine,* F. Q3, Open.

160 *travells.* Mod. Edd., travails. *finde it.* Q1, finde it out.

161 *By all the gods.* Q4-F, And I vow.

162 *so . . . subject.* Q1, as . . . subjects.

You are the blessedst living; for, sweete prin-  
cesse,

You shall enjoy a man of men to be

Your servant; you shall make him yours, for  
whom

170

Great queenes must die.

*Thra.* Miraculous!

*Cle.* This speech calls him Spaniard, beeing  
nothing but a large inventory of his owne com-  
mendations.

175

*Dion.* I wonder what's his price? for cer-  
tainely

Hee'll sell himselfe, he has so praisde his shape.

*Ent[er] Philaster.*

But heere comes one more worthy those large  
speeches

Than the large speaker of them;

Let mee bee swallowed quicke, if I can finde, 180

In all the anatomy of yon mans vertues,

One sinnew sound enough to promise for him,

172 *Miraculous!* Q1, Miracles.

176-185 *I wonder . . . judgement.* Qq and F print as prose;  
verse first in ed. 1711.

177 *sell.* Q6, F, tell. *himselſe . . . prais'd.* Q1, him . . .  
be praised.

*Enter Philaster,* so placed in Q1; in Q2, after line 175.

178 *speeches.* Q1, praises.

181-182 *In . . . enough.* Q1, all the Anatomy of yon man's  
vertues unseene to sound enough.

He shall be constable. By this sunne,  
Hee'll ne're make king, unlesse it be of trifles,  
In my poore judgement.

*Philaster.* Right noble sir, as low as my obe-  
dience,  
And with a heart as loyall as my knee,  
I beg your favour.

*King.* Rise, you have it sir.

*Dion.* Marke but the King how pale he lookes  
he feares !

Oh, this same whoreson conscience, how it jade  
us !

*King.* Speake your intents sir.

*Phi.* Shall I speake um freely

Be still my royall Sovereigne.

*King.* As a subject

We give you freedome.

*Dion.* Now it heates.

*Phi.* Then thus I turne

My language to you, prince, you forraigne man  
Ne're stare, nor put on wonder, for you must

183-185 *He . . . judgement*, division of lines as in B ; D print  
as two lines, ending the first with *king*.

184 *of trifles*. Q4-F, D, for trifles.

187 *And*. Q1 omits.

188 *your*. Q1, for.

189 *lookes, be feares!* Q4-F, D, looks with fear.

190 *Ob . . . bow*. Q1, And . . . ah how.

191 *intents*. Q2, intent. um. Q1, on.

193 *turne*. Q5, turnd.

195 *for*. Q1 omits.

adure me, and you shall. This earth you tread  
upon

A dowry as you hope with this faire princesse),  
By my dead father (oh, I had a father  
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left  
To your inheritance, and I up and living, — 200  
Having my selfe about me, and my sword,  
The soules of all my name, and memories,  
These armes, and some few friends, beside the  
gods, —

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,  
And say, “I might have beene.” I tell thee,  
Pharamond, 205

When thou art king, looke I be dead and rotten,  
And my name ashes, as I: for, heare me, Phara-  
mond,

This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,  
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,  
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow 210  
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,  
Into her hidden bowells: prince, it shall;  
By the just gods it shall.

*Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

197 *faire*. Q1, sweet.

198-199 *By . . . left*. Qq and F transpose these two lines; the  
order in the text is due to Th.

203 *beside*, Q2, Q3. Q1 *et al.*, besides.

207 *as I*. Q4-F, D, omit. 212 *ber*. Q1, his.

213 *By the just gods*. Q4-F, D, By Nemesis.



*Dion.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's vaines:  
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-  
drawer.

*Phi.* Sir, prince of poppingjaves, I'le make it  
well appeare

To you, I am not mad.

*King.* You displeas us,  
You are too bold.

*Phi.* No sir, I am too tame,  
Too much a turtle, a thing borne without pas-  
sion,

A faint shaddow, that every drunken clow'd  
sayles over

And makes nothing.

*King.* I doe not fancie this.  
Call our phisitions: sure he's somewhat tainted.

*Tbra.* I doe not thinke twill prove so.

*Dion.* H'as given him a generall purge already,  
For all the right he has, and now he meanes  
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen,  
By heaven, I'le run his hazard,  
Although I run my name out of the kingdome.

216 *Sir* . . . *poppingjaves, I'le.* Q1, I . . . *popines, I will.*

219 *turtle.* Q1, *turcle.* 221 *makes.* Q1, *make.*

221-222 *fancie this . . . sure.* Q1, *fancy this choller, Sure.*

224 *H'as.* Q2, *Has.*

224-228 *H'as . . . kingdome,* as verse first by W.

226-227 *Be . . . run.* Q1, *be constant gentle heavens, I'll run.*

227 *By beaven.* Q4-D, *by these hilts.*

*Cle.* Peace, we are all one soule.

*Pha.* What you have seene in me to stirre  
offence, 230

I cannot finde, unlesse it be this lady,  
Offer'd into mine armes, with the succession,  
Which I must keepe (though it hath pleas'd your  
fury

To muteny within you) without disputing  
Your geneologies, or taking knowledge 235  
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it  
me,

And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him  
That made the world his, and couldst see no  
sunne

Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond 240

As truely valiant as I feele him cold,  
And ringd amongst the choycest of his friends,  
Such as would blush to talke such serious follies,  
Or backe such bellied commendations,  
And from this presence, — spight of [all] these  
bugs, 245

You should heare further from me.

229 *all.* Q4' 39—F omit.

236 *it me.* Q1, it to me.

238 *were.* Q4, Q5b, were.

240 *anything.* Q5b, any thine; Q6, F, any.

244 *bellied,* Q3—F. Q1, Q2, belied.

245 *this presence.* Q1, his presence; Q5—F, this present.

*spight . . . bugs,* Q3—F. Q1, Spit all those bragges. Q2 omits all.

*King.* Sir, you wrong the prince :  
I gave you not this freedome to brave our best  
friends ;  
You deserve our frowne. Go to, be better  
temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be, sir, when I am nobler usde. 250

*Gal.* Ladyes,

This would have beene a patterne of succession,  
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man  
This day within my knowledge. 255

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your  
knowledge,  
But the other is the man set in my eye :  
Oh, tis a prince of wax.

*Gal.* A dog it is.

*King.* Philaster, tell me,  
The injuries you aime at in your riddles. 260

*Phi.* If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,  
My griefes upon you, and my broken fortunes,  
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and  
feares,

248-249 to brave . . . frowne. Q1 omits.

250 nobler. Q1, noblier.

251 *Gal.* Ladyes, etc. Q1 gives this speech to Leon (Dion).

253 ne're. Q1, never.

254 He is. Q1, this is. 256 your. Q1 omits.

257 the other is. Q1, I'm sure tothers. my. Q6, F, Th, D, mine.

262 griefes. Q1, grieffe.

263 wants. Q2, want's. nought but, Q4-F. Q1-Q3, nothing.

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh  
at.

Dare you be still my king and right me not? 265

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

*Phi.*

Take them;

And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

*They whisper.*

*Cle.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Dion.* I cannot blame him, there's danger in't.

Every man in this age has not a soule of christall, 270  
for all men to reade their actions through: mens  
hearts and faces are so farre asunder that they  
hold no intelligence. Doe but view yon stranger  
well, and you shall see a feaver through all his  
bravery, and feele him shake like a true tenant; 275  
if he give not back his crowne againe upon the  
report of an elder gun, I have no augury.

*King.* Goe to:

Be more your selfe, as you respect our favour;  
You'l stirre us else; sir I must have you know, 280

265 *not.* Q1, Q2, omit.

266-267 *Take* . . . *Atlas.* Q1 omits.

*They whisper.* Qq, F, after *private*, l. 266.

270-272 *bas* . . . *faces.* Q1, has a soule of Christall, to read  
their actions, though men's faces.

273 *Doe.* Q1 omits. *yon.* Q1, the.

274 *through.* Q1, throw.

275 *bravery.* Q1, *braveries.* *true tenant.* Q1, true truant.

See *Notes.*

280 *have.* Q1, am.

That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what  
fashion we

Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by  
the gods —

*Phi.* I am dead, sir, y'are my fate. It was  
not I

Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me  
My weake stars leade me to; all my weake for-  
tunes.

Who dares in all this presence speake, (that is  
But man of flesh, and may be mortall) tell me,  
I doe not most intirely love this prince,  
And honour his full vertues!

*King.* Sure hee's possesst.

*Phi.* Yes, with my fathers spirit. It's here,  
O King,

A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,  
I was a kings heire, bids me be a king,  
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.  
Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives

281 *y'are.* Q1, W, D, you are.

281-282 *That . . . gods.* D prints as three lines, ending,  
*wbat, brow, gods.*

282 *brow, or.* Q1, selfe, ore. 284 *I was.* Q4-F, I was not.

285 *leade.* Q5-F, led. *so.* Q1-Q4, too.

286 *dares.* Q1, dare. Q2 includes *speake* in the parentheses;  
Q1 omits the parentheses.

287 *man.* Q2, men.

289 *Surz.* Q1 omits.

290 *spirit.* *It's bere.* Q1, spirit is.

291 *now.* Q1, and now.

292 *be.* Q5-F, are.



Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes 295  
That kneele, and doe me service, cry me  
king:

But I'le suppress him, he's a factious spirit,  
And will undoe me.—[*To Phar.*] Noble sir,  
your hand,

I am your servant.

*King.* Away, I doe not like this:  
I'le make you tamer, or I'le dispossesse you 300  
Both of [your] life and spirit. For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

*Exeunt K[ing], Pha[ramond], Are[thusa],  
and Attendants].*

*Dion.* I thanke you, sir, you dare not for the  
people.

*Gal.* Ladyes, what thinke you now of this  
brave fellow? 305

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand.  
But eye yon stranger; is he not a fine compleate  
gentleman? O these strangers, I doe affect them  
strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and  
please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the 310  
nation over and over for his sake.

301 *your*, Q1. Q2-F omit.

302 *your*. Q1 omits.

305 *Gal. Ladyes, etc.* Q1 gives this speech to Tra. (*Thrasiline*).

307 *be not*. Q6, F, not he.

310 *I could*. Q6, F, could I.

310-311 *the nation*. Q1, their nation.

*Gal.* Gods comfort your poore head-peece,  
 lady, tis a weake one, and had need of a night  
 cap. *Exit Ladies.*

*Dion.* See how his fancy labours, has he not <sup>312</sup>  
 Spoke home, and bravely? what a dangerous  
 traine

Did he give fire to! How he shooke the King,  
 Made his soule melt within him, and his blood  
 Run into whay! It stood upon his brow  
 Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* 310 Gentlemen,  
 You have no suite to me? I am no minion:  
 You stand (me thinks) like men that would be  
 courtiers,

If I could well be flatter'd at a price,  
 Not to undoe your children. Y<sup>r</sup>are all honest:  
 Goe, get you home againe, and make your  
 cuntry 315

A vertuous court, to which your great ones  
 may,  
 In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

*Cle.* How doe you, worthy sir?

<sup>312</sup> *Gal.* Gods, etc. Q1 gives this speech to "Lad."  
*Gods.* Q4-F, Pride. <sup>313</sup> *lady.* Q1 omits. *bad.* Q1, has.

<sup>315</sup> Qq and F end this line with *spoke*; the division in the text  
 is due to Th.

<sup>323</sup> I, W, D, B. Qq, F, you. See *Notes.*

<sup>324</sup> Y<sup>r</sup>are. Q1, you are.

<sup>327</sup> *recluse.* Q1, recluses.

<sup>328</sup> *worthy.* Q1, worth.

*Phi.* Well, very well ;  
And so well, that if the King please, I finde  
I may live many yeares.

*Dion* The King must please, 330  
Whilst we know what you are, and who you  
are,  
Your wrongs and vertues. Shrinke not, worthy  
sir,  
But ad your father to you ; in whose name,  
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,  
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high, 335  
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,  
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg  
For mercy at your swords point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more ;  
Our eares may be corrupted : tis an age 340  
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me ?

*Thra.* Do we love heaven and honour ?

*Phi.* My Lord Dion, you had  
A vertuous gentlewoman cald you father ;  
Is she yet alive ?

*Dion.* Most honor'd sir, she is ; 345

329 *I finde.* Q1 omits.

330 *The.* Q1, Sir, the.

331 *what . . . vbo.* Q1, who . . . what.

332 *vertues,* Q1, D, B. Q2-F, injuries.

333 *ad.* Q1, call.

336 *to.* Q1 omits.

339 *Friends.* Q1, Friend.

340 *cares.* Q4' 39-F, years.

343 *Dion.* Q1, Lyon.

And for the penance but of an idle dreame,  
Has undertooke a tedious pilgrimage.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen  
you come?

*Lady.* To you, brave lord; the princessse  
would intreate

Your present company.

*Phi.* The princessse send for me? you are  
mistaken. 350

*La.* If you be cald Philaster, tis to you.

*Phi.* Kisse her faire hand, and say I will attend  
her. [Exit Lady.]

*Dion.* Doe you know what you doe?

*Phi.* Yes, goe to see a woman. 355

*Cle.* But doe you weigh the danger you are in?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweete face?

By Jupiter, I must not feare a woman.

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the princessse  
sent?

It may be some foule traine to catch your life. 360

346 *ibc.* Q1, a.

*Enter a Lady.* Q1 has after l. 344, Enter a Gentlewoman; and  
at ll. 349, 352, for *La.* reads, Gent-Woo.

348 *Is . . . these.* Q1, I'st to me, or to any of these. D, B,  
begin a new verse-line with *Or.*

351 *you are,* Q1. Q2-F, Y'are.

352 *to.* Q1 omits.

353 *faire.* Q4-F omit.

*Exit Lady.* Q1, Exit Gent-Woo; Q2-F omit.

*Phi.* I doe not thinke it, gentlemen; she's noble.

Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her cheekes may steale my  
soul out;

There's all the danger in't: but be what may,  
Her single name hath arm'd me.

*Exit Phil[aster].*

*Dion.*

Goe on: 365

And be as truely happy as th'art fearelesse!—  
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends ac-  
quainted,

Least the King prove false. *Exit Gentlemen.*

[SCENE II.

*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]*

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Arethusa.* Comes he not?

*Lady.* Madam?

*Are.* Will Philaster come? ✓

*La.* Deare madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

361 *doe.* Q1, dare.

363 *friends.* Q1, fiend friends. *cheekes,* Q1. Q2-F, face.

366 *th'art.* Q1, Q6, F, thou art.

*Enter . . . Lady.* Q1, Enter Princesse and her Gentlewoman.  
Q1 throughout the scene reads "Prin" for *Are.*, and "Woo" for *La.*  
3 at first. Q1, at the first.



*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetfull, and my womans strength  
Is so o'recharg'd with dangers like to grow  
About my marriage, that these under things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:  
How lookt he, when he told thee he would  
come?

*La.* Why, well.

*Are.* And not a little fearfull?

*La.* Feare, madam! sure, he knowes not what  
it is.

*Are.* You all are of his faction; the whole  
court

Is bold in praise of him, whilst I  
May live neglected, and doe noble things,  
As fooles in strife throw gold into the sea,  
Drownd in the doing. But I know he feares?

*La.* Feare, madam! me thought his looks  
hid more

Of love than feare.

*Are.* Of love? To whom? To you?  
Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,  
With such a winning jeasture and quicke looke,  
That you have caught him?

6 *dangers.* F, danger.

8 *Dare.* Q1, dares.

13 *all are.* Q4-F, are all.

18 *Feare.* Q1 omits. *me thought.* Q1 mee thoughts.

21 *winning.* Q1, woing. *looke.* Q1, looks.

22 *bim.* Q1 omits.

*La.* Madam, I meane to you.

*Are.* Of love to me! Alas! thy ignorance  
 Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.  
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
 And knowes she does well, never gave the world  
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,  
 As he and I am. If a bowle of blood  
 Drawne from this arme of mine would poyson  
 thee,

25

A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to  
 me!

30

*La.* Madam, I think I heare him.

*Are.* Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*]  
 You gods that would not have your doomes  
 withstood,  
 Whose holy wisdomes at this time it is,  
 To make the passions of a feeble maide,  
 The way unto your justice; I obay.

35

*La.* Here is my Lord Philaster.

*Enter Phil[aster].*

*Are.*

Oh, tis well:

Withdraw your selfe.

26 *ber.* Q1, his.

28 *Two.* Q1, To. *contrary.* Q1, bound to put.

30 *of mine.* Q1 omits. 31 *Of.* Q1 omits.

33 *would.* Q1, will. *doomes.* Q1, dens.

35 *passions.* Q4-F, passion.

36 *unto.* Q1, into.

37 *tis.* Q1, Q2, it is.

*Philaster.* Madam, your messenger  
Made me beleeve, you wish'd to speake with me.

*Are.* Tis true, Philaster; but the words are  
such,

I have to say, and doe so ill beseeme  
The mouth of woman, that I wish them sayd,  
And yet am loth to speake them. Have you  
knowne,

That I have ought detracted from your worth?  
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set  
My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
Upon your vertues?

*Phi.* Never, madam, you.

*Are.* Why then should you in such a publike  
place,

Injure a princesse, and a scandall lay  
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great,  
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speake  
will be

Foolish: but, for your faire and vertuous selfe,  
I could afford my selfe to have no right  
To any thing you wish'd.

*Are.* Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdomes.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

41 *doe.* Q1, dos. *beseeme.* Q1, become.

49 *Injure.* Q1, Injury. 50 *fam'd.* Q1, found.

53 *and.* Q1 omits.

*Are.* Both, or I dye : by heaven I die, Philaster,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would doe much to save that noble life;

Yet would be loth to have posterity

60

Find in our stories that Philaster gave

His right unto a scepter and a crowne,

To save a ladies longing.

*Are.* Nay then, heare .

I must and will have them, and more —

*Phi.* What, more ?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods prepared 65

To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.

*Phi.* Madam, what more ?

*Are.* Turne then away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Doe.

*Phi.* I can indure it. Turne away my face ? 70

I never yet saw enemy that lookt

So dreadfully but that I thought my selfe

As great a basiliske as he ; or spake

So horrible but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his ; 75

Nor beast that I could turne from : shall I then

57 dye. Q1, do. heaven. Q3-F, Fate.

58 may. Q1, die. 70 can. Q3-F, W, cannot.

71 yet saw. Q1, saw, yet. 72 dreadfully. F, dreadful.

73 spake. Q1, speake.

74 borrible. Q3-F, horribly.

Beginne to feare sweete sounds ? a ladies voyce,  
Whom I doe love ? Say you would have my  
life ;

Why, I will give it you, for it is of me  
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that aske <sup>80</sup>  
Of so poore use, that I shall make no price.  
If you intreate, I will unmov'dly heare.

*Are.* Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

*Phi.* I doe.

*Are.* Then know I must have them, and  
thee.

*Phi.* And me ?

*Are.* Thy love : without which, all the  
land <sup>85</sup>

Discovered yet, will serve me for no use  
But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Ist possible ?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee. Now, though thy breath doe strike me  
dead

(Which, know, it may) I have unript my brest. <sup>90</sup>

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,  
To lay a traine for this contemned life,  
Which you may have for asking : to suspect

77 a ladies voyce. Q1, a womans tongue.

80 aske. Q1, beg.

81 no price. Q5, unprice.

85 Thy. Q5a, the.

89 doe. Q1 omits ; Q5-F, doth.

93 may have. Q1, might have.



Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!  
 By all my hopes, I doe, above my life! 95  
 But how this passion should proceed from you,  
 So violently, would amaze a man  
 That would be jealous.

*Are.* Another soule into my body shot,  
 Could not have filld me with more strength and  
 spirit, 100

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,  
 In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods,  
 The gods, that make me so; and sure our love  
 Will be the nobler and the better blest,  
 In that the secret justice of the gods 105  
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,  
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt  
 us,

And we should part without it.

*Phi.* T will be ill,

I should abide here long.

*Are.* Tis true; and worse,

You should come often. How shall we devise 110

To hold intelligence that our true loves,

On any new occasion may agree

What path is best to tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy,

103 *The gods.* Q1 omits.

104 *nobler.* Q1, *worthier.* 107 *unwelcome.* Q1, *unwelcom'd.*

111 *loves.* Q6, F, *lovers.* 112 *any.* Q1, *an.*

Sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,  
 Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the bucke,<sup>116</sup>  
 I found him, sitting by a fountaine side,  
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
 And payd the nymph againe as much in teares;  
 A garland lay him by, made by himselfe,  
 Of many severall flowers, bred in the vayle,<sup>120</sup>  
 Stucke in that mysticke order, that the rarenesse  
 Delighted me; but ever when he turnd  
 His tender eyes upon um, he would weepe,  
 As if he meant to make um grow againe.  
 Seeing such pretty helplesse innocence<sup>123</sup>  
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.  
 He told me that his parents gentle dyed,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him rootes; and of the christall  
 springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,<sup>130</sup>  
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his  
 light.  
 Then tooke he up his garland, and did shew,  
 What every flower as countrey people hold,  
 Did signifie, and how all, ordered thus,

116 *fountaine*, Q1, F. Q2-Q6, *fountains*.

118 *againe as much*. Q1, as much againe.

120 *vayle*, Q1. Q2-F, bay. 123 *eyes*. Q1, eye.

124 *um*. Q1, them.

130 *their courses*. Q1, the course.

131 *him . . . light*. Q1, it . . . life.

Express his griefe ; and, to my thoughts, did reade 135  
 The prettiest lecture of his countrey art  
 That could be wisht ; so that, me thought, I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertaind  
 Him who was glad to follow ; and have got  
 The trustiest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy, 140  
 That ever maister kept. Him will I send  
 To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

*Are.* Tis well, no more.

*Enter Lady.*

*La.* Madam, the prince is come to doe his  
 service.

*Are.* What will you doe, Philaster, with your  
 selfe ?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have  
 pointed out for me. 145

*Are.* Deare, hide thy self. —

Bring in the prince. [*Exit Lady.*]

*Phi.* Hide me from Pharamond?  
 When thunder speakes, which is the voyce of  
 God,

- 137 *me thought.* Q1, me thoughts.  
 138-139 *Have . . . got,* D's arrangement of lines. Q2-F  
 end first line with *him* ; Q1 prints as prose.  
 139 *who.* Q1, whom. *Enter Lady.* Q1, Enter woman.  
 145 *doe, Philaster.* Q1, Phylaster doe.  
 146 *pointed out,* W, D, B. Q9, F, appointed out.  
 147-148 *Deare . . . prince.* Q9, F, as one line.  
 149 *God.* Q4-F, Jove.

Though I doe reverence, yet I hide me not; 158  
 And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag  
 Unto a forraigne nation, that he made  
 Philaster hide himselfe.

*Are.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleepe for ever to the  
 world,

It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe, 159  
 Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then, good Philaster, give him scope and  
 way

In what he sayes; for he is apt to speake  
 What you are loth to heare: for my sake, doe.

*Phi.* I will. 160

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pharamond.* My princely mistrisse, as true  
 lovers ought,

I come to kisse these faire hands, and to shew,  
 In outward ceremonies, the deare love  
 Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier, 161  
 I am gone.

150 *yet . . . not.* Q1, yet I doe not hide my selfe.

159 *for my sake, doe.* Q1 omits.

*Enter Pharamond.* Q1, Enter Pharamont and a woman. D, B,  
 Reënter Lady with Pharamond; and after l. 162, Exit Lady.

164 *Writ in.* Q1, within.

165 *no directlier.* Q1, or no, directly.

*Pha.* To what would he have answer?

*Are.* To his claime unto the kingdome.

*Pha.* Sirra, I forbare you before the King. —

*Pbi.* Good sir, doe so still; I would not talke  
with you. 170

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter, doe but offer  
To make mention of right to any kingdome,  
Though it be scarce habitable —

*Pbi.* Good sir, let me goe.

*Pha.* And by the gods —

*Pbi.* Peace Pharamond! if thou —

*Are.* Leave us, Philaster.

*Pbi.* I have done. 175 ✓

*Pha.* You are gone: by heaven I'le fetch you  
backe.

*Pbi.* You shall not need.

*Pha.* What now?

*Pbi.* Know, Pharamond,

I loathe to brawle with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voyce; but if  
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say, 180  
Thou wert, and not lament it.

167 *what would.* Q1, what? what would. *answer.* Q5-F,  
an answer.

173 *be.* Q1, lie.

174 *the gods.* Q4-D, my sword. *thou.* Q1, then.

176 *Pba. You . . . backe.* Q1 omits; though "Pha. You"  
appear as catch-words at the bottom of the page.

179 *nought.* Q1, nothing.



*Pha.* Doe you slight  
My greatnesse so? and in the chamber of the  
princesse?

*Phi.* It is a place to which, I must confesse,  
I owe a reverence: but wer't the church,  
I, at the altar, there's no place so safe, 188  
Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee:  
And for your greatnesse, know sir, I can graspe  
You and your greatnesse thus, thus into nothing.  
Give not a word, not a word backe! Farewell.

*Exit [Phalaster].*

*Pha.* Tis an odd fellow, madam, we must stop 191  
His mouth with some office when we are married.

*Are.* You were best make him your con-  
trowler.

*Pha.* I thinke he would discharge it well.  
But, madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow  
The ceremonies of state are, that twill be long 191  
Before our hands be so. If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wayte  
For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne  
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

182 so. Q1, so much.

184-185 *but* . . . altar. Q1, but wert the Church at the high  
Altar.

186 *injure*. Q1, injurie.

187 *sir*. Q1 omits.

193 *But*. Q1 omits.

194 *but yet*. Q4-F, D, B, and yet.

196 *bands*. Q1, hearts.

*If then*. Q1, then if.

198 *forme*. F, for me.

*Are.* If you dare speake such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour. *Exit Are[stbusa].* <sup>200</sup>

*Pba.* The constitution of my body will  
never hold out till the wedding; I must seeke  
elsewhere.— *Exit Pb[aramond].*

<sup>200</sup> *sub.* Qi, your.

ACTUS 2. SCÆNA I.

[*An Apartment in the Palace.*]

*Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

*Philaster.* And thou shalt finde her honourable,  
boy,

Full of regard unto thy tender youth ;  
For thine owne modesty, and for my sake,  
Apter to give then thou wilt be to aske,  
I, or deserve.

*Bellario.* Sir, you did take me up  
When I was nothing ; and onely yet am some-  
thing,

By being yours. You trusted me unknowne,  
And that which you were apt to conster  
A simple innocence in me, perhaps,  
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy  
Hardned in lies and theft ; yet venter'd you,  
To part my miseries and me ; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a lady  
That beares more honour in her breast then you.

*and Bellario.* Q1, and his boy called Bellario. Q1 has  
" Boy " for *Bell*, or *Bellario* throughout the play.

4-10 *Apter* . . . *boy*. Th's division, followed by D and B.  
Qq and F end lines with *deserve*, *nothing*, *yours*, *apt*, *in me*, *boy*.

6 *and onely yet am*. Q1, And I am onely yet.

8 *were*. F, are.

10 *craft*. Q1, crafty.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will preferre thee. Thou art  
 young, 15  
 And bear'st a childish overflowing love  
 To them that clap thy cheekes, and speake thee  
 faire yet ;  
 But when thy judgement comes to rule those  
 passions,  
 Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends  
 That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life : 20  
 She is a princesse I preferre thee to.

*Bell.* In that small time that I have seene the  
 world,

I never knew a man hasty to part  
 With a servant he thought trusty : I remember,  
 My father would preferre the boyes he kept 25  
 To greater men then he, but did it not  
 Till they were growne too sawcy for himselfe.

*Phi.* Why, gentle boy, I finde no fault at all  
 In thy behaviour.

*Bell.* Sir, if I have made  
 A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth : 30  
 I shall be willing, if not apt, to learne ;  
 Age and experience will adorne my mind  
 With larger knowledge ; and if I have done

16 *bear'st*, Q1. Q2-F, bearest.

17 *clap*. Q1, claps. *yet*. Q1 omits.

18 *thy*. Q1 omits. *to*. Q1, no.

23-24 *I never . . . remember*. Th, D, end l. 23 with *with*.

27 *growne*. Q1 omits.

A wilful fault, thinke me not past all hope  
 For once. What master holds so strict a hand 3  
 Over his boy, that he will part with him  
 Without one warning? Let me be corrected,  
 To breake my stubbornnesse, if it be so,  
 Rather then turn me off; and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay, 4  
 That (trust me) I could weepe to part with  
 thee.

Alas, I doe not turne thee off: thou knowest  
 It is my businesse that doth call thee hence;  
 And when thou art with her, thou dwellest with  
 me.

Thinke so, and tis so: and when time is full, 4  
 That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,  
 Laid on so weake a one, I will againe  
 With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.  
 Nay, weepe not, gentle boy. Tis more then  
 time

Thou didst attend the princesse.

*Bell.* I am gone. 5  
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
 And none knowes whether I shall live to doe  
 More service for you, take this little praier:

39 *Rather.* Q2 misprints, Rathet. 40 *doth.* Q1, dos.

41 *trust.* Q2 misprints, tust. 42 *knowest.* Q1, knowst.

43 *doth.* Q1, dos.

44 *dwellest.* Q1, dwest; Q3-F, dwel'st.



Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your  
designes;

May sicke men, if they have your wish, be well; 55  
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be  
one! *Exit.*

*Phi.* The love of boyes unto their lords is ✓  
strange;

I have read wonders of it; yet this boy  
For my sake (if a man may judge by lookes  
And speech) would out-doe story. I may see 60  
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

*Exit Phi[laster].*

[SCENE II.

*A Gallery in the Palace.]*

*Enter Pharamond,*

*Pharamond.* Why should these ladyes stay so  
long? They must come this way; I know the  
queene employes um not, for the reverend mo-  
ther sent mee word they would all bee for the  
garden. If they should all prove honest now, I 5  
were in a faire taking; I was never so long  
without sport in my life, and, in my conscience,  
tis not my fault. Oh, for our countrey ladyes!

54 *fights.* Q1, sighes.

57 *lords.* Q3, Lord.

7 *sport.* Q1, sport before.

56 *heaven.* Q1, F, Heavens.

60 *may.* Q1, must.

*Enter Galatea.*

Heere's one boulded; I'le hound at her.—[Madam!]

*Galatea.* Your grace!

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me sir.

✓ *Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quicke; by this sweete hand—

*Gal.* You'l be forsworn, sir; tis but an old glove.

If you will talke at distance, I am for you:

But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor doe not brag:

These two I barre,

And then I thinke, I shall have sence enough,

To answer all the waighty apothegmes

Your roiall blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Deare lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Deare prince, how deare? I ne're cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet. Heere's no scarlet, sir,

*Enter Galatea,* placed as in Q1. Q2—F place after *at her.*

9 *one . . . hound.* Q5a, on . . . bound. *Madam.* Only Q1.

12 *you are.* Q1, y'are.

13-19 *You'l be . . . manage.* Division of lines as in Th, D,

B; Qq, F, print as prose.

15 *But.* Q1 omits. 16 *I barre.* Q1, I onely barre.

22 *coach.* Q1, couch.

23 *a banquet.* Q1, a play and a banquet.

to blush the sinne out it was given for. This  
 wyer mine owne haire covers; and this face has <sup>25</sup>  
 beene so farre from beeing deare to any, that it  
 ne're cost penny painting; and for the rest of  
 my poore wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves  
 no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercers  
 wife curse our good doings. <sup>30</sup>

*Pha.* You mistake me, lady.

*Gal.* Lord, I doe so: would you or I could  
 helpe it!

[*Pha.* Y'are very dangerous bitter, like a po-  
 tion.

*Gal.* No, sir, I do not mean to purge you,  
 Though I meane to purge a little time on you.] <sup>35</sup>

*Pha.* Do ladyes of this countrey use to give  
 No more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being? I understand you not, un-  
 lesse your grace meanes growing to fatnesse;  
 and then your onely remedy (upon my know- <sup>40</sup>

24-25 to blush . . . face. Q1, to make you blush, this is my  
 owne hayre, and this face.

27 penny. Q1, Q5a, a peny.

28 wardrobe. Q1, Q6 wardrop; Q5b, wardrope.

29 mercers. Q1, silke-mans.

30 our good doings. Q1, our doing.

31 mistake. Q1, much mistake. 32 Gal. F misprints "Pha."

33-35 Pha. . . . you. Only in Q1; there as prose; verse-  
 division by D.

36-37 Do . . . being. Verse-division by Th, D, B; prose in  
 Q9, F.

ledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cuppe of neate white wine, brewd with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eate: use exercise, and keepe a sparrow-hawke,—you can shoot in a tiller: but of all, your grace must flie phlebotomie, fresh porke, conger, and clarified whay; they are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

*Pba.* Lady, you talke of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* Tis very true, sir, I talke of you.

*Pba.* This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; twill bee rare to stirre up a leaden appetite: she's a Danae, and must be courted in a showre of gold.—Madam, look here, all these, and more, then —

*Gal.* What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, tis faire gold: you would have silver for it to play with the pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; but if you have present use, my lord, I'le send my man with silver, and keepe your gold for you.

*Pba.* Lady, lady!

42 *carduus.* Q1, Q2, cardus.

43 *eight.* Q1, five.

46 *conger.* Q1, and Conger.

47 *are all.* Q1, are. *spirits.* Q1, anymales.

48 *while.* Q1, time.

52 *a Danae.* Q1, daintie. *in.* Q1, with.

54 *more, then —.* D, B, more than —. 55 *have.* Q1, ha.

56–57 *you would . . . for it.* Q1, you'd . . . fort.

58 *time.* Q1, time sir. 60 *gold for.* Q1, B, gold safe for.

Q1 adds, She slips behind the Orras.

*Gal.* She's comming, sir, behind, will take white mony.

[*Aside.*] Yet for all this Ile match yee.

*Exit Gal[atea] behind the hangings.*

*Pba.* If there be but two such more in this kindome, and neere the court, we may even  
hang up our harpes : ten such camphier constitu- 65  
tions as this would call the golden age againe  
in question, and teach the old way for every ill  
fac't husband to get his owne children; and  
what a mischiefe that would breed, let all con- 70  
sider.

*Enter Megra.*

*Heere's* another : if she be of the same last, the devill shall plucke her on. — Many faire mornings, lady!

*Megra.* As many mornings bring as many daies,

Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your grace. 75

*Pba.* [*aside*]. She gives good words yet : sure this wench is free. —

If your more serious businesse doe not call you,

62-63 *Gal.* She's comming . . . hangings. Q1 reads :  
Shes comming sir behind,

Will ye take white money yet for all this. *Exit.*

64-65 *but . . . kindome.* Q1, but two such in this Kingdome  
more; F omits *but.*

65 *even.* Q1, *ene.*

67 *would,* Q1. Q2-F, *will.*

78 *call you.* Q1, call you Lady.



Let me hold quarter with you; wee'll talke an  
 hour

Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your grace talke of? <sup>to</sup>

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as your  
 selfe.

I'le go no further then your eye, or lip;  
 There's theame enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are  
 yet even,

Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and re  
 enough,

Or my glasse wrongs me.

*Pha.* O, they are two twind cherries died in  
 blushes,

Which those faire sunnes above with their bright  
 beames

Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,  
 Bow down those branches, that the longing taste  
 Of the faint looker on may meete those blessings  
 And taste, and live. [*They kisse.*]

*Meg.* O delicate sweete Prince!  
 She that hath snow enough about her heart

79 *talke.* Q2, Q6, F, take. D ends line with *talke.*

82 *or.* Q1, your.

83 *theame.* Q1, time.

85 *and.* Q4'39-F omit.

87 *blushes.* Q1, blush.

88 *bright.* Q1, deepe.

91 *faint.* Q1, sweete. *those.* Q1, these.

*They kisse.* Only in Q1.

To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,  
 May be a nunne without probation. 95

Sir, you have in such neate poetry gathered a  
 kisse,

That if I had but five lines of that number,  
 Such pretty begging blankes, I should commend  
 Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you  
 too.

*Pha.* Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it,  
 madam, 100

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life [but] you shall not:  
 I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you doe  
 it now? ✓

*Meg.* Me thinkes tis easie, now you ha don't  
 before [me].

But yet I should sticke at it — [*Kisses bim.*]

*Pha.* Sticke till to morrow;  
 I'll ne're part you, sweetest. But we lose time; 105  
 Can you love me?

94 *off.* Q1 omits.

95 *May . . . probation.* Q1, it may be a number without Probatum.

95-96 *May . . . kisse.* Verse-division as in Qq and F; modern eds. end the first line with *Sir*; Q1 prints speech as prose.

100 *in.* Q1, by.

101 *but,* Q1.

102 *Kisses her,* W, D, B.

103 *now . . . me,* Q1, D, B; Q2-F, now I ha don't before.

104 *But.* Q1, And. I should. B, should I.

*Kisses him,* editor.

105 *ne're.* Q1, never.

*Meg.* Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lye with me. 110

*Meg.* Was it lie with you that you sayd? 'Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing minde, that will endeavor; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night as you'l goe to bed, I'll loose <sup>115</sup> my royall blood for't.

*Meg.* Why, prince, you have a lady of your owne that yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures then teach her any thing belonging to the <sup>120</sup> function: she's afraid to lie with her selfe, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By mine honor, that's a foule fault <sup>125</sup> indeed, but time and your good helpe will wear it out, sir.

107 *me love you.* Q1, me love ye. The line is printed as prose in Q9, F.

117-118 *Why . . . teaching.* D, B, two verse lines, beginning the second with *That*.

122 *any . . . imaginations.* Q1, my . . . imagination.

125-127 *By . . . sir.* Q1, D, B, print as verse beginning ~~second line with *But*.~~

125 *mine,* only Q2; Q9, F, D, B, my. *that's.* D, that is-

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolemaster, and leape a dairye maid,<sup>130</sup> madam.

*Meg.* Has your grace scene the court-starre, Galatea?

*Pha.* Out upon her! She's as could of her favour as an appoplex: she saild by but now. <sup>135</sup>

*Meg.* And how doe you hold her wit, sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit! The strength of all the guard cannot hold it; if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the kingdome. They talke of Jupiter, he's but a squib cracker to<sup>140</sup> her: looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue-bolt. But speake, sweete lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed; if you mistrust my faith,<sup>145</sup> you doe mee the unnoblest wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not, prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your owne conditions, my purse

128 *any.* Q1, my.

129 *Tim the.* Q1, Timen a.

130 *leape.* Q1, keepe.

131 *madam,* only Q2 and Q3. D and B omit.

136 *And how . . . wit, sir.* Q1, how . . . wit.

138 *to it.* Q1, toot.

141-142 *looke . . . bolt.* Q1 omits.

144 *Whither?* Q1, Q2, whether.

146 *unnoblest.* Q1, most unnoblest.

147 *I dare not.* Q1 omits.

shall seal um, and what you dare imagine you  
can want, I'le furnish you withall. Give two<sup>150</sup>  
houres to your thoughts every morning about it.  
Come, I know you are bashful ;  
Speake in my care, will you be mine ? Keepe  
this,

And with it, me : soone I will visit you.

[Gives money.]

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe,  
but when tis night

I'le finde some means to slippe into your lodg-  
ing :

Till when —

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart goe  
with thee ! *Exeunt* [several ways.]

*Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.*

Gal. Oh thou pernicious petticoate prince, are  
these your vertues ? Well, if I doe not lay a  
traine to blow your sport up, I am no woman :<sup>150</sup>  
and, Lady Towsabell, I'le fit you for't.

*Exit Gal[atea].*

- 150-151 *two houres.* Q1, worship. 152 *you are.* Q1, y'are-  
153-157 *Speake . . . thee.* D's division ; prose in Q9 and F-  
154 *I will.* Q1, I shall.  
*Gives money,* editor. W, D, B, Gives a ring.  
155 *unsafe.* Q1, uncertaine.  
157 *several ways,* Q3-F. Q1, Exit ambo.  
*hangings.* Q1, orras.  
161 *Towsabell.* Q1, Dowsabell. *for't.* Q1, for it.



## [SCENE III.

*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]**Enter Arethusa and a Lady.**Arethusa.* Where's the boy ?*Lady.* Within, madam.*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes ?*La.* I did.*Are.* And has he don't ?

5

*La.* Yes, madam.*Are.* Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not ?  
Asked you his name ?*La.* No, madam.*Enter Galatea.**Are.* O you are welcome, what good newes ? 10*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your grace,  
That sayes she has done that you would have  
wish'd.*Are.* Hast thou discovered ?*Gal.* I have strain'd a point of modesty for  
you. ✓*Are.* I preethee how ?

15

*Enter . . . Lady.* Q1, Enter Princesse and her Gentle-  
woman. Q1 abbreviates "Prin" and "Wo" throughout the  
scene.2 *madam.* Q1 omits.7 *is it.* Q1, i'st.12 *has.* Q6, F, hath.13-15 *Hast . . . how.* D as two lines, ending first with *point.*

*Gal.* In listning after bawdery. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, shee shall bee sure to finde a lawfull time to harken after bawdery; your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't.

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* O when, and where?

*Gal.* To-night, his lodging.

*Are.* Runne thy selfe into the presence; mingle there againe

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

[*Exit Galatea.*]

If Desteny (to whom we dare not say,  
 "Why didst thou this") have not decreed it so  
 In lasting leaves (whose smallest carracters  
 Was never alterd yet), this match shall breake. —  
 Where's the boy?

*La.* Here, madam.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service,  
 ist not so?

16-19 *In . . . on't.* D as four lines, ending *lady, finde, bawdery, on't.*

17 *shee.* Q1, they.

21 *suspected.* Q4-F, suspect.

25 *presence.* Q1, presents.

28 *Why didst thou this,* Th, W, B. Qq, F, D, Why thou didst this.

30 *Was.* F, D, B, Were.

*alterd.* Q2 misprints, alitered.

33 *you are.* Q1, your.

*Bellario.* Madam, I have not chang'd; I wayte ✓  
 on you,  
 To doe him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaimst in me; 35  
 Tell me thy name.

*Bell.* Bellario.

*Are.* Thou canst sing and play?

*Bell.* If griefe will give me leave, madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares  
 know? 40

Hadst thou a curst master when thou wentst to  
 schoole?

Thou art not capable of other griefe;  
 Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be  
 When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy, ✓  
 Care seekes out wrinckled browes and hollow  
 eyes, 45

And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.  
 Come, sir, tell me truely, doth your lord love  
 me?

*Bell.* Love, madam! I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know griefe, and never yet  
 knewest love?

35 *Thou disclaimst in me.* Q1, Then trust in me.

41 *curst master.* Q1, crosse schoole-maister.

43 *waters.* Q1, water.

44 *troubles.* Q5, Q6, trouble.

45 *out.* Q1 omits.

46 *himselfe.* Q1, itselfe.

47 *doth.* Q4-F, does.

48 *madam! I know not.* Q1, I know not Madame.

Thou art deceived, boy ; does he speake of me  
As if he wish'd me well ?

*Bell.*

If it be love,

To forget all respect to his owne friends,  
With thinking of your face ; if it be love,  
To sit crosse arm'd and thinke away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
And hastily, as men i'the streetes doe fire ;  
If it be love, to weepe himselfe away,  
When he but heares of any lady dead  
Or kil'd, because it might have beene your  
chance ;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),  
Twixt every prayer he saies, to name you once,  
As others drop a bead, be to be in love ;  
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to  
lie

For your lords credit ; but thou knowest, a lie  
That beares this sound is welcomer to me  
Then any truth that saies he loves me not.

50 *deceived.* Q1, deceiv'd. 52 *to his.* Q4-F, of his.

53 *With.* Q4-F, In. 54 *thinke.* Q4-F, sigh.

55 *Mingled with starts.* Q1, with mingling starts and.

56 *And hastily.* Q1 omits. *i'the.* Q1, in.

58 *lady.* Q1, woman.

62 *a bead.* Q1, beades. Q2 misprints, *beard.*

63 *you.* Q1, ye. 64-65 *to lie For your.* Q1, to your.

65 *knowest.* Q1, know'st.

*Pha.* I finde no musique in these boyes.

*Meg.* Nor I. 25

They can doe little, and that small they doe,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Dion.* Serves he the princesse ?

*Tbra.* Yes.

*Dion.* Tis a sweete boy ; how brave  
she keeps him !

*Pha.* Ladyes all, good rest ; I meane to kill  
a bucke

To morrow morning, ere y'ave done your  
dreames. 30

*Meg.* All happinesse attend your grace.

[*Exit Pharamond.*]

Gentlemen, good rest. —

Come shall we to bed ?

*Gal.* Yes, — all good night.

*Exit Gal*[*atea and*] *Meg*[*ra*].

*Dion.* May your dreames be true to you. —

What shall we doe, gallants ? Tis late ; the King  
Is up still : see he comes, a guard along 35  
With him.

*Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.*

*King.* Looke your intelligence be true.

27 *hide.* Q1, hide it. 30 *y'ave.* Q1, you have ; Q6, y'arc.

32 *Come.* Q1 omits. *Exit, etc.* Q1 omits.

*Enter . . . Guard.* Q1 has after *late* (l. 34), *Enter the King,*  
*the Princesse, and a guard.* 36 *your.* Q1 omits.



*Are.* Upon my life it is : and I doe hope  
Your highnesse will not tie me to a man  
That in the heate of wooing throwes me off,  
And takes another.

*Dion.* What should this meane? 40

*King.* If it be true,  
That lady had been better have embrac'd  
Cureless diseases ; get you to your rest ;

*Ex[eunt] Are[thusa and] Bell[ario].*  
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw neere,  
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond 45  
Come to his lodging?

*Dion.* I saw him enter there.

*King.* Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,  
If Megra be in her lodging. [Exit Dion.]

*Cle.* Sir,  
She parted hence but now with other ladyes. 50

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need to  
make

A vaine discovery of our suspicion.

[*Aside.*] You gods, I see that who unrighteously  
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst  
In that which meaner men are blest withall : 55  
Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit, and his name shall be

42 *have.* Q1 omits. *Exeunt, etc.* Q1 omits.

45 *you.* Q1, *ye.* *Exit Dion.* Q1 has "Exit Leon"  
after l. 50. 49 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon."

Blotted from earth; if he have any child,  
 It shall be crossely match'd; the gods themselves  
 Shall sow wilde strife betwixt her lord and her. 60  
 Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sinne  
 I have committed; let it not fall  
 Upon this understanding child of mine!  
 She has not broke your lawes. But how can I  
 Looke to be heard of gods that must be just, 65  
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

*Enter Dion.*

*Dion.* Sir, I have asked, and her women  
 swear she is within; but they, I thinke, are  
 bawdes. I told um, I must speake with her;  
 they laught, and said their lady lay speechlesse. 70  
 I said, my business was important; they said,  
 their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cryed,  
 my businesse was a matter that concern'd life  
 and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at  
 which their lady was. I urg'd againe, shee had 75  
 scarce time to bee so since last I saw her; they  
 smilde againe, and seem'd to instruct mee that  
 sleeping was nothing but lying downe and wink-  
 ing. Answers more direct I could not get: in  
 short, sir, I thinke she is not there. 80

58 *earth.* Q1, the earth. 63 *understanding.* Q1, undeserving.  
 64 *She.* Q1, if she. *can.* Q1, could. 66 *by.* Q1, in.  
 79 *get.* Q1, get from them.  
 80 *I thinke.* Q1 omits. *she is.* Q1, shee's.

*King.* Tis then no time to dally. — You o'th  
 guard,  
 Waite at the backe dore of the princes lodging,  
 And see that none passe thence upon your lives.  
 Knocke, gentlemen; knocke loud; lowder yet:  
 What, has their pleasure taken off their hear-  
 ing? —  
 I'le breake your meditations. — Knocke againe.  
 —Not yet? I doe not thinke he sleeps, having  
 this  
 Larum by him.—Once more, Pharamond! prince!

*Pharamond above.*

*Pha.* What sawcy groome knocks at this  
 dead of night?  
 Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,  
 He meetes his death that meetes me, for this  
 boldnesse.

*King.* Prince, [prince,] you wrong your  
 thoughts, we are your friends:  
 Come downe.

*Pha.* The King!

81 *no time.* Q5a, not time. o'th. Q1, a'th.

84 *lowder yet.* Q1 omits.

85 *their . . . their.* Q1, your . . . your.

86 *meditations.* Q1, meditation.

*againe.* Q1, again, and louder.

87-88 *this Larum,* Q3-F. Q1, such larumes. Q2, his Larum.

88 *prince.* Q1 omits, and adds stage-direction, "They knock."

92 *Prince, prince,* Q1. Q2-F, Prince.

*King.* The same, sir; come downe;  
We have cause of present counsell with you.

*Pba.* If your grace please to use me, I'll  
attend you 95  
To your chamber. *Pba* [*ramond*] below.

*King.* No, tis too late, prince; I'll make bold  
with yours.

*Pba.* I have some private reasons to my selfe,  
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot.— ✓  
[*They please to come in.*]

Nay, prease not forward, gentlemen; he must  
come 100

Through my life that comes here.

*King.* Sir, be resolv'd, I must and will come.  
— Enter!

*Pba.* I will not be dishonor'd:  
He that enters, enters upon his death. ✓  
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me, 105  
To bring these renegados to my chamber,  
At these unseasoned hours.

*King.* Why doe you

93 *The same, sir; come downe, Q2-F. Q1, D, The same, sir.*  
Come down sir; B, The same. Come down, sir.

98 *some. Q1, certaine. my selfe. Q1, my selfe sir.*

*They please to come in, Q1. 100 gentlemen. Q1 omits.*

102 *resolv'd, I must . . . Enter, Q2, Q3, D, B. Q1, re-*  
*solved, I must come, and will come enter. Q4-F misprint Enter at*  
*end of preceding line.*

103 *dishonor'd. Q1, dishonoured thus.*

106 *renegados. Q1, runagates.*

Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor  
shall be;

Onely Ple search your lodging, for some cause  
To our selfe knowne. — Enter, I say.

*Pha.*

I say no. 110

*Meg* [*ra*] *above.*

*Meg.* Let um enter, prince, let um enter;  
I am up and ready: I know there businesse;  
Tis the poore breaking of a ladies honour,  
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it. —  
You have your businesse, gentlemen; I lay  
here. —

115

O, my lord the King, this is not noble in you,  
To make publique the weaknesse of a woman.

*King.* Come downe.

*Meg.* I dare, my lord: your whootings and  
your clamors,  
Your private whispers and your broad fleeings,<sup>120</sup>  
Can no more vex my soule then this base car-  
riage;  
But I have vengeance yet in store for some  
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,  
Be joy and nourishment.

108 *so.* Q1 omits. 109 *Ple.* Q1 omits.

110 *knowne.* Q1 omits. *say no.* Q1, so no.

111-112 *Let um . . . businesse.* Verse-division of D.

Q1 ends first line with *up*, omitting *and ready*, and printing the rest  
of the speech as prose. Q2-F end first line with *prince*.

116 *the.* Q1, a. 119 *whootings.* Q1, whoting; D, hootings.

122 *yet.* Q1, still.



*King.* Will you come downe?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,

If my skill faile me not. [*Exit Megra above.*] 125

*King.* Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse;

You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more. —

Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

[*Exeunt Pharamond and Attendants.*]

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed in deed. 130

*Dion.* Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage Or two, to breathe himselfe, without a warrant If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, Pray God we may lie with our owne wives in safety,

That they be not by some tricke of state mistaken! 135

*Enter [Attendants] with Megra [below].*

*King.* Now lady of honour, where's your honour now?

125 *wring.* Q5a, Q6, F, wrong.

127 *dearely chide you.* Q1, chide you dearly.

128 *worthy.* Q1 omits. 129 *my.* Q1, his.

*Exeunt . . . Attendants,* D.

131-135 *Tis . . . mistaken.* Verse-division as in Q2-F. Q1 ends lines *two, hold, lie, be not, mistaken.*

131 *stage,* Q1. Q2-F, Stagge or Stagge.

134 *God.* Q4-F, heaven. *Enter . . . below.* Q1 omits, but has in margin, "they come downe to the King."

No man can fit your pallat but the prince.  
 Thou most ill shrowded rottennesse, thou piece  
 Made by a painter and a pothicary,  
 Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness 140  
 Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swolne clowd  
 Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases :  
 Thou all-sinne, all-hell, and last, all-divells, tell  
 me,

Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,  
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my  
 daughter ? 145

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,  
 And all the court shall hoothe thee through the  
 court,

Fling rotten oranges, make riba'd rimes,  
 And seare thy name with candles upon walls !  
 Doe ye laugh, lady Venus ? 150

*Meg.* Faith, sir, you must pardon me ;  
 I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.  
 If you doe this, O King, nay, if you dare doe it,  
 By all those gods you swore by, and as many  
 More of my owne, I will have fellowes, and  
 such 155

Fellowes in it as shall make noble mirth :

139 *a pothicary.* Q1, Apothecaries.

143 *all-hell.* Q1, and hell. Hyphens in this line inserted by D.

146 *and.* Q1 omits. 148 *riba'd.* Q1, rebal ; Q3-F, ribald.

150 *ye.* Q1, Q4' 39-F, you.

154 *those.* Q6, F, these. *as.* Q1, that.

The princesse, your deare daughter, shall stand  
by me

On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

Urge me no more ; I know her, and her haunts,

Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover  
all ;

160

Nay, will dishonor her. I know the boy

She keepes, a handsome boy, about eighteene ;

Know what she does with him, where, and when.

Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse,

The glory of a fury ; and if I doe not

165

Doe it to the height —

*King.* What boy is this she raves at ?

*Meg.* Alas, good-minded prince, you know  
not these things ;

I am loath to reveale um. Keepe this fault

As you would keepe your health from the hot  
aire

Of the corrupted people ; or, by heaven,

170

I will not fall alone. What I have knowne,

Shall be as publique as a print ; all tongues

Shall speake it as they doe the language they

Are borne in, as free and commonly ; P'le set it

158 *On.* Q1, Upon. *any.* Q1, or any.

160 *layes* . . . *outlayes.* Q1, fayre leaps And out-lying.

161 *Nay.* Q1, and.

163 *Know.* Q1, Knowes. *and.* Q1 omits.

166 *this.* Q1, that. 171 *fall.* Q1, sinke.

172 *a.* Q1, in. 173-174 *they Are.* Q1, they're.

Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at, 175  
 And so high and glowing that other kingdomes  
 far and forraigne  
 Shall reade it there, nay, travaile with it, till they  
 finde

No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;  
 And then behold the fall of your faire princess.

*King.* Has she a boy? 180

*Cle.* So please your grace, I have seene a boy  
 wayte

On her, a faire boy.

*King.* Go, get you to your quarter:  
 For this time I'le studdy to forget you.

*Meg.* Do you studdy to forget me, and I'le  
 studdy

To forget you. 185

*Ex[eunt] K[ing], Meg[ra], [and] Guard.*

*Cle.* Why here's a male spirit fit for Hercu-  
 les, if ever there bee nine worthies of women, this  
 wench shall ride astride, and be their captaine.

*Dion.* Sure, she has a garrison of divells in her  
 tongue, shee uttered such balls of wild-fire. She 190

176 *And* . . . *forraigne*. Th omits *And* and *other*.

177 *nay*. Q1 omits.

181 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon." D, B, end line with *on her*.

182 *quarter*. Q1, quarters. 183 *I'le*. W, D, B, I will.

184-185 *Do* . . . *forget you*. Q1, Do so, and i'le forget  
 your —. 186 *Why*. Q1 omits. *fit*. Q3-F omit.

187 *worthies*. Q1, worthy. *women*. Q3, woman.

188 *astride*. Q1, aside.

189 *has*. F, hath.

190 uttered. F, uttereth.

has so netled the King, that all the doctors in the  
 countrey will scarce cure him. That boy was a  
 strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection;  
 that boy, that princesse' boy; that brave, chaste,  
 vertuous ladies boy; and a faire boy, a well<sup>195</sup>  
 spoken boy! All these considered, can make  
 nothing else—but there I leave you, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Nay, weele goe wander with you.

*Exeunt.*

191 *netled*, Q1, Q4-F. Q2, Q3, *metled*.

192 *scarce*. Q1, *not*.

193 *infection*, Q4-F. Q1-Q3, *infections*.

194 *brave, chaste*. Q1, *chast, brave*.

197 *you*. Q1, *ye*.



ACTUS 3. SCÆNA I.

[*The Court of the Palace.*]

*Enter Cle[remont], Di[on and] Tbra[siline].*

*Cleremont.* Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

*Dion.* I, and tis the gods

That raise this punishment to scourge the King

With his own issue. Is it not a shame

For us that should write noble in the land,

For us that should be freemen, to behold

A man that is the bravery of his age,

Philaster, prest downe from his royall right

By this regardlesse king? and only looke,

And see the scepter ready to be cast

Into the hands of that lascivious lady

That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be

Married to yon strange prince; who, but that

people

Please to let him be a prince, is borne a slave

In that which should be his most noble part,

His minde.

*Thrasiline.* That man that would not stirre  
with you

*Enter, etc.* Q1, Enter three Gentlemen. 1 *Nay.* Q1, And.

5 *For us.* Q1, for all us. *should.* Q1 omits.

12-14 *That . . . slave.* W, D, B, end lines with *married, please.*

14 *prince.* Q1, thing.

To aide Philaster, let the gods forget

That such a creature walkes upon the earth!

*Cle.* Philaster is too backward in't himselfe;

The gentry doe awaite it, and the people, 20

Against their nature, are all bent for him,

And like a field of standing corne, that's moved

With a stiffe gale, their heads bow all one way.

*Dion.* The onely cause that drawes Philaster  
backe

From this attempt, is the faire princesse' love, 25

Which he admires, and we can now confute.

*Tbra.* Perhaps he'le not beleeve it.

*Dion.* Why, gentlemen, tis without question  
so.

*Cle.* I, tis past speech, she lives dishonestly.

But how shall we, if he be curious, worke 30

Upon his faith?

*Tbra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

*Dion.* Since it is true, and tends to his owne  
good,

I'le make this new report to be my knowledge;

I'le say I know it; nay, I'le swear I saw it. 35

19 *Philaster* . . . *himselfe*. Q1 omits. 21 *bent*. Q1 omits.

22 *of*. Q1, if. *that's*. Q1 omits. 24 *drawes*. Q1, draweth.

26 *confute*. Q1, comfort. 27 *it*. Q1 omits.

27-31 *Perhaps* . . . *faith*. D ends lines with *gentlemen*,  
*speech, shall we, faith*.

28 *Dion*. Q1, "Cle." 29 *Cle*. Q1, "Leon."

31 *Upon his faith*. Q1, on his beleefe.

33 *tends*. Q1, Lords. 35 *nay*. Q1 omits.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Thra.* T will move him

*Enter Philas[ter].*

*Dion.* Here he comes.

Good morrow to your honor: we have spent  
Some time in seeking you.

*Philaster.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keepe your memories to know  
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne  
On men disgrac'd for vertue, a good day  
Attend you all. What service may I do  
Worthy your acceptation?

*Dion.* My good lord,  
We come to urge that vertue, which we know  
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a  
head;

The nobles and the people are all dull'd  
With this usurping king; and not a man  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing  
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

36-38 *It will . . . friends.* B's verse-division. Qq, F, end  
lines with *best, him, honor, you, friends.*

*Enter Philaster.* Q1-Q4 print after *be best.*

36 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."

40-41 *frowne . . . disgrac'd.* Q1, frame . . . disgrace.

43 *good.* Q1 omits.

45 *breast, forth. Rise.* Qq, F, breast, forth, rise.

46 *dull'd.* Q1, dull.

48 *or knew,* Q3-F. Q1, knowes; Q2, or knowne; B (qy.),  
or knows.

*Phi.* How honourable is this love in you 50  
 To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my  
 friends,  
 (You that were borne to shame your poore Phi-  
 laster,  
 With too much courtesie) I could afford  
 To melt my selfe in thanks; but my designes  
 Are not yet ripe. Suffice it, that ere long 55  
 I shall imploy your loves: but yet the time  
 Is short of what I would.

*Dion.* The time is fuller, sir, then you expect;  
 That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be  
 reach'd  
 By violence, may now be caught. As for the  
 King, 60  
 You know the people have long hated him;  
 But now the princesse, whom they lov'd —

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Dion.* Is loath'd as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange meanes?

*Dion.* She's knowne a whore. ✓

*Phi.* Thou liest!

*Dion.* My lord — 65

51 *deserv'd none.* Q1, deserved more.

54 *in thanks,* Q4-F. Q1, Q2, to thanks; Q3, in thInkes.

55 *Suffice it.* Q1, sufficient. 58 *sir.* Q1 omits.

59 *will not.* Q1 omits.

61 *have long.* Q1, long have. 63 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra."

64 *Phi. Thou.* Q2 misprints *Di.* Thou.

*Phi.* Thou liest, *Offers to draw, and is bell.*  
 And thou shalt feele it ! I had thought thy minde  
 Had beene of honour. Thus to rob a lady  
 Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,  
 Not to be pardon'd. Be it false as hell,  
 T will never be redeem'd, if it be sowne  
 Amongst the people, fruitfull to increase  
 All evill they shall heare. Let me alone,  
 That I may cut off falshood whilst it springs !  
 Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
 That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
 And from the utmost top fall on his necke  
 Like thunder from a clowd.

*Dion.* This is most strange;  
 Sure he does love her.

*Phi.* I doe love faire truth:  
 She is my mistrisse, and who injures her  
 Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my  
 armes.

*Thra.* Nay, good my lord, be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,  
 That comes to doe his service, and will shew you  
 Why he utter'd this.

*Phi.* I aske you pardon, sir,

68 *Thus.* Q1, then. 72 *fruitfull.* Q1, faithfull.

74 *off.* . . . *springs.* Q1, out falsehood where it growes.

75 *the.* Q1, that.

80 *injures.* Q1, injuries.

85 *you.* Q1, your.



My zeale to truth made me unmannerly :  
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your backe untruely, I had beene  
As much distemperd and enrag'd as now.

*Dion.* But this, my lord, is truth. 90

*Phi.* O, say not so, good sir, forbear to say so;  
Tis then truth that woman-kind is false ;  
Urge it no more, it is impossible.

Why should you thinke the princess light ?

*Dion.* Why, she was taken at it. 95

*Phi.* Tis false ! by heaven, tis false ! it cannot be !

Can it ? Speake, gentlemen ; for Gods love,  
speake !

Ist possible ? can women all be damn'd ?

*Dion.* Why no, my lord.

*Phi.* Why then, it cannot be.

*Dion.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy ? 100

*Dion.* A page, a boy that serves her.

86 *made.* Q1, makes.

88 *backe.* Q1, backs.

90-95 *But this . . . at it.* Verse-division of Q2-F. W, D,  
end lines with *not so, truth, no more, thinke, at it.*

92 *Tis . . . false.* Q1, tis then truth that women all are  
false. Q4'34, thee truth. Q4'39-F, all womenkind.

93 *it is.* Q1, tis.

96 *by.* Q4-F, O.

97-98 *for . . . possible.* Q1 omits.

97 *Gods love.* Q4-F, D, love of truth.

99 *Dion. Why . . . lord.* Q1 omits this speech and gives the  
next to "Tra."

100 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."

*Phi.* Oh, good gods!  
A little boy?

*Dion.* I, know you him, my lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sinne know him!—Sir, you are  
deceiv'd:

I'le reason it a little coldly with you;  
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,<sup>105</sup>  
That knowes not yet desire? she would have  
one  
Should meete her thoughts, and know the sinne  
he acts,  
Which is the great delight of wickednesse.  
You are abusd, and so is she, and I.

*Dion.* How you, my lord?

*Phi.* Why, all the world's abusd<sup>110</sup>  
In an unjust report.

*Dion.* Oh, noble sir, your vertues  
Cannot looke into the subtle thoughts of woman.  
In short, my lord, I tooke them; I my selfe.

*Phi.* Now all the divells thou didst! Flie from  
my rage!  
Would thou hadst tane divells ingendring plagues,<sup>115</sup>  
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from  
mine eyes;

104 *coldly.* Q1, milder.

107 *know.* Q4-F, knows. *he.* Q1, she.

110 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."

116 *mine.* Q3-F, my.

106 *desire.* Q1, desires.

*he.* Q1, she.

112 *woman.* Q1, women.

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,  
 When thou didst take them; or been stricken  
 dumbe

For ever; that this foule deed might have slept  
 In silence!

*Thra.* Have you knowne him so ill tem-  
 perd? 120

*Cle.* Never before.

*Pbi.* The winds that are let loose,  
 From the four several corners of the earth,  
 And spread themselves all over sea and land,  
 Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a  
 sword

To runne me through? 125

*Dion.* Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at  
 this?

*Pbi.* When any fall from vertue, I am dis-  
 tracted;

I have an interest in't.

117 *taken.* Q2, tane. *thunder on.* Q1, daggers in.

118 *didst.* Q3, did. *strucken.* Q1, stuacke.

119 *foule deed.* Q1, fault.

120-121 *Thra.* . . . *Cle.* Q1 transposes the speakers.

122 *several.* Q1 omits.

123 *spread themsel'ves.* Q1, spreads them selfe.

124 *Kisse not a chaste one.* Q1, Meetes not a fayre on.

125-8 *To runne . . . in't.* D ends lines with *are you, vertue, in't.*

125 *through.* Q1, thorow; D, B, thorough.

126 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra."

127 *fall.* Q4' 39-F, falls. *distracted.* Q4-F, D, distract.

128 *an.* Q1 omits.\*

*Dion.* But, good my lord, recall your selfe,  
and thinke

What's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank youe; I will doe it. 129

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:

Tomorrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And give you answer.

*Dion.* All the gods direct you

The readiest way!

*Thra.* He was extreame impatient.

*Cle.* It was his vertue and his noble minde. 135

*Exit Di[on] Cle[remont and] Thra[siline].*

*Phi.* I had forgot to aske him where he took  
them;

I'll follow him. O that I had a sea

Within my breast, to quench the fire I feele!

More circumstances will but fan this fire:

It more afflicts me now, to know by whom 140

This deed is done, then simply that tis done;

129-130 *But . . . done.* Verse-division of W, D, B. Q9, F,  
end l. 129 with *your selfe*.

130 *doe it.* Q1, do't.

132 *I will.* Q1, *lle. lodging.* Q1, lodgings. *forth.* Q1 omits.

133-134 *Dion. All . . . way.* Q1 has "Omnes" for *Dion*,  
and adds "Exit Three Gent." Q4, 39-F print:

The readiest way.

*Di.* All the gods direct you.

134-135 *Thra. . . minde.* Q1 omits.

136 *him.* Q1, *um. them.* Q1, *her.*

139 *will but fan.* Q1, *would but flame.*

141 *This.* Q1, *the. tis.* Q1, *it is.* \*

And he that tells me this, is honourable,  
 As farre from lies as she is farre from truth.  
 O that, like beasts, we could not grieve our selves  
 With that we see not ! Bulls and rams will fight 145  
 To keepe their females, standing in their sight ;  
 But take um from them, and you take at once  
 Their spleenes away ; and they will fall againe  
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,  
 And taste the waters of the springs as sweete 150  
 As twas before ; finding no start in sleepe.  
 But miserable man —

*Enter Bellario*

See, see, you gods !

He walkes still ; and the face you let him weare  
 When he was innocent is still the same,  
 Not blasted. Is this justice ? Doe you meane 155  
 To entrap mortality, that you allow  
 Treason so smooth a brow ? I cannot now  
 Thinke he is guilty.

*Bellario.* Health to you, my lord !

The princessse doth commend her love, her life,  
 And this, unto you. [*He gives him a letter.*]

*Phi.* Oh, Bellario, 160

147 *um.* Q1, them.

150 *springs.* Q5a, spring.

*Enter Bellario.* Q2-F print after *gods.* Q1, "Enter boy"  
 after man.

155 *blasted.* Q1, blush.

*He gives . . . letter.* Only Q1.



Now I perceive she loves me! she does shew it  
In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.

*Bell.* My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish  
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,  
Though far unfit for me who doe attend.

*Phi.* Thou art growne courtly, boy. — O, I  
all women

That love blacke deeds learne to dissemble her  
Here, by this paper! She does write to me  
As if her heart were mines of adamant  
To all the world besides; but unto me,  
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes.  
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess  
thee?

For I shall guesse her love to me by that.

*Bell.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I were  
Something allyed to her, or had preserv'd  
Her life three times by my fidelity;  
As mothers fond doe use there onely sonnes,  
As I'de use one that's left unto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay if he met harm  
So she does use me.

*Phi.* Why, this is wondrous we  
But what kinde language does she feede thee with

163 *my.* Q1 omits. 165 *Though.* Q1, But. *who.* Q1, th

166 *boy.* Q1, my boy. 168 *by.* Q1, with.

169 *mines.* Q1, twines. 172 *doth.* Q1, dos.

173 *For . . . that.* Q1 omits. 179 *met.* Q1, meete.

180 *this is.* Q1, tis.

*Bell.* Why, she does tell me, she will trust  
my youth

With all her loving secrets, and does call me  
Her pretty servant; bids me weepe no more  
For leaving you; sheele see my services 185  
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,  
That I am neerer weeping when she ends  
Than ere she spake.

*Pbi.* This is much better still.

*Bell.* Are you not ill, my lord?

*Pbi.* Ill? No, Bellario.

*Bell.* Me thinkes your words 190

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly, ✓  
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse  
That I was wont to see.

*Pbi.* Thou art deceivd, boy:  
And she strokes thy head?

*Bell.* Yes.

*Pbi.* And she does clap thy cheekes?

*Bell.* She does, my lord. 195

*Pbi.* And she does kisse thee, boy? ha?

*Bell.* How, my lord?

183 *loving secrets.* Q1, maiden store.

185 *services.* Q1, service. 186 *Regarded.* Q1, rewarded.

188 *spake.* Q1, speaks.

189 *not ill.* Q1, not well. Q6, F, omit *not.*

191 *Fall . . . evenly.* Q1, fall out from your tongue, so unevenly.

192 *quietnesse.* Q1, quicknesse.

193 *deceivd,* Q1. Q2-F, deceiv'd.

*Phi.* She kisses thee ?

*Bell.* Never, my lord, by heaven!

*Phi.* That's strange : I know she does.

*Bell.* No, by my life!

*Phi.* Why then she does not love me. Come,  
she does :

I bad her doe it. I charg'd her by all charmes <sup>200</sup>  
Of love betweene us, by the hope of peace  
We should enjoy, to yeeld thee all delights  
Naked as to her bed : I tooke her oath  
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,  
Is she not parrallesse ? Is not her breath <sup>205</sup>  
Sweete as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?  
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls ?  
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy ?

*Bell.* I, now I see why my disturbed thoughts  
Were so perplext. When first I went to her, <sup>210</sup>  
My heart held augury. You are abusede,  
Some villaine has abusede you : I doe see  
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head  
That put this to you ! tis some subtille traine  
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought. <sup>215</sup>

197 *Never* . . . *heaven*. Q4-F, D, Not so, my lord.

198 *That's strange*. Q4-F, D, Come, come.

200 *bad*. Q1, bid. *doe it*. Q1, do't.

202 *delights*. Q1, delight. 203 *bed*. Q1, Lord.

205 *parrallesse*. Q1, paradise ; Q6, F, paralleless.

209 *I*. Q1, Yes. *disturbed*. Q1, discurled.

211 *augury*. Q1, auguries.

213 *Whereto*. Q1, where.

215 *frame*. Q1, friend.

*Pbi.* Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee.  
 Come,  
 Thou shalt know all my drift ; I hate her more  
 Than I love happinesse, and placed thee there  
 To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.  
 Hast thou discovered ? Is she falne to lust, 220  
 As I would wish her ? Speake some comfort to  
 me.

*Bell.* My lord, you did mistake the boy you  
 sent :  
 Had she the lust of sparrowes, or of goates ;  
 Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,  
 Beyond the name of lust, I would not aide 225  
 Her base desires : but what I came to know  
 As servant to her, I would not reveale,  
 To make my life last ages.

*Pbi.* Oh, my heart !  
 This is a salve worse then the maine disease.—  
 Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least 230  
 That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart  
 To know it ; I will see thy thoughts as plaine  
 As I doe now thy face.

*Bell.* Why, so you doe.  
 She is (for ought I know), by all the gods,  
 As chaste as ice ; but were she foule as hell, 235

219 *narrow.* Q1, sparrows.224 *way, hid.* Q1, weighed.229 *disease.* Q1, deceit.223 *or.* Q1, and.226 *came.* Q1, come.233 *now.* F, know.

And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,  
 The points of swords, tortures, nor buls of  
 brasse,  
 Should draw it from me.

*Phi.* Then it is no time  
 To dally with thee; I will take thy life,  
 For I doe hate thee: I could curse thee now. 240

*Bell.* If you doe hate, you could not curse me  
 worse;

The gods have not a punishment in store  
 Greater for me then is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie,  
 So young and so dissembling! tell me when  
 And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues 245  
 Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!

[*He drawes his sword.*]

*Bell.* By heaven, I never did: and when I lie  
 To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!  
 Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke

238-240 *Should . . . now.* Verse-division of Th, W, D, B.  
 Q1 ends lines with *from me, life, now*; Q2-Q4, *from me, with thee, hate thee, now*; Q5, Q6, *with thee, now*; F, *from me, with thee, now*.

238 *draw.* Q1, *wrack.* *it is,* Q1. Q2-F, *tis.*

241 *hate.* Q1, *hate me.*

243 *Greater.* Q1 omits. *for.* Q1, *to.*

243-246 *Fie . . . thee not.* Verse-division of Th, W, D, B.  
 Q1 ends lines with *where, upon me, not*; Q2-F, *dissembling, her, not*.

246 *upon,* Q1, D. Q2-F, *on.* *He . . . sword,* only Q1.

247 *By heaven.* Q4-F, *Heaven knows.*



Thou love those pieces you have cut away  
 better than those that grow, and kisse those  
 limbes

because you made um so.

*Phi.* Fearst thou not death?  
 Can boyes contemne that?

*Bell.* Oh, what boy is he  
 Can be content to live to be a man,  
 That sees the best of men thus passionate,  
 Thus without reason?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou doest not know  
 What tis to dye.

*Bell.* Yes, I doe know, my lord:  
 'Tis lesse then to be borne; a lasting sleepe,  
 A quiet resting from all jealousy,  
 A thing we all persue: I know, besides,  
 'Tis but giving over of a game  
 That must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are paines, false boy,  
 For perjur'd soules; thinke but on those, and  
 then  
 Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

251 *those limbs.* Q6, F, these limbs.

252 *Fearst.* Q4'39-F, Fearest. 254 *Can.* Q1, could.

256 *but.* Q1 omits. Q9, F, end line with *dye.* *doest,* only

2. Q9, F, dost.

261 *over of a game.* Q1, ore againe.

263 *those.* Q4-F, D, these.

264 *and thou.* Q1, and then thou.

*Bell.* May they fall all upon me whilst I live,  
 If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought  
 Of that you charge me with! If I be false,  
 Send me to suffer in those punishments  
 You speak of: kill me!

[*Phi.*] Oh, what should I doe?  
 Why, who can but beleve him? He does sweare  
 So earnestly, that if it were not true,  
 The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:  
 Thy protestations are so deepe, and thou  
 Doest looke so truely when thou utterst them,  
 That, though I know um false as were my hopes,  
 I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert  
 Too blame to injure me, for I must love  
 Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon  
 Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee  
 Is firme, what e're thou doest: it troubles me  
 That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheekes,  
 That did so well become thee. But, good boy,  
 Let me not see thee more; something is done  
 That will distract me, that will make me mad,  
 If I behold thee. If thou tenderst me,  
 Let me not see thee.

269 *Phi.* Q2 omits by mistake.

274 *Doest.* Q1, Q5, Q6, F, dost. utterst, Q2, Q6, uttrest.  
 Other Qq, F, utterest.

275 *know.* F, known. 279 *tender youth.* Q1, honest lookes.

280 *doest,* only Q2. Other Qq, F, dost.

281 *the blood.* Q1, thy blood, 282 *thee.* B (qy.), them.

285 *tenderst.* Q1, tenderest.

*Bell.* I will flie as farre  
As there is morning, ere I give distaste  
To that most honor'd mind. But through these  
teares

Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see  
A world of treason practisde upon you, 290  
And her, and me. Farewel for ever more!  
If you shall heare that sorrow strucke me dead,  
And after finde me loyall, let there be  
A teare shed from you in my memory,  
And I shall rest at peace. *Exit Bell*[ario].

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee, 295  
What ever thou deservest! — Oh, where shall I  
Goe bathe this body? Nature too unkinde,  
That made no medicine for a troubled minde!  
*Ex[it]* *Phi*[laster].

## [SCENE II.

*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace.]**Enter Arethusa.*

*Arethusa.* I marvaile my boy comes not backe  
again;

288 *mind.* Q1, frame.289 *hopelesse.* Q1, haplesse. 292 *sorrow.* Q1, sorrowes.296 *ever.* Q1, ere. *deservest,* Q1-Q3. Q5a, deserv'd.

Q4, Q5b, Q6, F, deserv'st.

297 *bathe.* Q4-F, bath. *this.* Q6, F, thy.298 *made.* Q1, mad'st. *for.* Q1, to.*Enter Arethusa.* Q1, Princesse, and "Prin" for *Are.* through-  
out the scene. 1 againe. Q1 omits.

X  
 But that I know my love will question him  
 Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;  
 How I remembred him when his deare name  
 Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept,  
 sung,  
 And ten thousand such; I should be angry at  
 his stay.

*Enter King.*

*King.* What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

*Are.* None but my single selfe; I neede no guard;

I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

*King.* Tell me, have you not a boy?

*Are.* Yes sir. 10

*King.* What kinde of boy?

*Are.* A page, a wayting boy.

*King.* A handsome boy?

*Are.* I thinke he be not ugly:

Well quallified, and dutifull, I know him;

I tooke him not for beauty.

*King.* He speakes, and sings and playes?

*Are.* Yes sir. 15

3 wak'd, talk'd. Q1, make talke.

4 remembred. Q1, remember.

5 spoke . . . sung. Q1, spoken, And how spoke when I sight song.

7 at. Q1, in; Q5a, of; Q6, F, are.

12 ugly. Q1, B, ugly, sir.

*King.* About eighteene ?

*Are.* I never ask'd his age.

*King.* Is he full of service ?

*Are.* By your pardon, why doe you aske ?

*King.* Put him away.

*Are.* Sir ?

*King.* Put him away I say.

H'as done you that good service shames me to  
speake of. 20

*Are.* Good sir, let me understand you.

*King.* If you feare me,  
Shew it in duty ; put away that boy.

*Are.* Let me have reason for it, sir, and then  
Your will is my command.

*King.* Doe not you blush to aske it ? Cast  
him off, 25

Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one  
Shame with me, and so neere unto my selfe,  
That, by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,  
What you, my selfe, have done.

*Are.* What have I done, my lord ? 30

*King.* Tis a new language, that all love to  
learn :

19 *I say*, only Q1, Q2.

23 *sir*. Q1 omits.

24 *my*. Q1, a.

26 *the same*. Q1, that shame. *Y'are*. Q1, ye are.

27 *unto*. Q1 omits.

28 *my life*. Q1, the gods. *I dare*. Q1, I'd dare.

30 *have I*, Q1, Q3-F. Q2, I have. *my lord*. Q1 omits.



The common people speake it well already ;  
 They need no grammer. Understand me well,  
 There be foule whispers stirring. Cast him off,  
 And suddenly ; doe it ! Farewell. *Exit King.* 35

*Are.* Where may a maiden live securely free,  
 Keeping her honour faire ? Not with the living ;  
 They feede upon opinions, errours, dreames,  
 And make um truths ; they draw a nourishment  
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces, 40  
 And when they see a vertue fortified  
 Strongly above the battry of their tongues,  
 Oh, how they cast to sinke it ! and defeated,  
 (Soule sicke with poison) strike the monuments  
 Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat, 45  
 And the cold marble melt.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Philaster.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, deer-  
 est mistresse.

*Are.* Oh, my dearest servant, I have a warre  
 within me.

*Phi.* He must be more then man that makes  
 these christals

Run into rivers. Sweetest faire, the cause ? 50  
 And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,

36 *maiden.* Q1, maid.

37 *faire.* Q4-F, safe.

39 *truths.* Q1, truth.

43 *cast.* Q1, mind.

44 *Soule.* Q1, foule.  
 the mountaines.

*strike the monuments.* Q1, stricke

45 *lie.* Q1, be.

47 *dearest.* Th, B, my dearest.

Your creature, made againe from what I was,  
And newly spirited, I'le right your honor.

*Are.* Oh, my best love, that boy!

*Phi.* What boy?

*Are.* The pretty boy you gave me.

*Phi.* What of him? 55

*Are.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why?

*Are.* They are jealous of him.

*Phi.* Jealous, who?

*Are.* The King.

*Phi.* [*aside*]. Oh, my misfortune!

Then tis no idle jealousy. — Let him goe.

*Are.* Oh, cruel!

Are you hard hearted too? who shall now tell  
you,

60

How much I lov'd you? who shal swear it to  
you,

And weepe the teares I send? Who shall now  
bring you

Letters, rings, bracelets? loose his health in  
service?

53 *I'le.* Q4'39-Q6, He. *honor.* Q6, F, honours.

57 *my misfortune,* Q1, B. Q3, my my fortune; Q4-F, D, my  
fortune.

58 *him.* Q5a, me.

59-69 *Oh, cruel . . . Philaster.* Verse-division as in Th, W,  
D, B. Qq, F, end lines with *too, you, send, bracelets, nights, sing,*  
*soule, mourne, ill, eye-lids, Philaster.*

62 *you.* Q6, your.

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?  
 Who shall [now] sing your crying elegies? 65  
 And strike a sad soule into senseless pictures,  
 And make them mourne? Who shall take up  
 his lute,

And touch it, till he crowne a silent sleepe  
 Upon my eye-lids, making me dreame, and cry,  
 "Oh my deere, deare Philaster"?

*Phi.* [*aside*]. Oh my heart! 70  
 Would he had broken thee, that made thee  
 know

This lady was not loyall! — Mistrisse,  
 Forget the boy, I'le get thee a farre better.

*Are.* Oh never, never such a boy againe  
 As my Bellario!

*Phi.* Tis but your fond affection. 75

*Are.* With thee, my boy, farewell for ever  
 All secrecy in servants! Farewel faith,  
 And all desire to doe well for it selfe!  
 Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,  
 Sell and betray chaste love. 80

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy?

64 *Wake.* Q1, make.

67 *mourne.* Q1, warme.

69 *making.* Q1, make.

72-73 *This lady . . . better.* Dyce's division. Q2-F end

l. 72 with *forget.* Q1 ends l. 72 with *loyall*, and l. 73 with *thee.*

73 *thee.* Q1, you.

77 *secrecy.* Q1, service.

78 *desire . . . it selfe.* Q1, desires to doe well, for thy sake.

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to  
me,

And the losse of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* O thou forgetfull woman!

*Are.* How, my lord?

*Phi.* False Arethusa! 85

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke  
And doe thus.

*Are.* Doe what, sir? would you sleepe?

*Phi.* For ever, Arethusa. Oh you gods,  
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood 90

Naked, alone, the shocke of many fortunes?  
Have I seene mischiefes numberlesse and  
mighty

Growe like a sea upon me? Have I taken  
Danger as stern as death into my bosome,  
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth, 95  
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,  
Under this tyrant King, that languishing  
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Doe I  
Beare all this bravely, and must sinke at length

82 *to.* Q1, unto.

89 *Phi.* Q1 omits by mistake. *you gods.* Q1, ye gods, ye gods.

90 *worthy.* Q1, wealthy.

91 *alone.* Q1, Above.

92 *mischiefes.* Q1, mischief.

93 *like.* F, live.

94 *stern.* Q1, deepe.

96 *flung.* Q1, flowing.

98 *Hears.* Q1, heare.

99 *must.* Q1 omits.

Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy, 100  
 That cursed boy? None but a villaine boy  
 To ease your lust?

*Are.* Nay, then I am betrayed.  
 I feele the plot cast for my overthrow.  
 Oh, I am wretched!

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I have 105  
 To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy,  
 For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,  
 Where never woman kinde durst set her foote  
 For bursting with her poisons, must I seeke,  
 And live to curse you: 110

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts  
 What woman is, and helpe to save them from  
 you;

How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts  
 More hell then hell has; how your tongues,  
 like scorpions,

Both heale and poyson; how your thoughts are  
 woven 115

With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,  
 And worne so by you; how that foolish man,  
 That reades the story of a womans face,

109 *poisons.* Q1, poyson.

111 *There.* Q1, and there. *birds and beasts.* Q1, beasts  
 and birds.

112 *woman is.* Q1, women are. *and helpe . . . you.* Q1  
 omits.

117 *so.* Q1 omits. *man.* Q1, men.

118 *reades.* Q1, reade.



dies beleaving it, is lost for ever ;  
 all the good you have is but a shaddow, 120  
 morning with you, and at night behind you, X  
 and forgotten ; how your vowes are frosts,  
 for a night, and with the next sun gone ; X  
 you are, being taken all together,  
 eere confusion, and so dead a chaos, 125  
 t love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,  
 my last houre, I am bound to utter of you.  
 arewell all my woe, all my delight !

*Exit Phi[laster].*

*re.* Be mercifull, ye gods, and strike me dead !  
 at way have I deserv'd this ? Make my  
 breast 130

asparant as pure christal, that the world,  
 ous of me, may see the foulest thought  
 heart holds. Where shall a woman turne  
 her eyes,  
 finde out constancy ?

*Enter Bell[ario].*

Save me, how blacke  
 guiltily, me thinks that boy lookes now ! 135  
 thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st

*frosts.* Q1, frost. 129 *ye.* Q1, you ; Q5a omits.

*as pure christal.* Q1 omits ; Q3, as a pure christal.

*a woman turne her.* Q1, women turne their.

*Enter Bellario,* placed as in Q1, which has, "Enter boy."  
 place entry at end of the line.

*guiltily.* Q1, vile ; Q3-F, guilty.

*spak'st.* Q1, spokst ; Q6, speak'st.

Wert in thy cradle false ! sent to make lies,  
 And betray innocents ! thy lord and thou  
 May glory in the ashes of a maid  
 Fooled by her passion ; but the conquest is  
 Nothing so great as wicked. Flie away !  
 Let my command force thee to that which  
 shame

Would do without it. If thou understoodst  
 The loathed office thou hast undergone,  
 Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heapes of hills,  
 Least men should dig and finde thee.

*Bellarion.*

Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
 Into the noblest minds ? Madam, this griefe  
 You adde unto me is no more than drops  
 To seas, for which they are not seene to swell :  
 My Lord hath stricke his anger through my  
 heart,

And let out all the hope of future joyes.  
 You need not bid me flye ; I came to part,  
 To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever !  
 I durst not runne away in honesty  
 From such a lady, like a boy that stole,  
 Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods

138 *betray innocents.* Q1, to betray innocence.

139 *May.* Q1, Maist.

144 *undergone.* Q1, undertooke.

146 *men.* Q1, we.

147 *men.* Q1, me.

151 *hath.* Q1, has ; F, had.

153 *You.* Q1, Ye.

157 *grievous.* Q1, greater.

Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time  
 Reveale the truth to your abused lord  
 And mine, that he may know your worth;  
 whilst I 160

Goe seeke out some forgotten place to dye!

*Exit Bell* [ario].

*Are.* Peace guide thee! Thou hast over-  
 throwne me once;

Yet if I had another Troy to lose,  
 Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,  
 Might talke me out of it, and send me naked, 165  
 My haire disheveld, through the fiery streetes.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, the King would hunt, and  
 calls for you  
 With earnestnesse.

*Are.* I am in tune to hunt!  
 Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid  
 As with a man, let me discover thee 170  
 Nothing, and turne me to a fearefull hynde,  
 That I may dye persued by cruell hounds,  
 And have my story written in my wounds.

*Exeunt.*

158 *sufferings.* Q1, suffering.

162 *Thou hast,* Q1. Q2-F, th'ast.

163 *Yet . . . Troy.* Q1, but . . . time.

165 *talke.* Q1, take.

ACTUS 4. SCÆNA I.

[*Before the Palace.*]

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra,  
Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, and Attendants.*

*King.* What, are the hounds before, and all  
the woodmen?

Our horses ready, and our bowes bent?

*Dion.* All, sir.

*King* [*to Pharamond*]. Y'are cloudy, sir,  
come, we have forgotten

Your veniall trespasse; let not that sit heavy  
Upon your spirit; heres none dare utter it.

*Dion.* He lookes like an old surfeited stallion  
after his leaping, dull as a dormouse: see how  
he sinks; the wench has shot him betweene  
winde and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

*Thrasiline.* He needes no teaching, he strikes  
sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too  
much in the purlues; would hee wod leave off  
poaching!

*Dion.* And for his horne, has left it at the

*and Attendants.* Q1, and two Wood-men.

3 *to Pharamond, D, B.* Y'are. Q1, you are.

4 *trespasse.* Q1, trespasses.

5 *heres.* Q4-F omit. *dare.* Q1, dares.

6 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle." 9 *leake.* Q1, lake.

lodge where he lay late. Oh, hee's a pretious 15  
 lyme-hound! turne him loose upon the pursuit  
 of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th  
 slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes proud,  
 I'le borrow him.

*King.* Is your boy turn'd away? 20

*Arethusa.* You did command sir, and I obeyd  
 you.

*King.* Tis well done. Harke ye further.

*Cleremont.* Is't possible this fellow should re- 25  
 pent? Mee thinks that were not noble in him; and yet he lookes like a mortefied member, as if hee had a sicke mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall justice or other would presently (with-  
 out the helpe of an almanacke) have opened the 30  
 abstruptions of his liver, and let him blood with a dogge-whippe.

*Dion.* See, see, how modestly yon lady lookes,  
 as if she came from churching with her neigh-  
 bours! Why, what a divell can a man see in her 35  
 face, but that shee's honest?

15 *pretious.* Q1, pernicious.

16 *loose.* Q1 omits. *pursuit.* Q1-Q3, pursue.

17 *a.* Q1, any.

20-23 *Is . . . further.* D prints as two verse-lines, ending the  
 first with *sir.* 21 *obeyd.* F, obey.

24 *Cleremont.* Q1, "Leon," and the next speech to "Tra."

33 *yon.* Q5b-F, your. 34 *neighbours.* Q3-F, neighbour.

35 *a man.* Q1, you.



*Thra.* Faith, no great matter to speake of; a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate; but hee must be a cunning harald that findes it. 40

*Dion.* See how they muster one another! O there's a rancke regiment, where the divell carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behinde with the carriage. 41

*Cle.* Sure this lady has a good turne done her against her will; before she was common talke, now none dare say cantharides can stirre her. Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to bee tied up and bolted when this lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, shee has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetely, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes. 55  
Oh, if they were to bee got for money, what a

37 *Thra.* Q1, "Cle."; Q4-F, "Pha." *Faith.* Q4-F, Troth.

41 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra." and the following speech to "Leon." one. Q1, on.

42 *regiment.* Q1, regiment. 43 *dam.* Q1, damn'd.

44 *the world and the flesh.* Q1, the flesh and the world.

46 *done her.* Q1 omits *her.* 48 *dare.* Q1, dares.

52 *her.* Q1 omits.

54 *health.* Q4'39-F, D, B, health's.

55 *excepting.* Q1, except.

large sum would come out of the city for these licences!

*King.* To horse, to horse! we loose the morning, gentlemen. *Exeunt.* 60

[SCENE II.

*A Forest.]*

*Enter two Woodmen.*

*1st Woodman.* What, have you lodged the deere?

*2d Woodman.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

*1st Wood.* Who shootes?

*2nd Wood.* The princesse. 5

*1st Wood.* No shee'l hunt.

*2nd Wood.* Shee'l take a stand, I say.

*1st Wood.* Who else?

*2nd Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

*1st Wood.* Hee shall shoote in a stone bow 10  
for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship since  
hee forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings.  
He was there at the fall of a deere, and would  
needes (out of his mightinesse) give ten groates  
for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have 15

57 *large*, Q1, Q2. Q3-F, D, B, great.

*Exeunt.* Q1, Exit King and Lords, Manet Wood-men.

2 *deere*. Q1, Deere below. 9 *stranger*. Q1, strange.

15 *dowcets*. Q1, docets; Q4'39-F, dowcers.

*his*, Q1. Q2-F, the. *would have*. Q5-F, would have had.

the velvet head into the bargaine, to turfe his hat withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old Sir Tristram; for if you be remembered, he forsooke the stagge once to strike a raskall miching in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

*2nd Wood.* The lady Galatea.

*1st Wood.* That's a good wench, and shee would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberall, and, by the gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault [or no,] I have nothing to doe. There's all?

*2nd Wood.* No, one more, Megra.

*1st Wood.* That's a firker, I faith, boy. There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods have beene answerable), and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for

- 18 *is an.* Q1, and. *you,* Q1, ye. 19 *she.* Q1, a.  
 20 *miching,* Th. Qq, F, milking, which Boas retains. B (qy.),  
 walking. 23 *and.* Q1, an.  
 25 *the gods.* Q4-F, D, my bow. *she's.* Q1 omits.  
 27 *or no,* only Q1. 34 *have.* Q1, Q6, F, had.  
 36 *it.* Q1 omits.  
 37 *he.* Q1 omits. *for it.* Q1, for't.

it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke,  
let's goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philaster.*

*Philaster.* Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in  
these woods 40  
With milke of goates and akrons, and not  
knowne ✓

The right of crownes, nor the dissembling traines  
Of womens lookes; but dig'd my selfe a cave,  
Where I, my fire, my cattell, and my bed  
Might have been shut together in one shed; 45  
And then had taken me some mountaine girle,  
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardned rocks  
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my  
bed ✕

With leaves, and reedes, and with the skins of  
beasts,  
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big  
breasts 50  
My large course issue. This had beene a life  
Free from vexation.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bellario.* Oh wicked men!  
An innocent may walke safe among beasts;

38-39 *Harke, let's goe.* Q1, Hark else.

40 *these.* Q1, the. 41 *akrons.* Q1, acrons.

43 *womens lookes.* Q1, cruell love.

47 *hardned rocks.* Q1, rocke. 48 *dwelt,* Q1. Q2-F,  
dwells. 50 *borne at her.* Q1, borne out her.

53 *innocent.* F, innocent man.

Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord  
 Sits as his soule were searching out a way 55  
 To leave his body! — Pardon me that must  
 Breake thy last commandement; for I must  
 speake :

You that are griev'd can pittie; heare, my lord!

*Phi.* Is there a creature yet so miserable,  
 That I can pity?

*Bell.* Oh, my noble lord,  
 View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,  
 According to your bounty (if my service  
 Can merrit nothing), so much as may serve  
 To keepe that little piece I hold of life  
 From cold and hunger.

*Phi.* Is it thou? be gone!  
 Go sell those misbeseeing cloathes thou wear-  
 est,

And feed thy selfe with them.

*Bell.* Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for  
 them :

The silly countrey people thinke tis treason  
 To touch such gay things.

*Phi.* Now, by the gods, this is  
 Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;

54 *See.* Q1, I see.

56 *must.* Q1 omits.

61 *fortune.* Q1, fortunes.

65-70 *Phi.* Is it . . . gay things. Q1 omits.

66 *wear'est.* Q4'39-F, wear'st.

70 *by the gods.* Q4-F, D, my life.



Th'art falne againe to thy dissembling trade.  
 How shouldst thou thinke to cozen me againe?  
 Remaines there yet a plague untride for me?  
 Even so thou wepst, and lookst, and spokst, when  
 first

75

I tooke thee up: curse on the time! If thy  
 Commanding teares can work on any other,  
 Use thy art; I'le not betray it. Which way  
 Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?  
 For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I  
 Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that  
 way?

80

*Bell.* Any will serve, but I will chuse to have  
 That path in chase that leades unto my grave.

*Exit Pbi[laster and] Bell[ario] severally.*

*Enter Dion and the Woodmen.*

*Dion.* This is the strangest suddaine chance!  
 — You woodman!

*1st Woodman.* My Lord Dion? 85

*Dion.* Saw you a lady come this way on a  
 sable horse studded with starres of white?

72 *Th'art.* Q1, thou art.

75 *lookst, and.* Q4-F omit. *first I.* Q1, I first.

76-81 *I tooke . . . that way.* Verse-division of Q2-F. B transfers *which way* from l. 78 to l. 79 and follows Th, in changing to of l. 80 to "unto." W, D, make seven lines, ending *up, teares, art, take, poison, rage, way.* 76 *up.* Q1 omits.

*Enter, etc.* Q1, Enter Leon, Cle. and Wood-men.

84 *chance.* Q6, F, change. 85 *1st Woodman.* Q1, "Cle."

87 *studded.* Q1, starre-dyed; Q6, F, stubbed.

*2nd Woodman.* Was she not young and tall?

*Dion.* Yes. Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

*2nd Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none. 90

*Exit Woodmen.*

*Dian.* Poxe of your questions then! —

*Enter Cleremont.*

What, is she found?

*Cleremont.* Nor will be, I thinke.

*Dian.* Let him seeke his daughter himselfe: shee cannot stray about a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole court must be in armes; 95 when she has done, we shall have peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some say her horse ran away with her; some, a wolfe persued her; others, t'was a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men 100 were seene in the wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

*Enter King, and Thrasiline.*

*King.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*King.* How's that?

Answer me so againe.

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

88. *2nd Woodman.* Q1, "1 Wood." 91 *your.* Q2, you.

*Enter Cleremont.* Q1 omits. 98 *ran.* Q1, Q5b-F, run.

100 *t'was.* Q3, it was. *arm'd.* Q1, armed.

103 *How's.* Q3-F, How is. 104 *Cle.* Q1, "Leon."

*King.* Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me  
that. 105

I say againe, where is she? Mutter not! —  
Sir, speake you, where is she?

*Dion.* Sir, I doe not know.

*King.* Speake that againe so boldly, and, by  
heaven,

It is thy last. — You fellowes, answer me,  
Where is she? Marke me all, I am your king, 110  
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;  
I doe command you all, as you are subjects,  
To shew her me. What! am I not your king?  
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

*Dion.* Yes, if you command things possible  
and honest. 115

*King.* Things possible and honest! Heare  
me, thou, —

Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy king to  
things

Possible and honest; shew her me,  
Or let me perish, if I cover not  
All Cicilie with blood.

*Dion.* Faith, I cannot, 120  
Unlesse you tell me where she is.

114 *then.* Q1, why then.

116-117 *Heare . . . traytor.* Q1, heare me then, thou traytor.

117-118 *things . . . honest.* Q1, possible and honest, things.

120 *Faith.* Q4-F, D, Indeed.

121 *you.* Q1, you'le.

*King.* You have betrayed me; you have let  
me loose  
The jewell of my life: goe, bring her me,  
And set her here before me: tis the King  
Will have it so, whose breath can still the  
winds,  
Unclovd the sun, charme downe the swelling  
sea,  
And stop the fouds of heaven. Speake, can it  
not?

*Dion.* No.

*King.* No? Cannot the breath of kings  
doe this?

*Dion.* No; nor smell sweete it selfe, if once  
the lungs  
Be but corrupted.

*King.* Is it so? Take heed!

*Dion.* Sir, take you heed how you dare the  
powers

That must be just.

*King.* Alas, what are we kings?  
Why doe you gods place us above the rest,  
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we  
Beleeve we hold within our hands your thunder?

122 *you have*, Q1. Q2-F, y'have.

124 *here*. Q6, F, omit.

129 *Dion.* Q1, "Cle."

130 *Is it so*. Q1 omits.

131 *Sir*. Q1 omits.

128 *kings*. Q1, a King.

*No; nor*. Q1, no more.

*Take*. Q1, Take you.

134 *till*. Q1, still.

And when we come to try the power we have,  
 There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings. X  
 I have sind tis true, and here stand to be  
 punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd; let me chuse  
 My way, and lay it on. 140

*Dion.* He articles with the gods; would  
 some body would draw bonds for the perform-  
 ance of covenants betwixt them!

*Enter Pha[ramond], Galatea, and Megra.*

*King.* What, is she found?

*Pharamond.* No, we have tane her horse,  
 He gallopt empty by. There's some treason: 145  
 You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;  
 Why left you her?

*Galatea.* She did command me.

*King.* Command! you should not.

*Gal.* T'would ill become my fortunes and  
 my birth

To disobey the daughter of my king. 150

*King.* Y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt,  
 But I will have her.

*Pha.* If I have her not,  
 By this hand, there shall be no more Cicilie.

136 *we have.* Q1, we thinke we have.

138 *stand.* Q1, I stand.

139 *thus.* Q1, these. 143 *covenants.* Q1, covenant.

146 *with her into the wood.* Q1, into the Wood with her.

148 *King.* Q1, "Pha." 151 *Y'are.* Q1, O y'are. *hurt.*  
 Q1, hurts. 153 *hand.* Q1, sword.



*Dion.* What, will he carry it to Spaine in's pocket?

*Pha.* I will not leave one man alive, but the King, 155

A cooke, and a taylor.

*Dion.* Yes, you may do well to spare your lady bedfellow, and her you may keep for a spawner.

*King.* I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd. 160

*Dion.* Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

*King.* Run all, disperse your selves. The man that findes her,

Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'le make him great.

*Dion.* I know some would give five thousand pounds to finde her. 165

*Pha.* Come, let us seeke.

*King.* Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

*Dion.* Come gentlemen, we here.

*Cle.* Lady, you must goe search too.

*Megra.* I had rather be search'd my selfe. 170

*Exit omnes.*

157 *Yes.* Q4-F, D, Yet. *spare.* Q1, leave.

158 *lady.* Q6, F, ladies. *and her . . . spawner.* Q1, here for a spincer.

166-167 *Pha. King.* Q1 gives these speeches to "King" and "Pha." respectively.

170 *Megra.* Q1, "Gal." *be search'd.* Q1, the search.

## [SCENE III.]

*Another Part of the Forest.]**Enter Arethusa.*

*Arethusa.* Where am I now? Feete finde me  
out a way,

Without the counsell of my troubled head.  
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,  
O're mountaines, thorow brambles, pits, and  
floods.

Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sicke. 5

[*She sits down.*]*Enter Bellario.*

*Bellario.* Yonder's my lady. God knowes I  
want nothing,

Because I doe not wish to live; yet I  
Will try her charity. — Oh heare, you that have  
plenty,

From that flowing store, drop some on drie  
ground. — See,

The lively red is gone to guard her heart! 10

I feare she faints: — Madam, looke up! — She  
breathes not. —

1 *finde . . . way.* Q1, finde out the way.

4 *O're.* Q1, or. *thorow*, Q4'39-F. Q1-Q4'34, through.

*She sits down*, Q1.

6-14 *Yonder's . . . comfort*, line-division Q2-F. D ends lines  
with *want, live, hear, store, red, faints, more, lord, is it, comfort.*

6 *Yonder's my lady.* Q1, Yonder my lady is. *God.* Q1, gods;  
Q3-F, D, Heaven. 9 *ground.* Q1, grounds.

Open once more those rosie twins, and send  
Unto my lord your latest farewell! — Oh, she  
stirres! —

How is it, madam? Speake comfort.

*Are.* Tis not gently done,  
To put me in a miserable life,  
And hold me there. I prethee, let me goe,  
I shall doe best without thee; I am well.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Philaster.* I am too blame to be so much in  
rage;

I'le tell her coolely, when and where I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.

Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good  
gods,

Tempt not a fraile man! — What's he, that has  
a heart,

But he must ease it here!

*Bell.* My lord, helpe, helpe the princesse.

*Are.* I am well: forbear.

*Pbi.* Let me love lightning, let me be embrac't

12 *more.* Q1 omits. *twins.* Q1, twines.

13 *Oh.* Q5b, I Oh. *she.* Q6, he.

14 *is it.* Q1, is't. 18 *I am well.* Q1 omits.

23 *you.* F, D, ye. 24 *What's.* Q1, Who's.

25 *here.* Q1, with his tongue.

26 *helpe, helpe the,* Q1-Q3, B. Q4-Q6, help; F, help the;  
D, help, help! The. 28 *lightning.* Q1, lightnings.

kist by scorpions, or adore the eyes  
 basalisks, rather than trust the tongues 30  
 hell-bred women! Some good god looke  
 downe

shrinke these veins up; stick me here a stone  
 ting to ages in the memory  
 this damned act! — Heare me, you wicked  
 ones, X

I have put hills of fire into this breast, 35  
 to be quench'd with teares; for which, may  
 guilt

on your bosomes! at your meales, and beds,  
 paire awayte you! What, before my face?  
 son of aspes between your lips! Deseases  
 your best issues! Nature make a curse 40  
 I throw it on you!

*He.* Dear Philaster, leave  
 be enrag'd, and heare me.

*Phi.* I have done;  
 give my passion. Not the calmed sea,  
 when Eolus locks up his windy brood,  
 esse disturb'd then I. I'le make you know't: 45

30 *the.* Q4-F, to.

31 *Of . . . downe.* Q4-F omit. *women.* Q2, woman.

33 *ages in the.* Q1 omits.

35 *hills of.* Q6, F, the hills on. *this.* Q1, my.

40 *make.* Q4-Q5, makes.

41 *throw.* Q2 misprints, through.

42 *To be enrag'd.* Q1, To inrage.

45 *know't,* Q2. Q3-F, D, B, know it. Q1, know.

Dear Arethusa, doe but take this sword,  
 And search how temperate a heart I have;  
 Then you and this your boy may live and  
 raigne

In lust without controle.—Wilt thou, Bellario?  
 I prethee kill me; thou art poore, and maist  
 Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,  
 Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?  
 If I were mad I should desire to live.

Sirs, feele my pulse; whether have you knowne  
 A man in a more equall tune to die?

*Bell.* Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-  
 mans time!

So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me then?

*Are.* Kill you?

*Bell.* Not for the world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,  
 Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods  
 Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be  
 gone!

Leave me without reply; this is the last

45 Q1 adds stage-direction, *offers his drawn sword.*

46 *doe but.* Q1 omits.

52 *Thy,* Q1. Q2-F, This.

54 *have you.* Q1, D, you have.

55 *a.* Q1 omits.

56 *Bell.* Q1, "Prin.," *i. e.*, Arethusa. *madmans.* Q1, mad-  
 mens.

58 *Are . . . Bell.* Q1, "Boy." . . . "Prin." *the.* Q4-  
 F, a.



Of all our meetings. (*Exit Bell* [*ario.*]) Kill me  
with this sword;

Be wise, or worse will follow; we are two  
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,  
Or suffer. 65

*Are.* If my fortune be so good, to let me fall  
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.  
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,  
No jealousie in the other world, no ill there?

*Pbi.* No. 70

*Are.* Shew me then the way.

*Pbi.* Then guide my feeble hand,  
You that have power to doe it, for I must  
Performe a peece of justice. — If your youth  
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers 75  
Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

*Are.* I am prepared.

*Enter a Countrey Fellow.*

*Country Fellow.* I'll see the King, if he be in  
the forrest; I have hunted him these two houres.  
If I should come home and not see him, my 80

62 meetings, Q1. Q2-F, meeting.

66 fortune. Q1, F, fortunes. 67 in death. Q1, with earth.

68 will there. Q1, Q2, there will.

69 jealousie, Q1-Q4. Q5-F, D, B, jealousies.

there. Q1, here.

71 Shew . . . way. Q1, Shew me the way to joy.

76 to it. Q1, to 't.

Enter . . . Fellow. Q1, Enter . . . Gallant. 78 I'll. Q1, I will.

79 these. Q1, this. houres. Q3, Q4, heure.

sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horst then my selfe, that outride me; I can heare nothing but showing. These kings had need of good braines; this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I thinke.

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Are.* With heaven and earth.

*Phi.* May they divide thy soule and body!

[*Wounds her.*]

*Coun.* Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Th'art a craven, I warrant thee; thou wouldst bee loth to play halfe a dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leave us, good friend.

*Are.* What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe

Upon our private sports, our recreations.

82 *then.* Q2 misprints, then then. *outride.* Q4' 39, Q5b, Q6, outrid.

84 *good.* Q1, strong. *this.* Q1, the.

85 *is . . . man.* Q1, would put a man.

88 *Are . . . earth.* B includes *May they* in this line. *heaven.* F, Heavens.

89 *May.* Q1, Nay.

*Wounds her.* Q1, "Phy. wounds her" after *peace*, l. 88.

91 *thou wouldst.* Q1, thou d'st; Q3-Q6, thou wouldst.

92 *dozen.* Q4-F, dozen of. *venies.* Q2, Q3, spell, veins.

93 *good fellow.* Q1, man.

*Coun.* God uds me, I understand you not ;  
but I know the rogue has hurt you.

*Phi.* Persue thy owne affaires ; it will be ill  
To multiply blood upon my head, which thou 100  
Wilt force me to.

*Coun.* I know not your rethoricke, but I can  
lay it on if you touch the woman. *They fight.*

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deservest !

*Are.* Heaven guard my lord !

*Coun.* Oh, doe you breathe ? 105

*Phi.* I heare the tread of people. I am hurt ;  
The gods take part against me ; could this boore  
Have held me thus else ? I must shift for life,  
Though I doe loathe it. I would finde a course  
To lose it rather by my will then force. 110

*Exit Philaster.*

*Coun.* I cannot follow the rogue : I preethee  
wench, come kisse me now.

*Enter Pbara[mond], Dion, Cle[remont], Thrasil[ine]  
and Woodmen.*

*Pharamond.* What art thou ?

*Coun.* Almost kild I am for a foolish woman ;  
a knave has hurt her. 115

97 *uds me.* Q1, judge me ; Q4-F, uds.

98 *you.* Q1, ye. 102 *rethoricke.* Q1, Rethrack.

104 *Heaven.* Q1, Gods ; Q4-F, D, Heavens.

107 *could.* Q1, would. 109 *loathe.* Q1, lose.

112 *come kisse,* Q1, B. Q2-F, D, come and kiss.

113 *Pharamond.* Q1, "Leon."

*Pha.* The princesse, gentlemen! Where's the wound madam? Is it dangerous?

*Are.* He has not hurt me.

*Coun.* By God, she lies; has hurt her in the breast,

Look else.

*Pha.* O sacred spring of innocent blood! <sup>119</sup>

*Dion.* 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

*Are.* I felt it not.

*Pha.* Speake villaine, who has hurt the princesse?

*Coun.* Is it the princesse?

*Dion.* I. 125

*Coun.* Then I have seene something yet.

*Pha.* But who has hurt her?

*Coun.* I told you, a rogue; I ne're saw him before, I.

*Pha.* Madam, who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch;

Alas, I know him not, and doe forgive him. 130

*Coun.* Hee's hurt too; he cannot goe farre; I made my fathers olde foxe flie about his eares.

119 *By God.* Q<sub>3</sub>-F, D, I'faith. *in the.* Q<sub>1</sub>, i'the.

120 *Look else,* Q<sub>9</sub>, F, include in preceding line. *O sacred.* Q<sub>1</sub>, oh secret.

125 *Dion. I.* Q<sub>1</sub>, *Omnes.* I.

127 *Pha.* Q<sub>1</sub>, "Leon." *hurt her.* Q<sub>1</sub>, done it.

129-130 *Some . . . forgive him.* Verse-division of D; one line in Q<sub>9</sub>, F. 132 *made.* Q<sub>1</sub>, let. *about his.* Q<sub>1</sub>, about's.

*Pha.* How will you have me kill him ?

*Are.* Not at all; tis some distracted fellow.

*Pha.* By this hand, I'le leave never a piece <sup>135</sup>  
of him bigger then a nut, and bring him all to  
you in my hat.

*Are.* Nay, good sir ;

If you doe take him, bring him quicke to me,  
And I will study for a punishment, <sup>140</sup>  
Great as his fault.

*Pha.* I will.

*Are.* But sweare.

*Pha.* By all my love I will.  
Woodmen, conduct the princessse to the King,  
And beare that wounded fellow to dressing.  
Come, gentlemen, wee'l follow the chase close. <sup>145</sup>

*Exit Are[thusa], Pha[ramond], Di[on],  
Cle[remont], Tbra[siline], and 1 Wood-  
man.*

*Coun.* I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

*2nd Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

*Coun.* If I get cleare of this, I'le goe see no  
more gay sights. *Exeunt.*

<sup>135</sup> *hand.* Q1, ayre. *never.* Q5-F, ne'er.

<sup>136</sup> *of him.* Q1 omits. *to you,* Q1, Q4-F omit.

<sup>141</sup> *fault.* Q1, sinne. <sup>142</sup> *I will.* Q5a, I will. I will.

<sup>142-145</sup> *By all . . . close.* Verse-division of D. Prose in

Q9, F. <sup>143</sup> *Woodmen.* Q4-F, D, B. Q1-Q3, Woodman.

<sup>144</sup> *to.* Q1, unto. *Exit, etc.* Q1 prints simply Exit.

<sup>147</sup> *2nd Wood.* Q1, "Cle."

<sup>148</sup> *of,* Q1-Q3. Q4-F, with. *goe see,* F. Q1, see ;

Q2-Q6, goe to see. *Exeunt.* In Q9, F, opposite l. 147.



## [SCENE IV.]

*Another Part of the Forest.**Enter Bellario.*

*Bellarion.* A heaviness neere death sits on my  
brow,

And I must sleepe. Beare me, thou gentle banke,  
For ever if thou wilt. You sweete ones all,

Let me unworthy presse you : I could wish  
I rather were a course strewd 'ore with you  
Then quicke above you. Dulnesse shuts mine  
eyes,

And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take  
So sound a sleepe that I might never wake !

[*Sleeps.*]*Enter Philaster.*

*Philaster.* I have done ill; my conscience calls  
me false,

To strike at her that would not strike at me.  
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray  
The gods to guard me. She may be abusde,  
And I a loathed villain : if she be,  
She will conceale who hurt her. He has wounds,  
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.  
Who's this ? Bellario sleeping ? If thou beest

1 *A heaviness neere.* Q1, O heavens ! heavy.

3 *ones.* Q1, on. *Lies down,* D.

6 *mine.* Q1, my.

7 *Oh.* Q1 omits.

16 *beest.* Q1, be'st.

Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe  
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast  
 wrong'd,  
 So broken. (*Cry within.*) Hark! I am persued.  
 You gods,  
 I'le take this offerd meanes of my escape. 20  
 They have no marke to know me but my  
 blood,  
 If she be true; if false, let mischiefe light  
 On all the world at once! Sword, print my  
 wounds  
 Upon this sleeping boy! I ha none, I thinke,  
 Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. 25 ✓

*Wounds him.*

*Bell.* Oh, death I hope is come! Blest be  
 that hand!

It meant me well. Againe, for pitties sake!

*Phi.* I have caught my selfe;

*Phi[laster] falls.*

The losse of blood hath stayed my flight. Here,  
 here ✓

Is he that stroke thee; take thy full revenge; 30  
 Use me, as I did meane thee, worse then death;  
 I'le teach thee to revenge. This lucklesse hand  
 Wounded the princesse; tell my followers,

19 *Cry within.* So placed in Q1; Q2-F, after l. 17.

21 *blood*, Q1. Q2-F, wounds.

24 *this*. Q1, his. *boy*. Q1, body. *I ha*. Q1, he has.

27 *meant*. Q1, wish. *pitties*. Q1, pittie.

Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,  
And I will second thee ; get a reward. 35

*Bell.* Fly, fly, my lord, and save your selfe.

*Phi.* How's this ?

Wouldst thou I should be safe ?

*Bell.* Else were it vaine

For me to live. These little wounds I have  
Ha not bled much ; reach me that noble hand ;  
Ile helpe to cover you.

*Phi.* Art thou then true to me ? 40

*Bell.* Or let me perish loath'd. Come, my  
good lord,

✓ Creepe in amongst those bushes ; who does know  
But that the gods may save your much lov'd  
breath ?

*Phi.* Then I shall dye for grieffe, if not for  
this,

That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou doe ? 45

*Bell.* Shift for my selfe well ; peace, I heare  
um come. [*Philaster creeps into a bush.*]

✓ *Within.* Follow, follow, follow ! that way  
they went.

36 *Fly, fly.* Q1, Hide, hide.

37 *were it.* Q1, it was ; Q6, F, it were.

38 *little.* Q1 omits.

39 *Ha.* Q1, has.

40 *then, only* Q1.

41 *good.* Q1 omits.

42 *amongst,* Q1, F. Q2-Q6, among. *those.* Q1, these.

43 *much lov'd breath.* Q1, your breath in't, Shromd.

46 *Philaster . . . bush,* W, D, B.

47 *Follow, follow, follow !* Q1, Follow, follow.

*Bell.* With my owne wounds I'le bloody my  
owne sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; heaven knowes,  
That I can stand no longer. [Falls.] 50

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

*Pharamond.* To this place we have tract him  
by his blood.

*Cleremont.* Yonder, my lord, creepes one  
away.

*Dion.* Stay sir; what are you?

*Bell.* A wretched creature wounded in these  
woods

By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men, 55  
Or I shall perish.

*Dion.* This is he, my lord,  
Upon my soule, that hurt her; tis the boy,  
That wicked boy that serv'd her.

*Pha.* O, thou damn'd in thy creation!  
What cause couldst thou shape to strike the  
princesse? 60

*Bell.* Then I am betrayed.

*Dion.* Betrayed! no, apprehended.

*Bell.* I confesse;  
(Urge it no more) that, big with evill thoughts,

50 *That.* Q1 omits. *Falls, D.* Q1, Boy falls downe.

51 *we have.* Q1, I.

52-53 *Cleremont. Dion.* Q1, "Leon." "Cle."

56 *Dion.* Q1, "Tra." 57 *tis.* Q1, it is.

59 *thy.* Q5a, the. 60 *strike.* Q3-F, D, B, hurt.

I set upon her, and did make my ayme  
 Her death. For charity, let fall at once 65  
 The punishment you meane, and do not load  
 This weary flesh with tortures.

*Pha.* I will know  
 Who hired thee to this deed.

*Bell.* Mine owne revenge.

*Pha.* Revenge, for what?

*Bell.* It pleasee her to receive  
 Me as her page, and when my fortunes eb'd, 70  
 That men strid ore them carelesse, she did  
 showre

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
 My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes,  
 Threatning the men that crost um; when, as swift  
 As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes 75  
 To burning sunnes upon me, and did dry  
 The streames she had bestowed, leaving me  
 worse

And more contemn'd then other little brookes,  
 Because I had beene great. In short, I knew  
 I could not live, and therefore did desire 80  
 To dye reveng'd.

*Pha.* If tortures can be found

64 *make.* Q4-F, take. 67 *tortures.* Q1, tortour.

67-68 *I will . . . this deed.* One line Q1, F.

68 *Mine.* Q1, My. 69 *Pha.* Q1, "Cle."

71 *carelesse.* Q4-F, carelessly. 74 *um.* Q1, them.

76 *sunnes.* Q1, Sines.



as thy natural life, resolve to feele  
utmost rigour.

*Philaster creepes out of a bush.*

*le.* Helpe to leade him hence.

*bi.* Turne backe, you ravishers of innocence!  
How ye the price of that you beare away 85  
audely?

*ba.* Who's that?

*tion.* Tis the Lord Philaster.

*bi.* Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,  
wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearle  
that pave the court of Neptune, can weigh  
downe

that vertue. It was I that hurt the princesse. 90  
Save me, some god, upon a Piramis,  
rather then hills of earth, and lend a voyce  
like as your thunder to me, that from thence  
thy discourse to all the under-world  
is worth that dwels in him!

*ba.* How's this?

*ell.* My lord, some man 95  
deprive of life, that would be glad to dye.

*bi.* Leave these untimely courtezies, Bellario.

*rigour.* Q1, vigour. Stage-direction placed as in Q1; after

in Q2-F. 84 *innocence.* Q1, innocents.

*ye.* Q1, you. *that.* Q1, what. 86 *Tis the.* Q1, My.

*all.* Q1, all the. 90 *that.* Q6, as.

*upon a Piramis.* Q1, on a Pyramades.

*your.* Q1, you. 94 *discourse to all.* Q1, teach.

*these . . . courtezies.* Q1, this . . . courtesie.

*Arethusa.* Ay me, I know he will.

*King.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so. Oh my stars, that I should live still!

*King.* Thou ambitious foole, 130

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life!

Now I do meane to doe; I'le leave to talke.

Bear them to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together, to take hence  
This harmlesse life; should it passe unreveng'd, 135

I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,

By all the love a father beares his child,

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

*Dion.* Death? soft: our law will not reach  
that for this fault. 140

*King.* Tis granted; take um to you, with a  
guard.—

Come, princely Pharamond, this businesse past,

We may with more security goe on

To your intended match.

[*Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont, and  
Thrasiline*]

127 *he will.* Q1, him well.

133 *them,* Q1. Q2-F, him.

137 *love.* Q1, loves.

139 *deaths.* Q6, F, death.

143 *may.* Q1, shall.

*Exeunt, etc., D.* Q1, Exit King and Pharamont.

128 *was he.* Q1, were he.

136 *go.* Q1 omits.

138 *and.* Q1 omits.

140 *our.* Q1, your.

144 *To your.* Q1, with our.

Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold  
 Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away  
 This armefull from me; this had bin a ran-  
 some

115

To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,  
 Had he bin taken. You hard-hearted men,  
 More stony than these mountaines, can you see  
 Such cleere pure blood drop, and not cut your  
 flesh

To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds, 120  
 Queenes ought to teare their haire, and with  
 their teares

Bath um.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth  
 Of poore Philaster.

*Enter King, Aretbusa, and a Guard.*

*King.* Is the villaine taine?

*Pha.* Sir, here be two confesse the deede; but  
 sure

It was Philaster.

*Phi.* Question it no more; it was. 125

*King.* The fellow that did fight with him  
 will tell us that.

113 *Tis not.* Q1, Not all.

*Plutus.* Q1, Pluto.

119 *cleere.* Q1, a cleere.

120 *bitter.* Q4-F, better.

121 *haire.* Q1, haire.

122 *bathe,* Q1. Q2-F, bath.

124 *Pha.* Q1, "Leon."

*sure,* D, B. Q1, sute. Q2-

F, W, Boas, say.

125 *It was Philaster.* Q3, F, include in l. 124. *Phi.* Q1,

"King."

126 *King.* Q1, "Pha."

*us that.* Q4-F, us.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[*Before the Palace.*]

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

*Thrasiline.* Has the King sent for him to death?

*Dion.* Yes, but the King must know tis not in his power to warre with heaven.

*Cleremont.* We linger time; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an houre agoe.

*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Dion.* All; they were but scratches, but the losse of bloud made him faint.

*Cle.* We dally, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Away!

*Dion.* Weele skuffle hard before he perish.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.

*A Prison.*]

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.*

*Arethusa.* Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

*Enter . . . Cleremont.* Q2 spells "Clerimond" throughout Act v.

1 *Thrasiline.* Q1 gives this speech and the seven succeeding ones to Leon, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Leon, Thrasiline, Cleremont, Leon, and Thrasiline, respectively.

12 *Weele skuffle.* Q1, a shuffle.

*Exeunt.* Q1, before preceding line, Exit.

*Enter, etc.* Q1, Enter Phylaster, Princesse, Boy, in prison.

1 *faith.* Q4-F, D, dear.

*Bellarion.* Nay, good my lord, forbear, were  
wondrous well.

*Philaster.* Oh *Arethusa*, O *Bellarion*, leave to  
be kind!

All be shut from heaven, as now from earth,  
you continue so. I am a man, 5

as to a pair of the most trusty ones

on ever earth bore: can it beare us all?

Forgive and leave me. But the King hath sent

to call me to my death; oh, shew it me,

then forget me! And for thee, my boy, 10

all deliver words will mollifie

the hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

*Phil.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

like thy your noble thoughts; tis not a life,

but a peece of child-hood throwne away. 15

Would I outlive you, I should then outlive

reue and honour; and when that day comes,

when I shall close these eyes but once,

I live spotted for my perjury,

waste by time to nothing! 20

*Arethusa.* And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

*perce,* Q2. Q1, Q3-F, D, B, we are. 3 *O,* Q1, and.

*but,* Q1. Q2-F, shot. *as now from earth.* Q1 omits.

*most trusty.* Q1, truest. 8 *Forgive.* Q1, forgive me.

*you.* Q6, F, omit. *I should.* F, I shall. *then.* Q1 omits.

*comes.* Q1, come. 18 *shall.* F, should.

*my time,* Q1, B. Q2, D, by limbs; Q3-F, my limbs.

*that.* Q6, F, as. *was.* Q1, B, liv'd.



Forc't with my hands to bring my lord to death)  
 Doe by the honour of a virgin sweare  
 To tell no houres beyond it.

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Are.* Come from this prison, all joyfull to our  
 deaths!

*Phi.* People will teare me when they find  
 you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall dye loath'd.  
 Enjoy your kingdomes peaceably, whilst I  
 For ever sleepe, forgotten with my faults.  
 Every just servant, every maid in love,  
 Will have a peece of me, if you be true.

*Are.* My deere lord, say not so.

*Bell.* A peece of you!

He was not born of woman that can cut it  
 And looke on.

*Phi.* Take me in teares betwixt you,  
 For my heart will breake with shame and sor-  
 row.

*Are.* Why, tis well.

*Bell.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* [Why,] what would you have  
 done?

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

24 *houres beyond.* Q1, *houre behind.*

28 *kingdomes.* Q1, *Kingdome.*

30 *servant.* Q1, *maiden.*

32 *deere lord.* Q1, *deerest.*

33 *woman,* Q1. Q2-F, *women.* 37 *Why,* only Q1.

Your life no price compar'd to mine? For love,  
sirs,  
Deale with me truly.

*Bell.* T was mistaken, sir. 40

*Pbi.* Why if it were?

*Bell.* Then, sir, we would have ask'd  
Your pardon.

*Pbi.* And have hope to injoy it?

*Are.* Injoy it! I.

*Pbi.* Would you indeed? be plaine.

*Bell.* We would, my lord.

*Pbi.* Forgive me then.

*Are.* So, so.

*Bell.* Tis as it should be now.

*Pbi.* Lead to my death. *Exeunt.* 45

## [SCENE III.]

*A Room in the Palace.]*

*Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin.*

*King.* Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

*Cleremont.* So please you, sir, hee's gone to  
see the city

39 *Your . . . mine*, Mason conj. W, D, B. Q2-F, My  
. . . yours; Q1, My life no whit compared to yours.

41-42 *Then . . . pardon*. Q9, F, one line.

42 *Your*, Q2. Q1, Q3-F, you.

44 *Bell.* Q1, "Prin." *Enter, etc.* Q1 adds, and a guard.

2 *Cleremont.* Q1, "Leon."

And the new platforme, with some gentlemen  
Attending on him.

*King.* Is the princess ready  
To bring her prisoner out?

*Thrasiline.* She waites your grace. 5

*King.* Tell her we stay. [*Exit Thrasiline.*]

*Dion.* King, you may be deceiv'd yet;  
The head you aime at cost more setting on  
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;  
Like a wilde over-flow, that soopes before him  
A golden stacke, and with it shakes down  
bridges, 10

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable  
roots

Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thun-  
ders,

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages  
Upon his back, and in that heate of pride,  
Charges strong townes, towers, castles, pallaces, 15  
And layes them desolate; so shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruines.

3 *platforme.* Q1, Plotforme.

6 *Exit Thrasiline,* only Q1.

8 *to be lost.* Q1, to lose it.

lightly, Q1 adds stage-direction, "aside."

10 *stacke.* Q1, stocke.

14 *that.* Q1, the.

5 *Thrasiline.* Q1, "Cle."

lightly. Q5-F, slightly. After

aside."

13 *mightier.* Q1, weightier.

16 *layes.* Q1, leaves.

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario, in a robe and garland, [and Tbrasiline.]*

*King.* How now, what maske is this? 20

*Bellarrio.* Right royall sir, I should

Sing you an epithelamion of these lovers,  
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,  
And wanting a celestiall harpe to strike  
This blessed union on, thus in glad story 25

I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,  
The noblest of the mountaine, where they grew  
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades  
The worthier beasts have made their layars, and  
slep't

Free from [the firver of] the Sirian starre 30

And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,  
When they were big with humor, and deliver'd  
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth :

O there was none but silent quiet there !

Till never pleas'd Fortune shot up shrubs, 35  
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches ;  
And for a while they did so, and did raigne

*in a robe and garland.* Q1, with a garland of flowers on's head.

21 *should.* Q1, shal. 22 *of these lovers.* Q1 omits.

23 *having.* Q5a, have. 25 *on.* Q1 omits.

27 *mountaine.* Q1, mountaines.

30 *the firver of,* only Q1.

30-33. *Free from . . . earth.* Line-division of D. Q2-F,  
three lines, ending *thunder-stroke, humor, earth.*

33 *deliver'd.* Q4-F. Q1-Q3, deliver.

34 *their.* Q1, that. 35 *pleas'd.* Q4'39-F, pleas'd.

36 *brambles, to divorce.* Q1, branches, to devour.

Over the mountaine, and choake up his beauty  
With brakes, rude thornes and thistles, till the  
sunne

Scorcht them even to the roots and dryed them  
there;

And now a gentle gale hath blowne againe,  
That made these branches meete and twine to-  
gether,

Never to be divided. The god that sings  
His holy numbers over marriage beds  
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand 45  
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.

*King.* How, how?

*Arethusa.* Sir, if you love it in plaine truth,  
(For now there is no masking in't) this gentle-  
man,

The prisoner that you gave me, is become  
My keeper, and through all the bitter throwes 50  
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought  
him,

38 *choake.* Q1, did choake; Q4'39-F, choakt.

39 *rude thornes.* Q1, rud, thornes. *the.* Q6, F, thy.

40 *even.* Q1 omits. *roots.* Q1, roote. *them.* Q1, un.

41 *a.* Q5a omits. *gentle.* Q2, Q3, gentler. *hath.* Q1, has.

43 *divided.* Q1, unmade; but D and B cite *unarmde* as reading of Q1.

44 *holy.* Q1 omits. *numbers,* Q4-F. Q1-Q3, number.

*over.* Q1, ore. 45 *Hath.* Q1, has. *noble.* Q5a omits.

46 *mighty.* Q1, worthy. 48 *now.* Q4-F, omit.

50 *throwes.* Q1, threats; modern Edd., throcs.



Thus nobly hath he strugled ; and at length  
Arrived heere my deare husband.

*King.* Your deere husband !  
Call in the captain of the cittadell.

There you shall keepe your wedding. Ile provide 55  
A masque shall make your Himen turne his  
saffron

Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems  
To your departing soules ;  
Bloud shall put out your torches, and instead  
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks, 60  
An axe shall hang, like a prodigious meteor,  
Ready to crop your loves sweetes. Heare, you  
gods !

From this time do I shake all title off  
Of father to this woman, this base woman ; ✓  
And what there is of vengeance in a lyon, 65  
Chast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare yong,  
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,  
Expect from me !

*Are.* Sir, by that little life I have left to  
swear by,

52 *strugled.* Q5-F, strangled.

54-58 *Call in . . . soules.* Line-division of D, B. Q2-F print  
*call in* in line 53 and end the next four lines with *keepe, make, coat,*  
*soules.* 55 *There.* Q1, where.

65 *vengeance in.* Q1, venge. in.

66 *Chast,* Q1. Q2-Q4, Chast ; Q5-F, Cast. *among.* Q1,  
Q6, F, amongst. 68 *Expect.* Q1, looke.

69 *Sir,* included in this line in Q1, but printed on a line by  
itself Q2-F. *I.* Q1, that I.

Theres nothing that can stirre me from my selfe. 70  
 What I have done, I have done without repent-  
 ance,

For death can be no bug-beare unto me,  
 So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

*Dion* [*aside*]. Sweet peace upon thy soule,  
 thou worthy maid,

When ere thou dyest; for this time Ile excuse  
 thee, 75

Or be thy prologue.

*Philaster.* Sir, let me speake next,

And let my dying words be better with you  
 Then my dull living actions. If you ayme

At the deere life of this sweet innocent,  
 Y'are a tyrant and a savage monster, 80

[That feedes upon the blood you gave a life to;]

Your memory shall be as foule behind you  
 As you are living; all your better deeds

Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;

No chronicle shall speake you, though your owne, 85

But for the shame of men. No monument

(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able

To cover this base murder; make it rich

70 *Theres.* Q5a, There is. *that.* Q1 omits.

72 *can . . . me.* Q1, to me can be no bug bear.

73 *So.* Q1, as. 76 *Or be.* Q1, ore by.

79 *deere.* Q1 omits. 80 *Y'are.* Q1, you are.

81 *That . . . to,* only Q1. 86 *the.* Q1, a.

87 *Pelion.* Q2, Pelcon; Q5a, Pelican.

h brasse, with purest gold, and shining  
 jasper,  
 e the piramides; lay on epitaphes, 90  
 h as make great men gods; my little marble  
 at only cloathes my ashes, not my faults)  
 l farre outshine it. And for after-issues,  
 nk not so madly of the heavenly wisdomes,  
 ut they will give you more for your mad rage 95 ✓  
 cut off, unlesse it be some snake, or something  
 e your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.  
 nember my father, King! There was a fault,  
 I forgive it. Let that sinne perswade you  
 love this lady. If you have a soule, 100 ✓  
 nke, save her, and be saved. For my selfe,  
 ive so long expected this glad houre,  
 anguisht under you, and dayly withered,  
 it, by the gods, it is a joy to die;  
 ad a recreation in't. 105

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Wheres the King?

*King.* Heere.

*Mess.* Get you to your strength,  
 l rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;  
 e's taken prisoner by the citizens,  
 ring the Lord Philaster. ✓

*Dion* [*aside*]. Oh, brave followers!

9 *with purest.* Q1 omits.

4 *by the gods.* Q4-F, D, heaven knows. a. Q4-F, my.

6 *Wheres.* D, Where is. you. Q1 omits.

9 *Fearing.* Q1, For. *followers.* Q1, fellows.

Muteny, my fine deere countrimen, muteny! <sup>110</sup>  
 Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your  
 weapons

In honour of your mistresses!

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2nd Messenger.* Arme, arme, arme, arme!

*King.* A thousand divels take [these citi-  
 zens!]

*Dion [aside].* A thousand blessings on um! <sup>115</sup>

*2nd Mess.* Arme, O King! the city is in  
 muteny,

Led by an old gray ruffin, who comes on  
 In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

*King.* Away to the cittadell! —

*Exit [Messenger] with Are [tbusa],  
 Phi[laster,] Bellario.*

Ile see them safe,  
 And then cope with these burgers. Let the  
 guard <sup>120</sup>

And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

*Exit King.*

*Manent Dion, Clermont, Tbrasiline.*

*Cle.* The citty up! this was above our wishes.

*Enter another Messenger.* Q1 omits; D, Enter a second gentle-  
 man.

<sup>113</sup> *2nd Messenger.* Q1, "2 Mes"; Q2-F, "Mess."  
 arme. Q1, Q4-F, repeat only three times.

<sup>114</sup> *these citizens,* Q1. Q2-F, um or 'em.

<sup>115</sup> *um.* Q1, them. *Exit . . . Bellario.* Q1 omits.

*Dion.* I, and the marriage too. By al the gods,  
 This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.  
 A plague upon my self, a thousand plagues, 125  
 For having such unworthy thoughts of her  
 deare honour!

O, I could beat my selfe! or do you beat me,  
 And Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, twill but lose time.

*Dion.* You say true. Are your swords 130  
 sharpe? — Well, my deare countrymen What-  
 ye-lacks, if you continue and fall not backe  
 upon the first broken shinne, Ile have ye chron-  
 iced, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled,  
 and all-to-be-praisde and sung in sonnets, and 135  
 bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues  
 shall troule you *in secula seculorum*, my kind  
 can-carriers.

*Thra.* What if a toy take um ith heels now,  
 and they runne all away, and cry, the divell 140  
 take the hindmost?

123 *By al the gods*, Q1, B. Q2-F, D, by my life.

124-128 *This noble . . . thought*. Verse-division of Edd. 1787,  
 W, D, B. Q9, F, prose.

131 *What-ye-lacks*, Q2. Hyphens added by B, who follows  
 Q1, what you lacks. Q3-F, what ye lacke.

133 *shinne*. Q1, Skin. *have ye*. Q1, see you; Q3-F, D,  
 B, have you. 135 *all-to-be-praisde*. Hyphens added by Th.

136 *bawled*, Heath conj., D, B. Q9, F, bathd.

*new brave*. Q1, brave new. 138 *can-carriers*. Q1, Countrimen.



*Dion.* Then the same divell take the formost too, and sowce him for his breakefast. If they all prove cowards, my curses flye among them and be speeding! May they have murreins<sup>145</sup> raigne to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easie freeze! May the mothes branch their velvets, and their silkes only be worne before sore eyes! May their false lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, staines, and oldnesse in<sup>150</sup> their stufes, and make them shop-rid! May they keepe whores and horses, and breake; and live mued up with neckes of beefe and turnups! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but<sup>155</sup> that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unlesse it bee the goatish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Now the vengeance of all the gods<sup>160</sup> confound them! How they swarme together!

143 *sowce.* Q1, sawce.

144 *flye . . . speeding.* Q1, flush amongst um and ill-speeding. F, amongat for among.

145 *murreins.* Q2, murriens; Q1, injurious.

146 *unbound.* Q1 omits.

147 *easie.* Q1, rafine. *mothes.* Q1, moth.

153 *neckes.* Q5a, neck. 155 *May they.* Q1, And.

157 *goatish,* Q2, Q3. Q2, gotish; Q4-F, goarish; Th, W, Gothick.

what a hum they raise! — Divels choake your wilde throats! — If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring um on, and they will fight like sheepe. Tis <sup>165</sup> Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heate. They will not heare me speake, but fling durt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, runne, deare friend, and bring the Lord Philaster! speake him faire; call him prince; do him all <sup>170</sup> the courtesie you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! *Exit Cleremont.*

*Dion* [*aside*]. Oh my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pinne out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and Ile <sup>175</sup> thank you, and send you brawne and bacon, and soile you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking. —

*King*. What they will do with this poore <sup>180</sup> prince, the gods know, and I feare.

*Dion* [*aside*]. Why, sir, thei'le flea him, and

163 *wilde* Q1, wide. *their*. Q1, your.

164 *he*. Q1, we. *for it*. Q1, for't.

165 *um*. Q1 omits. *and*. Q5-F omit. *they*. Q1, you.

170 *faire*. Q1, well. 171 *courtesie*. Q1, courtesies.

173 *countrymen*. Q1, citizens.

177 *and soile you*. Q1 omits. *every*. Q2 misprints, ever.

177-179 *vacation . . . kicking*. Q1, vocation; and foule shall come up fat and in brave liking. 180 *this*. Q1, that.

181 *and*. Q1 omits.

182 *sir*. Q1 omits.

make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for [a] signe. 185

*Enter Cleremont with Philaster.*

*King.* O, worthy sir, forgive me; do not make Your miseries and my faults meete together, To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe, Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you; And though I find it last, and beaten to it, 190 Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,

And be what you were borne to. Take your love, And with her my repentance, all my wishes, And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speakes this;

And if the least fall from me not perform'd, 195 May I be strooke with thunder!

*Philaster.*

Mighty sir,

I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong, As not to make your word truth. Free the princessse

And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach, which Ile either turne 200 Or perish with it.

*King.* Let your owne word free them.

183 *quench.* Q6, F, squench. a, Q3, F, except Q2.  
190 *to it.* Q1, to't. 191 *first.* Q1, me. *it.* Q1 omits.  
193 *all.* Q4-F, and. 194 *speakes this.* Q1, speakes all this.  
199 *poore.* Q1 omits. 201 *them.* Q1, her.

*Phi.* Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,  
 And hanging on your royall word. Be kingly,  
 And be not mooved, sir; I shall bring you peace,  
 Or never bring my selfe backe. 205  
*King.* [Now] all the gods goe with thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE IV.

*A Street.]*

*Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.*

*Captain.* Come, my brave mirmidons, lets fall on.  
 Let your caps swarm, my boyes, and your nimble tongs  
 Forget your mother gibberish of "what do you lacke."

203 *royall.* Q1, noble.

204 *you,* Q1. Q2-F, your.

206 *Now,* Q1, B.

*Exeunt omnes.* Q1 omits.

*Scene IV.* The text of Q1 from this point to the end of the play is reprinted at the beginning of the *Notes* to this play. After line 37 it departs entirely from the text of Q2-F. Variants of Q1 are henceforth recorded at the foot of the page only when of importance to the present text.

1 *Come, my brave, etc.* From the first line of the scene until the entry of Philaster at line 81, Qq, F, present a mixture of prose and verse, much of the latter impossible. The Edd. '78 printed the whole as prose; Th, W, and D reduced it to verse; and B follows D "with some misgiving." The passage was originally probably in verse by Fletcher; and D's division is here followed with notes of its departure from Q2.

2 *your caps,* Q1. Q2-F, our caps. *your nimble.* Q4'39-F, your nimble.

3 *mother.* Q6, F, mothers.

And set your mouthes ope, children, till your  
 pallats  
 Fall frighted halfe a fathome past the cure  
 Of bay-salt and grose pepper. And then cry,  
 "Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster  
 Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,  
 My paires of deere indentures, kings of clubs,  
 Then your cold water chamblets, or your paint-  
 ings  
 Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silkes,  
 Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tish-  
 ues,  
 Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custards,  
 You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tye  
 your affections  
 In darknesse to your shops. No, dainty duckers,  
 14  
 Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought  
 valors;  
 And let your uncut collers make the King feele  
 The measure of your mightinesse. Philaster!  
 Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!

*All.*

Philaster! Philaster!

*Cap.* How do you like this, my lord prince? 20

4 *ope*, Q1. Q2-F, Up.

8 *ding-dongs*. D, from Q1, ding-a-dings.

9 *kings*. Q4-F, King.

10 *your*. Q5, you.

13 *beloved*. Q3-F, beloo'd. *custards*. Q4-F, custard.

14 *You*, Th, B. Q1-F, D, Your.

17 *collers*. Q4'39-F, coller.



These are mad boyes, I tell you ; these are things  
That will not strike their top-sailes to a foist,  
And let a man of warre, an argosie,  
Hull and cry cockles.

*Pharamond.* Why, you rude slave, do you  
know what you doe? 25

*Cap.* My pretty prince of puppets, we do ✓  
know,

And give your greatnesse warning that you talke  
No more such bugs-words, or that solder'd  
crowne

Shall be scratchd with a musket. Deere Prince  
Pippen,

Downe with your noble bloud ; or, as I live, 30  
Ile have you codled. — Let him lo[o]se, my  
spirits ;

Make us a round ring with your bills, my  
Hectors,

And let me see what this trim man dares do.

Now, sir, have at you ! here I lye ;

And with this swashing blow (do you see,  
sweete prince ?) 35

I could hulke your grace, and hang you up  
crosse-legd,

28 *solder'd.* Q3-F, soldred.

33 *me.* Q1, Q2. Q3-F, D, B, us. 34 *lye.* Q6, F, it.

35 *swashing.* Q2, washing. *see, sweete,* Q2. Q3, sweet ;  
Q4, Q5b, Q6, sweat ; Q5a, swet ; F, swear.

36 *hulke,* Q2-F, Boas. Q1, D, B, hock.

Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.

*Pha.* You will not see me murderd, wicked villaines?

*1st Citizen.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one

For a great while.

*Cap.* He would have weapons, would he? <sup>40</sup>  
Give him a broadside, my brave boyes, with your pikes;

Branch mee his skin in flowers like a sattin,  
And betweene every flower a mortal cut.—  
Your royalty shall ravell!—Jag him, gentlemen;  
Ile have him cut to the kell, then downe the  
seames. 45

Oh for a whip to make him galloone-laces!  
Ile have a coach-whip.

*Pha.* Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

*Cap.* Hold, hold;  
The man begins to feare and know himselfe;  
He shall for this time only be seald up, 50  
With a feather through his nose, that he may  
only

39-47 *Yes . . . coach-whip.* Q2-F, as prose to *whip* in l. 46, then two short verse-lines ending *galloone-laces*, *coach-whip*.

40 *For*, W, D, B. Q2-F, *foe*.

48 *Hold, hold.* Q2-F include in l. 49.

51-54 *With . . . king.* Q2-Q4, verse-lines ending *see*, *going*, *you*, *king*; Q5-F, three lines ending *see*, *going*, *king*.

heaven, and thinke whither hee's going.  
 say, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaime you :  
 you would be king !

Thou tender heire apparant to a church-ale, 55  
 Thou sleight prince of single scarcenet,  
 Thou royall ring-taile, fit to flie at nothing  
 but poore mens poultry, and have every boy  
 eate thee from that too with his bread and butter !

*Pba.* Gods keepe me from these hel-hounds !

*1st Cit.* Shalls geld him, captaine ? 60

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets, my  
 deare donsels ;

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish :  
 The curses of a longing woman kill  
 As speedy as a plague, boyes.

*1st Cit.* Ile have a leg, that's certaine.

*2nd Cit.* Ile have an arme. 65

*3rd Cit.* Ile have his nose, and at mine owne  
 charge build

colledge and clap't upon the gate.

*4th Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit  
 with,

or certainly a royall gut will sound like silver.

*Pba.* Would they were in thy belly, and I past 70  
 my paine once !

52 *hee's.* D, B, he is.

53 *my.* Q6, F, omit.

56 *scarcenet.* F (correctly) sarcenet. 60 *1st.* Q4-F, 2.

63 *kill,* F. Q2-Q6, kills.

63-64 *The curses . . . boyes.* Q5-F, as one line.

70-71 *Would . . . once.* Q2-F, one line.

*5th Cit.* Good captaine, let me have his liver  
to feed ferrets.

*Cap.* Who will have parcels else? speake.

*Pha.* Good gods, consider me! I shall be  
tortur'd.

*1st Cit.* Captaine, Ile give you the trimming  
of your two-hand sword, 75  
And let me have his skinne to make false scab-  
bards.

*2nd Cit.* He had no hornes, sir, had he?

*Cap.* No, sir, hee's a pollard:  
What wouldst thou do with hornes?

*2nd Cit.* O, if he had had,  
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of um; 80  
But his shin bones, if they be sound, shall serve  
me.

*Enter Philaster.*

*All.* Long live Philaster, the brave Prince  
Philaster!

*Philaster.* I thanke you, gentlemen. But why  
are these  
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your  
hands  
Uncivil trades?

*Cap.* My royall Rosicleere, 85

*72 Good.* Q4, Q5b, God.

*75-81 Captaine . . . serve me.* Q2-F, as prose.

*76 rwo.* Q2, Q3, 2. Q4-F omit.

*79 had had.* Q4-F, had. 81 shin. Q3-Q5, skin.

We are thy mirmidons, thy guard, thy rorers ;  
 And when thy noble body is in durance,  
 Thus doe we clap our musty murrians on,  
 And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace,  
 Thou Mars of men ? is the King sociable, 90  
 And bids thee live ? art thou above thy foemen,  
 And free as Phœbus ? speak. If not, this stand  
 Of royall blood shall be abroach, atilt,  
 And runne even to the lees of honour.

*Pbi.* Hold, and be satisfied : I am my selfe, 95  
 Free as my thoughts are ; by the gods, I am !

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the King ?  
 Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules ?  
 Doe the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets  
 Kiss their gum'd gols, and cry " We are your  
 servants " ? 100

Is the court navigable, and the presence stucke  
 With flags of friendship ? If not, we are thy  
 castle,

And this man sleeps.

*Pbi.* I am what I desire to be, your friend ;  
 I am what I was borne to be, your prince. 105

*Pba.* Sir, there is some humanity in you ;  
 You have a noble soule : forget my name,  
 And know my misery ; set me safe aboard

94 *And runne.* Q2-F, B, include in l. 93.

101 *stucke.* Q5-F, struck.

104 *I desire,* F. Q2-Q6, I doe desire. 107 *my.* Q5a, thy.



From these wild canibals, and, as I live,  
 Ile quit this land for ever. There is nothing,—<sup>110</sup>  
 Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse  
 Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together,  
 The worst company of the worst men, madnes,  
 age,

To be as many creatures as a woman,  
 And do as all they do, nay, to despaire,— <sup>115</sup>  
 But I would rather make it a new nature,  
 And live with all these, then endure one howre  
 Amongst these wild dogges.

*Phi.* I do pittie you.—Friends, discharge your  
 feares;

Deliver me the prince. Ile warrant you <sup>120</sup>  
 I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

*3rd Cit.* Good sir, take heede he does not  
 hurt you;

Hee's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

*Cap.* Prince, by your leave, Ile have a sur-  
 single,

And make you like a hawke. *He strives.* <sup>125</sup>

*Phi.* Away, away, there is no danger in him:  
 Alas, he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off!

<sup>111</sup> *sicknesse.* Q2-Q6 have comma after *sicknesse.*

<sup>112</sup> *all dangers.* Q2-Q6, of all dangers. *all together.* Q2-

Q6, altogether.

<sup>117</sup> *these.* Q4-F, D, B, those. <sup>123</sup> *Hee's.* D, He is.

<sup>125</sup> *make,* Q2-Q6. F, male; Th, D, B, mail.

*He strives.* Q3-Q4, Q5b-F, He stirs.

Looke you, friends, how gently he leads ! Upon  
my word,  
Hee's tame enough, he need[s] no further  
watching.

Good my friends, goe to your houses, 130  
And by me have your pardons and my love ;  
And know there shall be nothing in my power  
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes :  
To give you more thankes, were to flatter you.  
Countinue still your love ; and, for an earnest, 135  
Drinke this. [Gives money.]

*All.* Long maist thou live, brave prince, brave  
prince, brave prince !

*Exit Philaster and Pharamond.* ✓

*Cap.* Go thy wayes, thou art the king of  
curtesie !

Fall off againe, my sweete youths. Come,  
And every man trace to his house againe, 140 ✓  
And hang his pewter up ; then to the taverne,  
And bring your wives in muffes. We will have  
musicke ;  
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise,  
boyes. *Exeunt.*

128 *you.* Q6, your.

129 *needs.* Q2-F, need.

130-131 *Good . . . love.* Verse-division of Edd. '78, W,  
D, B ; Q9, F, as prose.

138 *Go thy wayes.* Q4-F omit.

139-143 *Fall . . . boyes.* Verse-division of W, D, B. Q9,  
F, four lines ending *man, to, have, boyes.*

## [SCENE V.]

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter King, Aretbusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont,  
Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and Attendance.**King.* Is it appeas'd ?*Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,  
As peaceable as sleepe. My Lord Philaster  
Brings on the prince himselfe.*King.* Kind gentleman!  
I will not breake the least word I have given <sup>5</sup>  
In promise to him : I have heap'd a world  
Of griefe upon his head, which yet I hope  
To wash away.*Enter Philaster and Pharamond.**Cleremont.* My lord is come.*King.* My sonne!  
Blest be the time that I have leave to call  
Such vertue mine ! Now thou art in mine armes, <sup>10</sup>  
Me thinks I have a salve unto my brest  
For all the stings that dwell there. Streames of  
griefe  
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy  
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes :  
Let them appease thee. Take thy right ; take  
her ; <sup>15</sup><sup>2</sup> *this.* Th, W, B, the.<sup>4</sup> *gentleman,* Th, W, D, B. Qq, F, gentlemen.

She is thy right too; and forget to urge  
My vexed soule with that I did before.

*Philaster.* Sir, it is blotted from my memory,  
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,  
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full  
leave

20 ✓

To make an honourable voyage home.  
And if you would goe furnish'd to your realme  
With fair provision, I do see a lady,  
Me thinkes, would gladly beare you company:  
How like you this peece?

*Megra.* Sir, he likes it well, 25  
For he hath tryed it, and hath found it worth  
His princely liking. We were tane a-bed;  
I know your meaning. I am not the first  
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth;  
Can shame remain perpetually in me, 30  
And not in others? or have princes salves  
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What meane you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship,  
To beare the princesse and her boy together.

*Dion.* How now!

35

*Meg.* Others tooke me, and I tooke her and  
him

18 *it is.* F, is it.26 *hath found.* Q3-F omit *hath*.28 *know.* Q5a, knew.34 *beare.* Q6, F, clear.*her.* Q3-F, the.

At that all women may be tane sometime:  
 Ship us all foure, my lord; we can indure  
 Weather and winde alike.

*King.* Cleere thou thy selfe, or know not me  
 for father.

*Arethusa.* This earth, how false it is! What  
 means is left for me

To cleere my self? It lies in your beleeve:  
 My lords, beleeve me; and let all things else  
 Struggle together to dishonour me.

*Bellario.* O, stop your eares, great King, that  
 I may speake

As freedome would! Then I will call this lady  
 As base as are her actions: heare me, sir;  
 Beleeve your heated bloud when it rebels  
 Against your reason, sooner then this lady.

*Meg.* By this good light, he beares it han-  
 somely.

*Phi.* This lady! I will sooner trust the wind  
 With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearle,  
 Then her with any thing. Beleeve her not.  
 Why, thinke you, if I did beleeve her words,  
 I would outlive em? Honour cannot take

37 *sometime.* Q6, F, sometimes.

39 *winde.* Q4, 34, wine.

41 *This earth.* Q2 prints as a separate line.

47 *are.* Q3 omits; Q4-F, be.

48 *your.* F, hour. *heated.* Q3-F, hated.

59 *sadly.* B (qy.), hardly.



Revenge on you; then what were to be knowne  
But death?

*King.* Forget her, sir, since all is knit  
Betweene us. But I must request of you  
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

*Phi.* Command, what ere it be.

*King.* Swear to be true 60  
To what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers above,  
Let it not be the death of her or him,  
And it is granted!

*King.* Beare away that boy  
To torture: I will have her cleerd or buried.

*Phi.* O, let me call my word backe, worthy sir! 65  
Aske something else; bury my life and right  
In one poore grave; but doe not take away  
My life and fame at once.

*King.* Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

*Phi.* Turne all your eyes on me! Heere  
stands a man, 70  
The falsest and the basest of this world.  
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,  
For I have livd till I am pittied!  
My former deedes were hateful; but this last  
Is pittifull, for I unwillingly 75  
Have given the deere preserver of my life

60-61 *Swear . . . promise.* Q2-F as one line.

63 *that.* F, the.

65 *word.* Q4-F, words.

74 *were.* Q6, F, are.

Unto his torture. Is it in the power  
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

*Offers to kill himselfe.*

*Are.* Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that  
hand!

*King.* Sirs, strip that boy.

*Dion.* Come, sir; your tender flesh <sup>80</sup>  
Will try your constancie.

*Bell.* O, kill me, gentlemen!

*Dion.* No. — Helpe, sirs.

*Bell.* Will you torture me.

*King.* Hast there;

Why stay you?

*Bell.* Then I shall not breake my vow,  
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

*King.* Hows that? will he confesse?

*Dion.* Sir, so he sayes. <sup>85</sup>

*King.* Speake then.

*Bell.* Great King, if you command  
This lord to talke with me alone, my tongue,  
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts  
My youth hath knowne; and stranger things  
then these

You heare not often.

*King.* Walk aside with him. <sup>90</sup>

[*Dion and Bellario walk apart.*]

79 *Oh.* Q4-F, or.

80 *Sirs.* Q5a, sir.

80-81 *Come . . . constancy.* Verse-division of W, D. Q9, F,  
one line.

81 *try.* Q2, tire.

82-83 *Hast . . . you.* Q2-F, as one line.

*Dion.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bell.* Know you this face, my lord?

*Dion.* No.

*Bell.* Have you not seene it, nor the like?

*Dion.* Yes, I have seen the like, but readily  
I know not where.

*Bell.* I have bin often told  
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady, 95  
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
(They that would flatter my bad face would  
swear)

There was such strange resemblance, that we  
two  
Could not be knowne asunder, drest alike.

*Dion.* By heaven, and so there is!

*Bell.* For her fair sake, 100  
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life  
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,  
That I may scape this torture.

*Dion.* But thou speak'st  
As like Euphrasia as thou dost looke.  
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives 105  
In pilgrimage?

*Bell.* I know it not, my lord;  
But I have heard it, and doe scarce beleeve it.

*Dion.* Oh, my shame! is't possible? Draw  
nere,

106 *it.* Q5a omits.

108 *is't.* Th, W, D, is it.

That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,  
Or else her murderer? where wert thou born?

*Bell.* In Siracusa.

*Dion.* What's thy name?

*Bell.* Euphrasia

*Dion.* O, tis just, tis she!

Now I doe know thee. Oh, that thou hadst  
dyed,

And I had never seene thee nor my shame!  
How shall I owne thee? shall this tongue of mine<sup>118</sup>  
Ere call thee daughter more?

*Bell.* Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:  
And so I must have done by vow, ere published  
What I have told, but that there was no meanes  
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,<sup>119</sup>  
The princesse is all cleere.

*King.* What, have you done?

*Dion.* Alls discovered.

*Phi.* Why then hold you me?

All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.

*He offers to stab bimselfe.*

*King.* Stay him.

*Arc.* What is discovered?

*Dion.* Why, my shame.

It is a woman: let her speake the rest.<sup>120</sup>

<sup>118</sup> *I.* Q2, Q3, omit. <sup>122</sup> *Alls.* Q6, F, D, B, All is.

<sup>123</sup> *All* . . . go. Q4'39-F assign this and consequently the  
marginal stage-direction to "Dion."

*Phi.* How? that againe!

*Dion.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Blest be you powers that favour innocence!

*King.* Lay hold upon that lady.

[*Megra is seized.*]

*Phi.* It is a woman, sir! — Harke, gentlemen,

It is a woman! — Arethusa, take 130

My soule into thy brest, that would be gone

With joy. It is a woman! Thou art faire,

And vertuous still to ages, in despite

Of malice.

*King.* Speake you, where lies his shame?

*Bell.* I am his daughter. 135

*Phi.* The gods are just.

*Dion.* I dare accuse none; but, before you two,  
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy. [*Kneels.*]

*Phi.* [*raising him*]. Take it freely; for I  
know,

Though what thou didst were indiscreetly  
done, 140

Twas meant well.

*Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sins, as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

134 *Of malice.* Q<sup>3</sup>, F, include in preceding line.



*Cle.* Noble and worthy !

*Pbi.* But, Bellario,  
 (For I must call thee still so,) tell me why 145  
 Thou didst conceale thy sex. It was a fault,  
 A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds  
 Of truth outwaigh'd it. All these jealousies  
 Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadst discovered  
 What now we know.

*Bell.* My father oft would speake 150  
 Your worth and vertue ; and, as I did grow  
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
 To see the man so [p]rais'd. But yet all this  
 Was but a mayden longing, to be lost  
 As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window, 155  
 Printing my thoughts in lawne, I saw a god,  
 I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates :  
 My blood flue out and backe againe, as fast  
 As I had puft it forth and suck't it in  
 Like breath : then was I call'd away in hast 160  
 To enterteine you. Never was a man,  
 Heav'd from a sheep-coat to a scepter, rais'd  
 So high in thoughts as I : you left a kisse  
 Upon these lippes then, which I meane to keepe  
 From you for ever : I did heare you talke, 165  
 Farre above singing. After you were gone,  
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd

150 *oft would.* Q5-F, would oft.

153 *prais'd.* Edd. 1711. Q9, F, rais'd.

What stir'd it so : alas, I found it love !  
 Yet farre from lust ; for, could I but have liv'd  
 In presence of you, I had had my end. 170  
 For this I did delude my noble father  
 With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest my selfe  
 In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew  
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
 Of having you ; and understanding well ✓ 175  
 That when I made discovery of my sex  
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
 By all the most religious things a maid  
 Could call together, never to be knowne,  
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes, 180  
 For other than I seem'd, that I might ever  
 Abide with you. Then sate I by the fount,  
 Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match  
 Within our kingdome, where and when thou  
 wilt,  
 And I will pay thy dowry ; and thy selfe 185  
 Wilt well deserve him.

*Bell.* Never, sir, will I ✓  
 Marry ; it is a thing within my vow.  
 But, if I may have leave to serve the princesse,  
 To see the vertues of her lord and her,  
 I shall have hope to live.

*Are.* I, Philaster, 190

169 *but have.* Q6, F, have but. 184 *thou wilt.* Q5a omits.

Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
 Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I  
 Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;  
 Live free as I doe. She that loves my lord,  
 Curst be the wife that hates her! 195

*Phi.* I grieve such vertue should be laid in  
 earth

Without an heire. — Hear me, my royall father:  
 Wrong not the freedome of our soules so much,  
 To thinke to take revenge of that base woman;  
 Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free 200  
 As she was borne, saving from shame and sinne.

*King.* Set her at liberty. — But leave the  
 court;

This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,  
 Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
 Worthy so great a prince. When you come  
 there, 205

Remember twas your faults that lost you her,  
 And not my purpos'd will.

*Pharamond.* I do confess,  
 Renowned sir.

*King.* Last, joyne your hands in one. En-  
 joy, Philaster,

This kingdome, which is yours, and, after me, 210  
 What ever I call mine. My blessing on you!  
 All happy houres be at your marriage joyes,

at you may grow your selves over all lands,  
 d live to see your plenteous branches spring  
 nerever there is sunne ! Let princes learn 213  
 this to rule the passions of their blood ;  
 : what heaven wills can never be withstood.

*Exeunt omnes.*

213 *your selves.* Q5a, your self.

214 *live.* Q2-Q4, like.

*FINIS.*

## Notes to *Philaster*

*For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.*

**DATE.** In the *Scourge of Folly* by John Davies of Hereford, entered S. R. Oct. 8, 1610, occurs an epigram addressed to Fletcher, the first words of which, "Love lies ableeding," refer to the second title of *Philaster*. The play must, then, have been written and acted before Oct. 8, 1610; and the date generally suggested for its first presentation, 1608, seems a plausible conjecture.

**STAGE HISTORY.** *Philaster* was first acted by the King's Men at either the Globe or the Blackfriars theatre, and while Shakespeare was still writing for that company. It was acted at court 1612-13, and was popular until the closing of the theatres in 1642. A droll, the *Club Men*, based on Act v, Scene 4, was performed at the Red Bull during the suppression of the theatres; and the play was revived immediately after the Restoration. Pepys saw it in 1661 and again in 1668, when Hart was playing *Philaster*, and Nell Gwynne, Bellario. It was also played in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields when the women acted alone, perhaps in 1664. In 1695, *Philaster*, "Revis'd and the Two last Acts new Written," by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal; and another alteration appeared in the works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1714, entitled the *Restauration*. As Dyce remarks, it was probably not written by the Duke, and never acted. In 1711, when *Philaster* was revived at Drury Lane, it had not been acted there for eleven years; and after 1715 it was apparently not acted until 1763, when it was revived with considerable alterations by the elder Colman. Powell made his first appearance at this performance, and the play scored a success. Colman's revision was printed in his *Works*, 1777, and was acted off and on until the end of the century.

**RESEMBLANCES TO CYMBELINE.** The resemblances between *Philaster* and *Cymbeline* have been frequently noted and discussed.<sup>1</sup> Some parallel passages may be instanced: the first sixty lines of each play; Arethusa's speech, III, 2, 162-166, and Imogen's, III, 4, 60-66; Leonatus' soliloquy, II, 5, 8ff, and *Philaster's*, III, 2, 105-128; *Philaster's* speech after he has been hurt by the

<sup>1</sup> Especially in Leonhardt's *Ueber Beziehungen von . . . Philaster, Hamlet, und Cymbeline*, Anglia, vol. 8, and *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, by the present editor, chap. 9.



country fellow, iv, 3, 105-110, and Iachimo's after he has been overcome by Leonatus, v, 2, 1-6; also the quibbles on strange and stranger, *Philaster*, i, 1, 93-97, and *Cymbeline*, ii, 1. The resemblances, however, are not so much in parallel passages as in situations and characters. The relations and experiences of Leonatus and Imogen are similar to those of *Philaster* and *Arethusa*; while as a page and in the country scenes Imogen resembles *Bellario*. In each play the king's attempt to marry the heiress of the crown to an unworthy braggart results in the estrangement of the true lovers and the slander of the heroine, but tragedy is eventually averted by the confession of the slanderer and a general forgiveness. In both plays, an idyllic element is contrasted with the tragic and centres about a maiden disguised as a page who suffers privations and who constantly appeals to our sympathies through the utter devotion and ideal tenderness of her character. The two kings are similar in character and actions and Cloten and Pharamond are both brutish braggarts, and each serves to supply the comic element of the play. So noticeable are these similarities and the general resemblance of the plays in material and construction that it seems likely that one play owes something to the other. The probability of direct indebtedness is increased by the fact that the two plays were acted within a year or two of each other and by the same theatrical company. It is not possible to determine with certainty which play was the earlier, and the question of which author was the borrower rests on considerations too complex to be treated here. To the present editor, it seems probable that *Philaster* was the earlier, that in its essential traits it was an innovation, a new type of play, and that its success had an important influence on Shakespeare's choice and treatment of material in *Cymbeline*.

Actus I . . . Actus Quintus. Here follow the opening of Act I, Scene I (corresponding to ll. 1-121 of the text) and the last scene of Act v, as they appear in Q1. They are printed line for line and *literatim*.

*Actus I. Scœn. I.*

*Enter at severall doores Lord Lyon, Trasiline, followes bim,  
Clerimon meetes them.*

TRASILINE.

Well ore tane my Lord.

LYON. Noble friend welcome, and see who encounters us, honourable good *Clerimon*.

CLE. My good Lord Lyon, most happily met worthy *Trasiline*,

Come gallants, what's the newes,  
the season affords us variety,  
the noulists of our time runnes on heapes,  
to glut their itching eares with airie sounds,  
trotting to'th burse; and in the Temple walke  
with greater zeale to heare a nouall lye,  
than pyous Anthum tho chanted by Cherubins.

TRAUS. True Sir:

and holds set counsels, to vent their braine sicke opinions  
with presagements what all states shall designe.

CLE. Thats as their intelligence serues.

LYON. And that shall serue as long as inuention lastes,  
there dreams they relate, as spoke from Oracles,  
or if the gods should hold a synod, and make them their secretaries,  
they will diuine and prophetic too: but come and speake your thoughts  
of the intended marriage with the Spanish Prince,  
He is come you see, and brauely entertaine.

TRAS. Hee is so, but not married yet.

CLE. But like to be, and shall have in dowry with the Princesse  
this Kingdome of *Cycelo*.

LEON. Soft and faire, there is more will forbid the baines, then  
say amen to the marriage: though the King vsurped the Kingdome  
during the non-age of the Prince *Phylaster*, hee must not thinke to  
bereaue him of it quite; hee is now come to yeares to claime the  
Crownne.

TRA. And lose his head i' the asking.

LEON. A diadem worn by a headlesse King wold be wonderous,  
*Phylaster* is too weake in power.

CLE. He hath many friends.

LEON. And few helpers.

TRA. The people loue him.

LEON. I grant it, that the King knowes too well,  
And makis this Contract to make his faction strong:  
Whats a giddy-headed multitude,  
That's not Discipline nor trainde up in Armes,

To be trusted vnto? No, he that will  
 Bandy for a Monarchie, must prouide  
 Brave marshall troopes with resolution armde,  
 To stand the shock of bloody doubtful warre,  
 Nor danted though disastrous Fate doth frowne,  
 And spit all spitefull fury in their face :  
 Defying horror in her ugliest forme,  
 And growes more valiant, the more danger threats ;  
 Or let leane famine her affliction send,  
 Whose pining plagues a second hel doth bring,  
 Thei'le hold their courage in her height of spleene,  
 Till valour win plenty to supply them,  
 What thinke ye, would yer feast-hunting Citizens  
 Indure this ?

TRA. No sir, a faire march a mile out of town that their wiuies may  
 bring them their dinners, is the hottest seruice that they are trained  
 vp to.

CLE. I could wish their experience answered their loues,  
 Then should the much too much wrongd *Phylaster*,  
 Possesse his right in spight of Don and the diuell.

TRA. My heart is with your wishes.

LEON. And so is mine,  
 And so should all that loues their true borne Prince,  
 Then let vs ioyne our Forces with our mindes,  
 In whats our power to right this wronged Lord,  
 And watch aduantage as best may fit the time  
 To stir the murmuring people vp,  
 Who is already possest with his wrongs,  
 And easily would in rebellion rise,  
 Which full well the King doth both know and feare,  
 But first our seruice wee'le proffer to the Prince,  
 And set our projects as he accepts of vs ;  
 But husht, the King is comming.

*sound musicke within.*

*Enter the King, Pharamont, the Princesse, the Lady Gallatea, the  
 Lady Megra, a Gentlewoman, with Lords attending, the King  
 takes his seate.*

KING. Faire Prince,  
 Since heauens great guider furthers our intents,

And brought you with safety here to arrive  
 Within our Kingdome and Court of *Cycele*,  
 We bid you most welcome, Princely *Pharamont*,  
 And that our Kingly bounty shall confirme,  
 Euen whilst the Heauens hold so propitious aspect  
 Wee'le crowne your wisht desires (with our owne)  
 Lend me your hand sweet Prince, hereby enioy  
 A full fruition of your best contents,  
 The interest I hold I doe possesse you with,  
 Onely a fathers care, and prayers retainē,  
 That heauen may heape on blessings, take her Prince,

*Actus V. Scœn V.*

*Enter an olde Captaine, with a crew of Citizens, leading PHARAMONT prisoner.*

CAP. Come my braue Mermedons, fal on, let your caps swarm,  
 & your nimble tongues forget your gibrish, of what you lack, and  
 set your mouthes ope' children, till your pallats fall frighted halfe a  
 fathom past the cure of baysalt & grosse pepper ; and then crie *Phylaster*,  
 braue *Phylaster*. Let *Phylaster* be deep in request, my ding-a-dings,  
 my paire of deare Indentures : King of clubs, the your cut-water-chamlets,  
 and your painting : let not your hasty silkes deerly belouers of Custards  
 & Cheescakes, or your branch cloth of bodkins, or your tyffenies,  
 your robbin-hood scarlet and Johns, tie your affections in durance  
 to your shops, my dainty duckers, vp with your three pil'd spirits,  
 that rightvalourous, and let your accute colours make the King to  
 feele the measure of your mightinesse ; *Phylaster*, cry, myrose nobles,  
 cry.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster.*

CAP. How doe you like this, my Lord prisoner ?  
 These are mad boyes I can tell you,  
 These bee things that will not strike top-sayle to a Foyst.  
 And let a Man of warre, an Argosea,  
 Stoope to carry coales.

PHAR. Why, you damn'd slaues, doe you know who I am ?

CAP. Yes, my pretie Prince of puppits, we do know, and giue  
 you gentle warning, you talke no more such bugs words, left that

sodden Crowne should be scracht with a musket ; deare Prince pip-pin, I'lle haue you codled, let him loose my spirits, and make a ring with your bills my hearts : Now let mee see what this braue man dares doe : note sir, haue at you with this washing blow, here I lie, doe you huffe sweete Prince ? I could hock your grace, and hang you crosse leg'd like a Hare at a Poulters stall ; and do thus.

PHAR. Gentlemen, honest Gentlemen —

1 SOVL. A speakes treason Captaine, shal's knock him downe ?

CAP. Hold, I say.

2 SOVL. Good Captaine let me haue one mal at's mazard, I feele my stomacke strangely prouoked to bee at his Spanish potnowle, shal's kill him ?

OMNES. I, kill him, kill him.

CAP. Againe I say hold.

3 SOVL. O how ranke he lookes, sweete Captaine let's geld him, and send his dowsets for a dish to the Burdello.

4 SOVL. No, let's rather sell them to some woman Chymist, that extractions, shee might draw an excellent prouocatiue oyle from vseth<sup>1</sup> them, that might be very vsefull.

CAP. You see, my scuruy Don, how precious you are in esteem amongst vs, had you not beene better kept at home, I thinke you had : must you needes come amongst vs, to haue your saffron hide taw'd as wee intend it : My Don, *Phylaster* must suffer death to satisfie your melancholly spleene, he must my Don, he must ; but we your Physitians, hold it fit that you bleede for it : Come my robusticks, my braue regiment of rattle makers, let's cal a common cornuted counsell, and like graue Senators, beare vp our brancht crests, in sitting vpon the seuerall tortures we shall put him to, and with as little sense as may be, put your wils in execution.

SOME CRIES. Burne him, burne him.

OTHERS. Hang him, hang him.

*Enter PHYLASTER.*

CAP. No, rather let's carbinade his cods-head, and cut him to collops : shall I begin ?

PHI. Stay your furies my louing Countrimen.

OMNES. *Phylaster* is come, *Phylaster*, *Phylaster*.

<sup>1</sup> *vseth*, i. e., useth to make, should evidently come before *extractions* in the preceding line.



CAP. My porcupines of spite, make roome I say, that I may salute my braue Prince : and is Prince *Phylaster* at liberty ?

PHI. I am, most louing countrimen.

CAP. Then giue me thy Princely goll, which thus I kisse, to whom I crouch and bow ; But see my royall sparke, this headstrong swarme that follow me humming like a master Bee, haue I led forth their Hiues, and being on wing, and in our heady flight, haue seized him shall suffer for thy wrongs.

OMNES. I, I, let's kill him, kill him.

PHI. But heare me, Countrimen.

CAP. Heare the Prince, I say, heare *Phylaster*.

OMNES. I, I, heare the Prince, heare the Prince.

PHI. My comming is to giue you thanks, my deere Countrimen, whose powerfull sway hath curb'd the prosecuting fury of my foes.

OMNES. We will curb *vm*, we will curb *vm*.

PHI. I finde you will,

But if my intrest in your loues be such,  
As the world takes notice of, Let me craue  
You would deliuer *Pharamont* to my hand,  
And from me accept this  
Testimonie of my loue.

*Giues *vm* his purse.*

Which is but a pittance of those ample thankes,  
Which shall redowne with showed courtesies.

CAP. Take him to thee braue Prince, and we thy bounty thankfully accept, and will drinke thy health, thy perpetuall health my Prince, whilst memory lasts amongst vs, we are thy Mermidons, my *Achillis* : we are those will follow thee, and in thy seruice will scowre our rusty murins and our billbow-blades, most noble *Phylaster*, we will : Come my rowtists let's retyer till occasion calls vs to attend the noble *Phylaster*.

OMNES. *Phylaster, Phylaster, Phylaster.*

*Exit CAPTAINE, and Citizens.*

PHAR. Worthy sir, I owe you a life,  
For but your selfe theres nought could haue preuail'd.

PHI. Tis the least of seruice that I owe the King,  
Who was carefull to preserue ye.

*Enter LEON, TRASILINE, and CLERIMON.*

TRA. I euer thought the boy was honest.

LEON. Well, tis a braue boy Gentlemen.

CLE. Yet you'ld not beleuee this.

LEON. A plague on my forwardnesse, what a villaine was I, to wrong *vm* so; a mischiefe on my muddy braines, was I mad?

TRA. A little frantick in your rash attempt, but that was your love to *Phylaster*, sir.

LEON. A pox on such loue, haue you any hope my countenance will ere serue me to looke on them?

CLE. O very well Sir.

LEON. Very ill Sir, vds death, I could beate out my braines, or hang my selfe in reuenge.

CLE. There would be little gotten by it, ene keepe you as ye are.

LEON. An excellent boy, Gentlemen beleuee it, harke the King is comming. *Cornets sounds.*

*Enter the King, Princesse, GALLATEA, MEGRA, BELLARIO, a Gentlewoman, and other attendants.*

K. No newes of his returne,  
Will not this rable multitude be appeas'd?  
I feare their outrage, lest it should extend  
With dangering of *Pharamonts* life.

*Enter PHILASTER with PHARAMONT.*

LEON. See Sir, *Phylaster* is return'd.

PHI. Royall Sir,  
Receiue into your bosome your desired peace,  
Those discontented mutineares be appeasde,  
And this fortaigne Prince in safety.

K. How happie I am in thee *Phylaster*?  
Whose excellent vertues begets a world of loue,  
I am indebted to thee for a Kingdome.  
I here surrender vp all Soueraignetie.  
Raigne peacefully with thy espoused Bride, *Delivers his Crowne  
to him.*  
Ashume my Son to take what is thy due.

PHA. How Sir, yer son, what am I then, your Daughter you gave to me.

KIN. But heauen hath made assignement vnto him,

And brought your contract to annullity :  
 Sir, your entertainment hath beene most faire,  
 Had not your hell-bred lust dride vp the spring,  
 From whence flow'd forth those fauours that you found :  
 I am glad to see you safe, let this suffice,  
 Your selfe hath crost your selfe.

LEON. They are married sir.

PHAR. How married? I hope your highnesse will not vse me so,  
 I came not to be disgraced, and returne alone.

KING. I cannot helpe it sir.

LEON. To returne alone, you neede not sir,  
 Here is one will beare you company.  
 You know this Ladies prooffe, if you  
 Fail'd not in the say-taging.<sup>1</sup>

ME. I hold your scoffes in vildest base contempt,  
 Or is there said or done, ought I repent,  
 But can retort euen to your grinning teeths,  
 Your worst of spights, tho Princesse lofty steps  
 May not be tract, yet may they tread awry,  
 That boy there ———

BEL. If to me ye speake Lady,  
 I must tell you, youhaue lost your selfe  
 In your too much forwardnesse, and hath forgot  
 Both modesty and truth, with what impudence  
 You haue throwne most damnable aspersion  
 On that noble Princesse and my selfe : witness the world ;  
 Beholde me sir. *Kneeles to LEON and discouers her haire.*

LEON. I should know this face ; my daughter

BEL. The same sir.

PRIN. How, our sometime Page, *Bellario*, turn'd woman ?

BEL. Madame, the cause induc't me to transforme my selfe,  
 Proceeded from a respectiue modest  
 Affection I bare to my my Lord,  
 The Prince *Phylaster*, to do him seruice,  
 As farre from any laciuous thought,  
 As that Lady is farre from go odnesse,  
 And if my true intents may be beleueed,

<sup>1</sup> *say-taging*. Misprint for *say-taking*, taking the assay.

And from your Highnesse Madame, pardon finde,  
You haue the truth.

PRIN. I doe belecue thee, *Bellario* I shall call thee still.

PHI. The faithfuller seruant that euer gaue attendance.

LEON. Now Lady lust, what say you to 'th boy now ;

Doe you hang the head, do ye, shame would steale

Into your face, if ye had grace to entertaine it,

Do ye slinke away ? *Exit MEGRA hiding her face.*

KING. Giue present order she be banisht the Court,

And straightly confinde till our further

Pleasure is knowne.

PHAR. Heres such an age of transformation, that I doe not know  
how to trust my selfe, I'le get me gone to : Sir, the disparage-  
ment you haue done, must be cald in question. I haue power to  
right my selfe, and will. *Exit PHARAMONT.*

KING. We feare ye not Sir.

PHI. Let a strong conuoy guard him through the Kingdome,

With him, let's part with all our cares and feare,

And Crowne with ioy our happy loues successe.

KING. Which to make more full, *Lady Gallatea*

Let honour'd *Clerimont* acceptance finde

In your chast thoughts.

PHI. Tis my sute too.

PRIN. Such royall spokes-men must not be deni'd.

GAL. Nor shall not, Madame.

KING. Then thus I ioyne your hands.

GAL. Our hearts were knit before.

*They kisse.*

PHI. But tis you Lady, must make all compleat,

And giues a full perod to content,

Let your loues cordiall againe reuiue,

The drooping spirits of noble *Trasiline*.

What saies Lord *Leon* to it ?

LEON. Marry my Lord I say, I know she once lou'd him.

At least made shew she did,

But since tis my Lord *Phylasters* desire,

I'le make a surrender of all the right

A father has in her ; here take her Sir,

With all my heart, and heauen give you ioy.

KING. Then let vs in these nuptuall feastes to hold,  
Heauen hath decreed, and Fate stands vncontrold.

## FINIS.

159. Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra. The transposition of *Lady* and *Megra* in the entry and in the speeches which follow is rendered necessary by Dion's description of "the first," "the second," and "the last" of the entering ladies, and by our subsequent knowledge of Megra's character. This *Lady* seems to be the "old Wanton Lady, or Croane" in the *Dramatis Personae* of Q3. There is no corresponding character in the *Dramatis Personae* of Q1; the "waiting Gentlewoman" of Q1 corresponding to "Another Lady attending the Princesse" of Q3.

162, 111. discourse and knowledge. "Where *discourse* is coupled with a word expressive of a faculty of the mind—as *thought, reason, judgment*, etc.—it is to be considered as merely expletive; chameleon-like taking the colour of the word to which it is attached." Daniel (B).

168, 215. lookes like a tooth-drawer. Ray in his *Proverbs* (p. 65, ed. 1768) defines this as looking "very thin and meagre."

169, 238-39. him That made the world his. Alexander the Great.

170, 252. a patterne of succession. A pattern to succeeding kings.

170, 258. a prince of wax. Perfect, as if modelled in wax. Cf. the Nurse's description of Paris, "a man of wax" in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1, iii, 76. Galatea's reply, *A dog it is*, refers to a cant phrase, "a dog of wax," found in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, 11, ii, and in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 11, ii, and the *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, 1, ii. The phrase has not been explained; here Galatea intends to say that Pharamond is a nonentity.

170, 263. and now nought but hopes and feares. And, to supply my wants, now nought but hopes and fears. There is, perhaps, some corruption here.

171, 275. true tenant. Theobald read, true recreant; Mitford



suggested, true tyrant; Dyce noted "truant" of Q1, which had also been conjectured by Seward; but Dyce retained *tenant*, interpreting, "if he [shaking like a true tenant — like one who has only temporary possession] *give not back his crown.*" Daniel (B) adopts "truant" of Q1, and adds that "the context might suggest to a bold emendator — 'like one in a true *tertian*,' or 'like as in a true *tertian*.'" *Tenant* seems no more objectionable than any of the other readings.

173, 306. **hot at hand.** Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iv, ii, 23.

174, 323. I. This alteration of the text adopted by all editors since Weber, was due to a conjecture by Mason. The meaning is: "you would be courtiers to me if I could be induced not to hazard the fortunes of your families by offending the king."

175, 337. **Male-dragons.** The old editions all capitalize and hyphen. *Male*, i. e. masculine.

193, 3. **the reverend mother.** The mother of the maids, the woman in charge of the attendants of the princess.

195, 24-25. **This wyer.** Wire was much used in women's head-dresses.

195, 29. **no hand behind it.** "No acknowledgement of indebtedness." B.

197, 62. **white mony.** "A cant term for silver specie." D.

197, 66-67. **camphier constitutions.** "Camphor was anciently classed among those articles of the *materia medica* which were cold in an eminent degree." W.

205, 35. **Thou disclaimst in me.** Thou disclaim'st any right in me to your service.

210, 42. **had been better have.** A common form of expression. Daniel instances *Othello*, iii, iii, 362. The reading of Q1, had been better, is also not uncommon.

218, 187. **nine worthies.** Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur.

221, 21. **Against their nature.** "Contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude." Mason.

226, 115. **divells.** Dyce thinks this may be a misprint caught from the preceding line, and notes that in the *Restoration* "fiends" is substituted, and in Settle's alteration, "furies."

244, 109. **For bursting.** For fear of bursting.

244, 114. **like scorpions.** Bullen quotes the *Theater of Insects*, 1658, scorpions "being laid to their own wounds they made, they cure them, as is generally known."

249, 27. **sicke mans salve.** An allusion to the *Sicke Man's Salve*, a work by Thomas Becon, first printed in 1561, and frequently alluded to by the dramatists. Another work, *A Salve for a Sickman*, by William Perkins, was published in 1595.

249, 29. **the helpe of an almanacke.** Almanacs contained directions for the proper times for blood-letting.

250, 38-39. **that spoiles her coate.** "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." Mason.

251, 12. **hee forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings.** After the deer had been hunted down, it was customary for the keeper to offer his knife to the man of first distinction in the company in order that he might rip up the belly and thus take "assay" of the fatness and quality of the game. Pharamond declined the offer in order to escape the fee of ten shillings. *For*, for fear of, as 244, 109.

252, 18. **an old Sir Tristram.** This hero of romance was an especial patron of the chase.

253. **Enter Philaster.** Here, as Daniel notes, a new scene should be marked; the division is that of Weber, followed by all subsequent editors.

253, 40. **Oh, that, etc.** "This speech is beautifully imitated from the opening of Juvenal's Sixth Satire." Dyce.

264, 54. **Sirs.** "Sir" was a term of address to women as well as men. It is used again in v, ii, 39.

278, 129. **I was so.** "I was, in a figurative sense, *disguised*; the word is still applied in vulgar language to those who are disordered or deformed by drink." Dyce.

283, 39. **Your life no price compar'd to mine.** Mason's emendation seems required for the sense: Philaster supposes that Bellario and Arethusa have changed places with him; the wrong has come to him from them; and their lives are of no value compared with his; what would they then have done? Dyce

noted that Mason's change had been already made in the alteration of the play called the *Restoration*.

285, 30. the firver of the Sirian starre. The heat supposedly caused by the dog-star Sirius. Cf. the *Maid's Tragedy*, note, 86, 55.

287, 56. saffron. Hymen appeared in saffron-colored robes in the masques.

289, 109. Fearing. Fearing for.

292, 148-49. silkes only be worne before sore eyes. Daniel quotes, "green sarcenet flaps for a sore eye." *Troilus and Cressida*, v, i, 36.

292, 149. false lights. Dyce quotes an illustrative passage from Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, i, i, where the woollen-draper Quomodo addresses an assistant spirit named Falselight:

Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;  
With subtle art beguile the honest eye;  
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight.

292, 157. goatish Latine. Dyce quotes from Hermanni *Vulgaria*: "The ranke savour of *gotes* is applied to that will not come out of theyr *baudy* [i. e. foul, barbarous] *latyn*."

293, 174-175. out of your walls. Outside of your shops.

296, 8. my ding-dongs. My hearties, my darlings.

296, 9. My paires of deere indentures, kings of clubs. Allusions to the indentures by which the apprentices were bound, and to clubs, their favorite weapons.

296, 10. cold water chamblets. Camlets, rich fabrics of wool or silk with a wavy, watery appearance.

296, 10-11. paintings, Spitted with copper. Painted or colored cloths interstitched with copper.

296, 11. hasty silks. Silks and velvets were stiffened with gum to make them look shiny, but in consequence the stuff wore out quickly. See note, 301, 99-100.

296, 12. branch'd cloth of bodkin. Embroidered cloth of gold and silk.

296, 14. You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns. The captain applies to his followers the names of the heroes of the Robin Hood ballads.

296, 16. your three-piled spirits, your wrought

**valors.** *Three-piled* was applied to the best velvet, and so metaphorically to the shop-keepers. Valors is used with a quibble on "velure" or "valure," velvet.

296, 17. **your uncut collers.** A quibble on collar and choler.

296, 19. **my rose-nobles.** Another pun.

297, 22-24. **That will not strike . . . and cry cockles.** That will not yield to an inferior vessel, and let a man of war lie inactive and in base service. *Foist* is a small vessel, used, perhaps, as Weber remarks, with application to Pharamond and allusion to the Lord Mayor's gorgeous galley-foist. *To cry cockles* here seems to mean, "to engage in base traffic"; and to be synonymous with "to carry coales" of Q1. Dyce, however, notes that according to Grose (*Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue*) *cry cockles* means "to be hanged." If this is the meaning here, the captain mixes his metaphors and refers to the interrupted execution of Philaster.

297, 28. **solder'd crowne.** Solder'd head; but why *solder'd* is not clear. Q1 has sodden.

297, 29. **musket.** A quibble on the double meaning (1) a male sparrowhawk, (2) the weapon.

297, 36. **hulke.** Boas notes that "*hulk*, to take entrails out of, is preferable to *hock*, hough, or hamstring, which could scarcely be used of a hare."

298, 46. **Oh for a whip to make him galloone-laces!** O for a whip to tear him to ribbons! The captain's rant is more or less consistent in its metaphors. Having cut, embroidered, and ravelled Pharamond, he would whip him until he was mere ribbons of lace.

298, 50-51. **seald up, With a feather through his nose.** *Sealed* (misspelt in the text) is a term in falconry. When a hawk was first taken, a thread or small feather was run through its eyelids, so that it could see little or nothing. Putting the feather through the nose seems to have been a humorous amendment of the captain's.

299, 55. **Thou tender heire apparant to a church-ale.** In view of the character attributed to these convivial occasions, this is equivalent to calling Pharamond a bastard, and a base one at that.



299, 56. prince of single scarcenet. Daniel quotes "A king of shreds and patches." *Hamlet*, III, iv, 102.

299, 66-67. Ile . . . gate. An allusion to Brasenose College, Oxford.

300, 85. royall Rosicleere. Rosicleer and his brother Donzel de Phebo (mentioned in l. 92), knight of the sun, are heroes in the Spanish romance *Donsel de Phebo*, translated into English, 1583-1602, under the title of the *Mirroure of Knighthood*, etc. The *Mirroure* was a popular book and is frequently referred to by the early dramatists. It is referred to in the *Scornful Lady*, IV, i, and is constantly scoffed at and burlesqued in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

301, 99-100. the regarded scarlets Kiss their gum'd gols. The respected officers of state, clothed in scarlet, kiss their perfumed hands. *Golls* is a vulgar term for hands, and *gummed* seems to refer to the application of gum for perfume or bleaching. Daniel thinks *gummed* is used in the sense of corrupted, and quotes from the *Woman Hater*, IV, ii, "She's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue; smooth and soft as new satin; she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted," where the metaphorical use of the word is quite different from its use in the present passage. Cf. *Henry IV*, II, ii, "I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet"; and *hasty silks*, V, iv, 11, and note for 296, 11.

302, 124-25. Ile have a sursingle and make you like a hawke. I'll have a girth or band and train you like a hawk. *Make* was a technical term in falconry meaning "to train, to make obedient." "Mail" (F, male) was also a technical term meaning "to pinion, to wrap in a cloth," but there seems no reason for its adoption here by modern editors.

303, 142. your wives in muffs. One of the earliest allusions in literature to muffs, then just coming into use.

307, 59. will sadly be denied. Will be very sorry to be denied.

310, 110. Or else her murderer. "It was the received opinion in some barbarous countries that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed." Mason.



## Bibliography

*The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.  
The abbreviations to the left of the titles are those used in the  
Textual Notes.*

### I. TEXTS

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1843-6. (D.) 8°. THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER . . . by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 11 vols.

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1866. 8°. THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. With an introduction by George Darley. A new edition. Routledge and Sons. 2 vols.

1904-. (B.) THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. Variorum edition. [Ed. A. H. Bullen.] Vol. 1 contains: *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, — edited by P. A. Daniel; *A King and No King*, *the Scornful Lady*, *the Custom of the Country*, — edited by R. Warwick Bond.

#### B. SELECTIONS

1768. 12°. SELECT PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Glasgow. 2 vols.

1808. 8°. BEAUMONT'S UND FLETCHER'S DRAMATISCHE WERKE herausgegeben von K. L. Kannegiesser. Berlin. 2 vols.

1808, 1813, etc. SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, who lived about the time of Shakespeare: with notes. By Charles Lamb. [Contains selections from the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and other plays of Folios.]

1811. 8°. THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA. [Ed. by Sir Walter Scott.] 5 vols. [This contains the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and seven other plays from Folios.]

1819. SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS. . . . Thomas Campbell. 7 vols. [Contains selections from the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and other plays from Folios.]

1834. BEAUTIES OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. By H. Guilford. Birmingham.

1855. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER; or, The finest scenes, lyrics, and other beauties . . . to the exclusion of whatever is morally objectionable . . . with opinions of distinguished critics, notes . . . and a general introductory preface. By Leigh Hunt.

1865. CONTEMPORAINS DE SHAKESPEARE. Beaumont et Fletcher, traduits par Ernest Lafond. Paris. [This contains four plays, but neither the *Maid's Tragedy* nor *Philaster*.]

1887. THE BEST PLAYS OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS. Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited by J. St. Loe Strachey. 2 vols. (*Mermaid Series*.) [Vol. 1 contains the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and three other plays.]

1887. THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER (SELECTED). Introduction by J. S. Fletcher. (*The Canterbury Poets*.)

### C. SEPARATE PLAYS

#### THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

1619. (Q1.) THE MAIDES TRAGEDY. As it hath benee diuers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London Printed for Francis Constable and are to be sold at the white Lyon ouer against the great North doore of Pauls church. [Bodleian, Dyce, Boston Public Library.]

1622. (Q2.) THE MAIDS TRAGEDIE. As it hath benee diuers times Acted at the Black-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. Newly perused, augmented, and enlarged. This second impression. London. Printed for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at the White Lion in Pauls Church-yard. [Brit. Mus. 644. d. 6, Bodl., Dyce, B. P. L.]

1630. (Q3.) THE MAIDS TRAGEDIE. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gentlemen. The Third Impression. Reuised and Refined. . . . for Richard Hawkins. [B. M. 1346. a. 7, Bodl., Dyce, B. P. L.]

1638. (Q4.) . . . THE MAIDES TRAGEDIE . . . The fourth Impression . . . for Henry Shepherd. [B. M. 644. d. 7, Bodl., Dyce, University Library, Cambridge, Eng., Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng.]

1641. (Q5.) THE MAIDS TRAGEDIE . . . The fifth Impression . . . for William Leake. [B. M. 644. d. 8, B. P. L.]

1650. (Q6.) THE MAIDS TRAGEDY . . . The sixth Impression. Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original . . . for William Leake. [B. M. 644. d. 9, B. P. L.]

[These six quartos all have a wood-cut on the title-page.]

1661. (Q7.) THE MAIDS TRAGEDY. Sixth Impression. [In place of the publisher's name this has only] Printed in the Year 1661. [B. M. 644. d. 10, Bodl., Dyce, Harv. Coll. Lib.]

1686. 4°. THE MAIDS TRAGEDY. As it hath been acted at the Theatre Royal.

1704. 4°. THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

1717. 4°. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

1881-84. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY. No. 18 of *The English Library*, Zurich.

## PHILASTER

1620. (Q1.) PHYLASTER. OR, LOVE LYES A BLEEDING. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Baymont and John Fletcher Gent. Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child. [Wood-cut on title-page. B. M. (C. 34. f. 31,) Bodl., Dyce.]

1622. (Q2.) PHILASTER . . . The Second Impression, corrected and amended. [B. M. (C. 34. c. 4.) Bodl., Dyce.]

1628. (Q3.) PHILASTER . . . The Third Impression . . . for Richard Hawkins. [B. M. 1346. a. 6. Bodl., Dyce.]

1634. (Q4, '34.) PHILASTER . . . The Fourth Impression. [B. M. 644. d. 19. Dyce. B. P. L.]

1639. (Q4, '39.) PHILASTER . . . The Fourth Impression . . . for William Leake. [B. M. 644. d. 20. Bodl., T. C. C., B. P. L.]

1652. (Q5a.) PHILASTER . . . The Fifth Impression. [Ornament, two rows of small fleur-de-lis. B. P. L., H. C. L.]

1652. (Q5b.) PHILASTER . . . The Fifth Impression. [But distinct from Q5a, and having for ornament a crown. On back of title-page, it has a list of books sold by Leake. B. P. L.]

1663? (Q6.) PHILASTER . . . The Sixth Impression. [Not dated, but list of books "lately come forth" fixes the date as 1663. B. M. 643. g. 23. Bodl., B. P. L.]

1687. 4°. PHILASTER.

1717. 4°. PHILASTER.  
 1870. PHILASTER. In the *Works of the British Dramatists*, etc. By J. S. Keltie.  
 1892. PHILASTER. Expurgated. In the *Best Elizabethan Plays*. Ed. by W. R. Thayer. Boston.  
 1898. PHILASTER. Ed. Frederick S. Boas. *The Temple Dramatists*.

#### D. ADAPTATIONS, ALTERATIONS, AND TRANSLATIONS

##### THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

1672. THE TESTY LORD. In the *Wits, or, Sport upon Sport*. [A droll based on Calianax scene in the *Maid's Tragedy*.]  
 1690. THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS. This contains a new fifth act of the *Maid's Tragedy*.  
 1690. THE MAID'S TRAGEDY [i. e. its fifth act] altered. With some other pieces. By Edmund Waller, Esq. [A different version from the preceding.]  
 1746. LA PUCELLE. Tragédie en un acte par Fletcher. *Le Théâtre Anglais*. Vol. 4.  
 1765. DIE BRAUT, eine tragödie. Translated into German prose by H. W. von Gerstenberg. Kopenhagen und Leipzig.  
 [?] THE BRIDAL. A tragedy in five acts, adapted for representation (with three original scenes, written by James Sheridan Knowles, Esq.) from *The Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher. As performed by Mr. Macready. New York. William Taylor & Co. [Not dated.]  
 [The *Bridal* is also in vol. 6 of the *Modern Standard Drama*. New York. Samuel French. Not dated.]

##### PHILASTER

1695. PHILASTER. Revised and the two last acts new written by E. Settle.  
 1714. THE RESTAURATION: OR, RIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE. By George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham. [In the *Works of*



*George Villiers*; also see editions, 1754, 1775. An alteration of Philaster.]

1763. PHILASTER. With alterations [and prologue by G. Colman.]

1764. PHILASTER. With alterations [by G. Colman]. Second edition.

1777. PHILASTER. A tragedy. With alterations. [In *Dramatic Works* of G. Colman, vol. 3.]

1780. PHILASTER. Altered . . . [by G. Colman.]

1791. PHILASTER. A tragedy. As altered . . . Adapted for theatrical representation. [In *Bell's British Theatre*, vol. 18.]

[?] PHILASTER. ODER DIE LIEBE BLUTET. Deutsch von Adolf Seubert. n. d. Leipzig. *Universal-Bibliothek*, band 1169.

## II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

*Besides monographs and essays devoted especially to PHILASTER and the MAID'S TRAGEDY, this list includes such general works on the drama and on Beaumont and Fletcher as are likely to prove useful to the student or the general reader. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the editions of the texts included in the preceding lists.*

1664. A SHORT DISCOURSE ON THE ENGLISH STAGE, in *Love's Kingdom*, a pastoral tragi-comedy, Richard Flecknoe. Reprinted in the *English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes, 1553-1664*, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, Roxburghe library, 1869. pp. 275-281.

1668. AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY, John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, xv, 282 ff.

1668. A DEFENCE OF AN ESSAY ON DRAMATIC POESY, John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, II, 290.

1678. THE TRAGEDIES OF THE LAST AGE, CONSIDER'D AND EXAMIN'D, BY THE PRACTICE OF THE ANCIENTS, AND BY THE COMMON SENSE OF ALL AGES: IN A LETTER TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, Esq.,

Thomas Rymer. [Contains criticisms on the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Rollo*, and *A King and No King*.] Second Edition, 1692.

1679. THE GROUNDS OF CRITICISM IN TRAGEDY (AN ANSWER to Rymer), John Dryden. Works of Dryden, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, vi, 260-283.

1691. AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, Gerard Langbaine. Reëdited as THE LIVES OF THE POETS, by Charles Gildon, 1698; THE COMPANION TO THE PLAYHOUSE, by David Baker, 1764; BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA, by Isaac Reed, 1782, and by Stephen Jones, 1812.

1753. THE LIVES OF THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, Theophilus Cibbet and Robert Shiels. 1, 154-164.

1797. COMMENTS ON THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, J. Monck Mason.

1811. ÜBER DRAMATISCHE KUNST UND LITERATUR, A. W. Schlegel. Vol. 2, Part 2, pp. 288-306. Heidelberg. Translated by John Black as LECTURES ON DRAMATIC ART AND LITERATURE, Philadelphia, 1833.

1814. EXPLANATIONS AND EMENDATIONS OF SOME PASSAGES IN THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE AND OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, Martinus Scriblerus [*pseud.*]. Edinburgh.

1821. LECTURES ON THE DRAMATIC LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, William Hazlitt. pp. 86-101.

1831. BEITRÄGE ZU EINER GENAUERN VERGLEICHUNG SHAKESPEARE'S MIT BEAUMONT UND FLETCHER, FRIEDR. HORN. *Shakespeare's Schauspiele*, v, 34-72. Leipzig.

1832. SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1830, J. Genest. 10 vols. [For numerous notes on the plays, see under their names in the index, vol. 1.]

1833. A LETTER ON SHAKESPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP OF THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN; A DRAMA COMMONLY ASSIGNED TO JOHN FLETCHER, William Spaulding, Edinburgh. A NEW EDITION, WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR BY JOHN HILL BURTON, *New Shakespeare Society*, 1876.

1836. NOTES ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The *Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge*, collected and edited by H. N. Coleridge, II, 289-322. Also in the *Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge*, edited by Prof. Shedd; New York, 1853;

IV, 199-220. And in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare and other English Poets*, by S. T. Coleridge; now first collected by T. Ashe, 1883. pp. 395-407; 425-451. [See the Index for references to various comments on Beaumont and Fletcher from *Table Talk* and elsewhere.]

1837. LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, *Dramatists*, Robert Bell and S. A. Dunham. 1, 203-251.

1839. INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN THE 15TH, 16TH, AND 17TH CENTURIES, Henry Hallam. III, 337-351. [Various later editions.]

1840. REVIEW OF DARLEY'S EDITION, "Adversaria, no. III, Peter-see-mee," *Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1840, XXII, 189-192. Also reviewed in *American Whig Review*, July and August, 1846, IV, 68-80, 131-146.

1841. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES, [William Spaulding,] *Edinburgh Review*, April, LXXIII, 209-241.

1846. MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, J. P. Collier, *Shakespeare Society Publications*.

1847. REVIEW OF DYCE'S EDITION, *Edinburgh Review*, July, LXXXVI, 42-67; *Eclectic Magazine*, October; *Littell's Living Age*, XIV, 385.

1847. "SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS," NOT BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT: the edition of 1602, *Dramaticus* [pseud.]. The *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, III, 94-126.

1847. THE SHARES OF SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER IN THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, Samuel Hickson, *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, April, XLVII, 59-88. Reprinted, with a confirmation by F. G. Fleay, in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874.

1848. DYCE'S AND DARLEY'S EDITIONS, *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1848, LXXXIII, 377-418.

1850. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, William B. Donne, *Fraser's Magazine*, March, XLI, 321-332. Reprinted in *ESSAYS ON THE DRAMA AND ON POPULAR AMUSEMENTS*; Second edition, 1863, pp. 34-66.

1850. ON THE SEVERAL SHARES OF SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER

IN THE PLAY OF HENRY VIII, James Spedding, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. and Oct. 1850, new series, xxxiv, 115-123, 381-382. Also in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874.

1856. CURSORY NOTES ON VARIOUS PASSAGES IN THE TEXT OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, AS EDITED BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, etc., John Mitford.

1856. STUDIEN ÜBER DAS ENGLISCHE THEATER, V, FLETCHER, Moritz Rapp, *Archiv für das Studium der neuern Sprachen und Literaturen*, xx, 1-37.

1858. CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, William and Robert Chambers, 1858, 1, 218-225. Revised Edition, 1901, 1, 468-478.

1864. CONTEMPORAINS ET SUCCEPSEURS DE SHAKESPEARE, Alfred Mézières. 2d Edition, II, 21-211. Paris.

1864. SHAKESPEARE AND JONSON. DRAMATIC VERSUS WIT-COMBATS. AUXILIARY FORCES: BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MARSTON, DECKER, CHAPMAN, AND WEBSTER. Unsigned.

1869. THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, E. P. Whipple, pp. 157-177. Boston.

1871. ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND, III, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Charles Cowden Clarke, *Gentleman's Magazine*, June. Entirely New Series, vii, 27-48.

1874. FLETCHER AND BEAUMONT, Unsigned, *Temple Bar*, Nov., XLII, 460-471.

1874. ON METRICAL TESTS AS APPLIED TO DRAMATIC POETRY, F. G. Fleay. PART II. FLETCHER, BEAUMONT, MASSINGER, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES AND A DISCUSSION. *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, pp. 51-84. Also in *Shakspeare Manual*, 1876, pp. 151-174.

1875. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, A. W. Ward, 2 vols., II, 155-248. Revised ed., 3 vols., 1899, II, 643-763.

1875. A NOTE ON CERVANTES AND BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, C. J., *Fraser's Magazine*, May, xci, 592-597.

1876. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, Unsigned, *National Quarterly Review*, Sept., xxxiii, 302-330.

1879. HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY, etc., J. P. Collier. 3 vols.



**1881-1887.** BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, AND MASSINGER, Robert Boyle, *Englische Studien*, — v, 74-96; vii, 66-87; viii, 39-61; ix, 209-239; x, 380-412. See vols. v and vii for *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

**1883.** FRANCIS BEAUMONT: A CRITICAL STUDY, G. C. Macaulay. Reviewed in the *Athenæum*, Feb. 2, 1884; the *Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883; the *Spectator*, Aug. 2, 1884.

**1884.** CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM 1509 TO THE CLOSE OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD, Ellen Crofts, ch. 9, pp. 258-283.

**1885.** FRANCIS BEAUMONT, A. B. Grosart, *Dictionary of National Biography*.

**1885.** ON THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAYS OF FLETCHER AND MASSINGER, F. G. Fleay, *Englische Studien*, 1885-6, ix, 12-35. [The substance of this paper is embodied in the author's *Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1891, q. v.]

**1885.** ÜBER BEZIEHUNGEN VON BEAUMONT UND FLETCHER'S PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING, ZU SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET UND CYMBELINE, B. Leonhardt, *Anglia*, viii, 424-447.

**1886.** BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, AND MASSINGER, Robert Boyle, pp. 579-628. [A summary of papers under the same title in *Englische Studien*, 1881-87.]

**1886.** GESCHICHTE DES DRAMAS, J. L. Klein. 13 vols. English drama, vols. 12, 13. Leipsic.

**1886.** SOME ETHICAL ASPECTS OF LATER ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY, J. Rose Colby. Dissertation, pp. 23-37, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

**1887.** BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed., iii, 469-474.

**1887.** A HISTORY OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE, George Saintsbury, pp. 254-266.

**1889.** JOHN FLETCHER, A. H. Bullen, *Dictionary of National Biography*.

**1890.** A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, Alfred C. Potter, *Bibliographical Contributions*, Library of Harvard University, no. 39. Cambridge, U. S. A.

**1890-92.** THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, E. F.



Oliphant, *Englische Studien*: xiv, 53-94; xv, 321-360; xvi, 180-200. See vol. xiv for *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*.

1891. A BIOGRAPHICAL CHRONICLE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, F. G. Fleay. 2 vols. Beaumont and Fletcher, 1, 164-229.

1892. THE OLD DRAMATISTS, James Russell Lowell. Boston.

1893. DIE ENGLISCHEN DRAMATIKER VOR, NEBEN, UND NACH, SHAKESPEARE, A. F. von Schack. Stuttgart.

1893. SPANISCHE QUELLEN DER DRAMATISCHEN LITTERATUR, BESONDERS ENGLANDS ZU SHAKESPEARES ZEIT, Leo Bahlsen, *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*. Neue Folge, vi, pp. 151-159. Berlin-Weimar.

1895. QUELLEN-STUDIEN ZU DEN DRAMEN BEN JONSON'S, JOHN MARSTON'S, UND BEAUMONT'S UND FLETCHER'S, Emil Koeppl, *Münchener Beiträge*. Leipzig.

1896. DIE TEXT-VARIANTEN VON BEAUMONT'S UND FLETCHER'S PHILASTER, etc., B. Leonhardt, *Anglia*, xix, xx, xxiii, xxiv, xxvi. *Philaster*, xix, 34-74. *Maid's Tragedy*, xxiii, 14-66.

1896. THE OLD DRAMATISTS, CONJECTURAL READINGS, K. Deighton. Beaumont and Fletcher, pp. 30-88.

1901. THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER ON SHAKESPEARE, A. H. Thorndike. Worcester, Mass.

1903. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, W. G. Courthope. 4 vols. published, 1895-1903. iv, 304-348.

1904. THE TEMPER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, Bartlett Wendell. New York.

1905. SPANISH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE, Martin A. Hume, p. 276 ff.

1905. JOHN WEBSTER, E. E. Stoll. [Contains a discussion of the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Webster.] Cambridge, U. S. A.

## Glossary

- abuse**, deceived. *P.* III, i, 110.
- answerable**, suitable, convenient. *P.* IV, II, 36.
- apprehensive**, capable of understanding. *P.* V, V, 152.
- beaten** (*beaten rocks*), overlaid or inlaid with precious metal. *M. T.* I, II, 216.
- bill**, a kind of pike, used by watchmen. *P.* V, IV, 32.
- blankes**, blank-verses. *P.* II, II, 98.
- bodkin**, *baudkin*, a rich stuff of gold and silk. *P.* V, IV, 12.
- bowes** (*boughs*). *M. T.* I, II, 194.
- branch**, to form patterns. *P.* V, IV, 12, 42.
- brave**, finely dressed. *P.* II, IV, 28, etc.
- bravery**, ostentation. *P.* I, I, 275.
- bugs**, bugbears, objects of terror. *P.* I, I, 245.
- bugs - words**, swaggering words. *P.* V, IV, 28.
- canker**, a wormy disease, a corroding evil. *M. T.* IV, I, 85; V, I, 76.
- cantharides**, the dried Span-  
ish fly, used as a drug. *P.* IV, I, 48.
- carduus**, a genus of herbs resembling the thistle and formerly esteemed as a remedy for all kinds of diseases. *P.* II, II, 42.
- carriage**, baggage. *P.* IV, I, 45; behavior. *P.* II, IV, 121, etc.
- chamblets**, *camlets*, rich fabrics of wool or silk with a wavy, watered appearance. *P.* V, IV, 10.
- church-ale**, a convivial meeting on occasion of a church festival. *P.* V, IV, 55.
- codes**, a corruption of God's. *M. T.* I, II, 29.
- cog**, cheat, cajole. *P.* I, I, 64, etc.
- conger**, cucumber. *P.* II, II, 46.
- curious**, scrupulous. *P.* III, I, 30.
- curst**, cross, shrewish. *P.* II, III, 41.
- dare**, amaze, terrify. *M. T.* IV, I, 182.
- dazle**, to be stupefied. *M. T.* IV, I, 199.
- donsels**, young gentlemen, not

- set admitted to knighthood. *P. v, iv, 61.*
- dowcets**, testes. *P. iv, ii, 153; v, iv, 61.*
- duckers**, cringers, bowers; or, perhaps, duck-hunters, alluding to a favorite sport of the citizens. *P. v, iv, 15.*
- dullnesse**, sleepiness. *P. iv, iv, 6.*
- face**, pretend, lie with effrontery. *M. T. iv, i, 54.*
- facers**, shameless persons. *M. T. iv, ii, 124.*
- fraker**, a rouser, a fast one. *P. iv, ii, 30.*
- foist**, a small vessel. *P. v, iv, 23.*
- followers**, pursuers. *P. iv, iv, 13.*
- foote**, a broad sword. *P. iv, ii, 132.*
- footten**, cant name for geese. *P. v, iii, 175.*
- galloone-laces**, worsted laces woven in narrow ribbon or tape for binding. *P. v, iv, 46.*
- gallish**, rank, coarse, barbarous. *P. v, iii, 157.*
- galls**, hands. *P. v, iv, 23.*
- gall-wolf**, tamed wolf. *M. T. iv, i, 193.*
- gall**, chaste. *P. ii, ii, 5; iv, 26.*
- hull**, to li  
sails set.
- humane**,  
ii, 173.
- humourous**  
i, ii, 27.
- inevitable**  
iii, ii, 79
- ingenious**  
iii, i, 21
- jades**, spu  
i, i, 190.
- jag**, cut or
- jealous**, su  
18, etc.
- kell**, caule  
paunch,
- kit**, cittern,  
P. v, iv,
- layars**, lair
- leg**, a bow.
- lyme-hour**  
chase so-c  
or leash by  
P. iv, i,  
lodged, br  
iv, ii, 1.
- make**, to tr  
iv, 125.
- miching**,  
sneaking.
- mued**, mev  
153.

- murrains**, plagues. *P.* v, iii, 145.
- murrian**, *morion*, a helmet. *P.* v, iv, 88.
- phlebotomie**, blood letting. *P.* ii, ii, 45.
- physicall**, good for the health. *P.* iv, i, 29.
- pickthanks**, a tale-teller, "barbateur, a sicophant, a pickthanke, a privie whisperer, a close detractor, a secret tale-teller," Cotgrave (B); *M. T.* iii, i, 219.
- pollard**, an animal, stag or ox, without horns. *P.* v, iv, 78.
- poppingjays**, parrots. *P.* i, i, 216.
- presses**, creases. *P.* v, iii, 150.
- prevent**, anticipate. *P.* i, ii, 199.
- prodigious**, portentous. *P.* ii, iv, 175; v, iii, 61.
- piramis**, pyramid. *P.* iv, iv, 91.
- raskall**, *rascal*, a lean doe or deer. *P.* iv, ii, 20.
- readier**, more ready, more dressed. *M. T.* iii, i, 20.
- resolute**, convinced. *M. T.* iii, i, 280.
- resolve**, convince. *P.* ii, iv, 102; am convinced. *M. T.* ii, i, 348.
- rid**, despatch. *M. T.* ii, i, 327.
- ring-taile**, an inferior sort of kite. *P.* v, iv, 57.
- rose-noble**, gold coin stamped with rose. *P.* v, iv, 19.
- roarer**, roaring boy, bully. *P.* v, iv, 86.
- scarcenet**, *sarcenet*, soft silk fabric. *P.* v, iv, 56.
- sea-breach**, sea-beach. *M. T.* ii, ii, 68; irruption of the sea. *P.* v, iii, 200.
- servant**, lover, the title conferred by ladies on their authorized admirers. *P.* i, i, 124, etc.
- single**, weak, feeble. *P.* v, iv, 56.
- sounds**, swoons. *M. T.* v, iii, 227.
- soile**, to fatten. *P.* v, iii, 177.
- stand**, a cask or the quantity of liquor that it contains. *P.* v, iv, 92.
- stone-bow**, cross-bow that shoots stones. *P.* iv, ii, 10.
- sullen**, dark. *P.* v, iii, 57.
- sursingle**, band, girth. *P.* v, iv, 124.
- tainted**, affected in mind. *P.* i, i, 222.
- three-piled**, of the finest quality (of velvet). *P.* v, iv, 16.
- tiller**, cross-bow. *P.* ii, ii, 45.

- timelesse**, untimely. *M. T.* I, ii, 68, etc.
- Towsabel**, Dowsabel. *P.* II, ii, 161.
- toy**, whim. *P.* v, iii, 139.
- tract**, tracked. *P.* IV, iv, 51.
- travells**, labors. *P.* I, i, 160.
- troule**, to sing a catch. *P.* v, iii, 137.
- turfe**, cover a hat with fur or silk. *P.* IV, ii, 16.
- turtle**, dove. *P.* I, i, 219.
- uds**, corruption for judge in the expletive God's uds. *P.* IV, iii, 97.
- uncollected**, not having control of one's mental faculties. *M. T.* IV, ii, 315.
- unexpress**, not to be expressed. *M. T.* III, ii, 85.
- velvet-head**, the hart's horns (head) when first appearing are covered with russet pile (velvet). *P.* IV, ii, 16.
- venies**, bouts. *P.* IV, iii, 92.
- vild**, vile; *the two words are used indifferently.*
- wasters**, cudgels. *P.* IV, iii, 92.
- what-you-lacks**, a nickname for shop-keepers who thus addressed passers-by. *P.* v, iii, 131.
- wildnesse**, wildness. *M. T.* v, iii, 150.
- winke**, close the eyes. *M. T.* III, i, 272.
- wiper**, a steel instrument for cleaning the bore of a musket. *P.* v, iv, 37.





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